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Martin L. Tupper

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OF
MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER,
D. C. L., F. R. S.

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PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:

A BOOK OF
THOUGHTS AND ARGUMENTS,

ORIGINALLY TREATED.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S.,
OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

WITH

AN ESSAY

ON

The Philosophy of Proverbs,
AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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Apples of gold in pictures of silver.—SOLOMON.  
Sense, shortness, and salt.—HOWEL.  
~~~~~

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"THE literature of a nation," it has been well observed,* "contains within itself that which has made the nation what it is. Those great ideas, which in the course of centuries have been gradually developed by its master minds, are the moving springs that have set the nation onward in the career of civilization. Great ideas precede and cause illustrious achievements. The ideal Achilles made the real heroes of Marathon and the Granicus. In the Anglo-Saxon race, from the days of Alfred until now, men of superior genius, the original thinkers in each successive generation, have given birth to ennobling thoughts, which continue to endure, and are perpetuated not only in the language but in the race itself. We are what preceding generations have made us. Englishmen and Americans of the present day are living exponents of the thoughts and truths elaborated by the illustrious dead."

If the remark, so forcibly expressed in this extract, be true of literature generally, how eminently is it true of that part of any literature which is embraced in its PROVERBS! These brief sayings, passing from mouth to mouth, like the current coin, without

*Prof. Hart. Preface to Class Book of Poetry.

challenge or investigation, are in perhaps half the occurrences of life an admitted measure of value both in conduct and opinion. We act upon their suggestions very much as we do upon the suggestions of instinct, without inquiry; and we believe their intimations of truth, not with that sluggish assent which is yielded to a logical deduction, but with that prompt and hearty faith that follows the announcement of what is self-evident. Indeed it is of the very essence of a proverb, that it should be, or at least appear to be, axiomatic or self-evident. Hence the immense influence which proverbs exert upon the opinions and practice of mankind.

Of the general character of Mr. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, it is not necessary here to speak. The immense sale which it has had, both in this country and in England, fully shows that the author has in these proverbial phrases embodied a vast amount of what has been admitted as truth. The public mind has responded to these wise sayings with a hearty emphasis, and with a frequency of quotation, that is fast changing them from the sayings of an individual into true national proverbs.

In publishing, therefore, a new edition of the work, it has been deemed a fitting introduction to Mr. Tupper's proverbs, to give some remarks in regard to proverbs generally, their nature, uses, and history. In addition to this, the American editor has inserted at the end of the volume, numerous original notes illustrative of the text. These explanatory notes and the introductory essay render this edition altogether the most complete and desirable that has yet appeared.

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AN ESSAY
ON
THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE term PROVERB (Heb., *Mashál*; Gr., *Paroimia*; L., *Proverbium*; It., *Proverbio*; Fr., *Proverbe*; Ger., *Sprüchwort*; Belg., *Spreeäwoort*; Hungar., *Belda bezed*; Pol., *Przi powiesc*; Sp., *Elrezran*; Sw., *Saga*; Dan., *Saug*; Wel., *Rheol*; Port., *Regoa*; Celt., *Reol*; Goth., *Lagyan*; Pers., *Sachan*; Sans., *Wartha*; Arab., *Mathal*; Sax., *Saga*.) is of Latin origin, coming from *Proverbium*, which last, again, is derived from *pro* and *verbum*.

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases and sententious maxims; but, as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. JOHNSON'S definition does not designate the vital qualities of a proverb, nor include those not always circulated among, nor even belonging to, the populace. The pithy quaintness of old HOWEL has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apothegm, by that brevity which condenses a thought or metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied; this often produces wit, and that quick pungency which excites surprise but strikes with conviction: this gives it an epigrammatic turn. HERBERT entitled his collection "*Jacula Prudentum*," Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deep—a characteristic of a proverb. A maxim is an established principle or proposition; an

apothegm, a sententious, instructive remark uttered on a particular occasion, or by a distinguished character; a precept, a command respecting moral conduct; an aphorism, a detached sentence containing some important truth. A proverb, says DAVIES, is a system of wisdom in miniature: a pertinent, striking observation, expressed in few words, that it may be the more easily remembered; and often in metaphorical language, that it may be the more entertaining. It is an oft-repeated sentence, expressing a well-known truth—a weighty, pithy, pointed saying, founded on a close observance of man and manners. Proverbs in conversation are like axioms in philosophy, maxims in law, and postulata in the mathematics, which nobody disputes, but every one endeavours to expound, so as to have them on his side.* SOLOMON has explained the principal excellencies of this form of composition; exhibiting at once a complete definition of a parable or proverb, and a very happy specimen of what he describes:

Apples of gold in a net-work of silver
Is a word seasonably spoken.†

Thus he insinuates, that grave and profound sentiments are to be set off by a smooth and well-turned phraseology, as the appearance of the most beautiful and exquisitely coloured fruit, or the imitation of it perhaps in the most precious materials, is improved by the circumstance of shining, as through a veil, through the reticulations of a silver vessel exquisitely carved. Nay, he further intimates, that it is not only a neat turn and polished diction which must recommend them, but that truth itself acquires additional beauty, when partially discovered through the veil of elegant fiction and imagery.

The prime excellence of a proverb is Brevity, without which it can neither retain the name nor the nature.‡ The discriminating

* MATTHEW HENRY'S Exposition, vol. iii., 1829. † PROV. xxv. 11.

‡ The brevity of this kind of composition, and the condensing of much thought into a small compass, renders it more sententious, more sage and expressive. As in a small seed the whole power of vegetation, which

sentiment must force itself on the mind by a single effort; the language must be strong and condensed. HORACE insists upon this as one of the express rules of didactic poetry :

Short be the precept, which with ease is gained
By docile minds, and faithfully retained.*

In the parabolic manner, SOLOMON expresses the same sentiment :

The words of the wise are like goads
And like nails that are firmly fixed.†

It is the property of a proverb, says HENLEY, to prick sharply and hold firmly.

The next quality essential to a proverb is Elegance; which is not inconsistent with brevity, or indeed with some degree of obscurity. Elegance in this connexion respects the sentiment, the imagery, and the diction.

Proverbs are divided into two classes, viz. : 1. Entire Sentences, *e.g.*, Gen. x. 9, Ezek. xvi. 44, 2 Pet. ii. 22; and, 2. Proverbial Phrases, which by common usage are admitted into a sentence, *e.g.*, Deut. xxv. 4, Ps. cxi. 10, Mal. ii. 10, Tit. i. 15.

In those periods of remote antiquity, which with the utmost propriety may be called the infancy of societies and nations, the usual, if not the only, mode of instruction was by detached aphorisms or proverbs. Human wisdom was then indeed in a rude and unfinished state; it was not digested, methodized, or reduced to order and connexion. Those who, by genius and reflection, exercised in the school of experience, had accumulated a stock of knowledge, reduced it into the most compendious form, and left legacies of wisdom to posterity wrapt up in a proverbial dress. These were kept in constant use and circulation, were learned by all classes without effort, and became to the vulgar the maxims by which life

is to produce a tree, is contained. And if any writer were to amplify the sentence, it would be no longer a proverb, but a declamation. DEMET. PHAL. *Περὶ Ερμηνείας*, Sect. ix.

* ART. POET. v. 336.

† ECCLES. xii. 11.

was regulated. In truth, this mode of instruction was more likely than any other to prove efficacious with men in a rude stage of society; for it professed not to dispute, but to command; not to persuade, but to compel: it conducted them not by a circuit of argument, but led immediately to the approbation and practice of integrity and virtue. That it might not, however, be altogether destitute of allurements, and lest it should disgust by an appearance of roughness and severity, some degree of ornament became necessary; and the instructors of mankind added to their precepts the graces of harmony, and illuminated them with metaphors, comparisons, allusions, and the other embellishments of style. This manner, which with other nations prevailed only during the first periods of civilization, with the Jews continued to be a favourite style to the latest stages of their literature.* That collection, which bears the name of the great Hebrew monarch, contains the maxims of long experience, founded on principles of human nature, and framed by one who was well calculated, by his rare qualities and endowments, to draw just lessons from a comprehensive view of human life. We have none so serviceable to us for the right ordering of our conversations as these, which are "exceeding broad," containing in a little compass, a complete body of divine ethics, politics, and economics, exposing every vice, recommending every virtue, and suggesting rules for the government of ourselves in every relation and condition, and every turn of conversation. The whole is, in truth, an El Dorado of wisdom—a cabinet of precious jewels, and was considered by the apostles as a treasure of revealed morality. Other parts of scripture are like a rich mine, where the precious ore runs along in one continued vein; but this book is like a heap of pearls, which, though they are loose and unstrung, are not therefore the less valuable.† It affords a noble specimen of the didactic poetry of that peculiar nation; abounding with antithetic parallels, which add greatly to

* BP. LOWTH on Hebrew Poetry, Lect. xxiv., 1829.

† JOB ORTON'S Exposition, Vol. v., 1805.

energy. Every thing is rendered more striking by contrast; and here, truth is opposed to error; wise conduct to foolish; the verse appearing like the cloud between the Israelites and Egyptians, having a bright side towards the former and a dark side towards the latter. From this opposition of diction and sentiment, where the opposites throw light on each other by mutual reflection, much of the elegance, acuteness, and force, is derived. The book may be considered under five divisions. The first, serving as a proem or exordium, extends to chap. x.; is varied, elegant, sublime, and truly poetic; and embellished with many beautiful descriptions and personifications. The second part reaches from chap. x. to xxii. 16, inclusive, and consists of what may strictly and properly be called Proverbs. These are truly, to use his own comparison, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." Part third extends from chap. xxii. 17, to xxv., in which the tutor, for a more lively effect, drops the sententious style and addresses his pupil as present. Part fourth, (xxv.—xxix.) like the second, consists of detached, unconnected sentences. Part fifth comprises the prudent admonitions given to ITHIEL, UCAL, and LEMUEL. The maxims of the last four parts have a certain energetic and concise turn of expression. To the royal sage many heathen writers are indebted for their brightest sentiments.

Ere books had a being, proverbs were. The Spaniards date the origin of their *refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego*,* before the existence of any writings in their language. The most ancient poem in the Edda, "the sublime speech of ODIN," abounds with proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained consecrated

* Sayings of old wives by their firesides.

into a proverb. Such was the origin of these memorable sentences by which men learned to think and speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression.*

It might, therefore, have been decided, *a priori*, that the most homely proverbs would abound in the most ancient writers—and such we find in HESIOD; a poet whose learning was not drawn from books. His “Works and Days,” the earliest specimen of Grecian didactic poetry, contains many precepts on the conduct of life.

In the progress of time, the stock of popular proverbs received accessions from the highest sources of human intelligence; as the philosophers of antiquity formed their collections, they increased in weight and number. ERASMUS has pointed out some of these sources, in the responses of oracles; the allegorical symbols of PYTHAGORAS; the verses of the poets; allusions to historical incident; mythology and apologue; and other recondite origin: such dissimilar matters coming from all quarters, were melted down into this vast body of aphoristic knowledge. Those “*words of the wise and their dark sayings*” at length seem to have required commentaries; for what else can we infer of the enigmatic wisdom of the sages, when the royal paræmiographer classes among their studies, that of “*understanding a proverb and the interpretation?*” This elevated notion of “the dark sayings of the wise” accords with the bold conjecture of their origin, which the Stagirite† has thrown out, who considered them as the wrecks of an ancient philosophy which had been lost to mankind by the fatal revolutions

* J. C. D'ISRAELI. Several other passages in this Essay are from the same pen.—“*A priori*,” reasoning from cause to effect.

† An appellation given to ARISTOTLE.

of all human things, and that those had been saved from the general ruin by their pithy elegance and diminutive form; like those marine shells found on the tops of mountains, the relics of the Deluge! Even at a later period the sage of Cheronea* prized them among the most solemn mysteries; and PLUTARCH has described them in a manner which proverbs may even still merit: "Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those germs of morals, which the masters of philosophy have afterwards developed into so many volumes."

Proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers; and when BENTLEY, by a league of superficial wits, was accused of pedantry for his use of some ancient proverbs, the sturdy critic vindicated his taste, by showing that CICERO constantly introduced Greek proverbs into his writings—that SCALIGER and ERASMUS loved them, and had formed collections drawn from the stores of antiquity. At the highest period of Grecian genius, the tragic and comic poets introduced into their dramas the proverbial style. ST. PAUL quotes a line from MENANDER, which still remains among the first exercises of our school-pens:

φθείρουσιν ἥθη χρῆσθ' ἐμιλίας κακαί.†

After HESIOD, the didactic productions consisted wholly of moral precepts or sentences (*γνώμαι*). From this circumstance, the writers have been called *Gnomic* poets. The poetry consisted of pithy maxims, expressed with brevity and force. The metrical form may have been chosen principally for the sake of memory. PYTHAGORAS, SOLON, THEOGNIS, PHOCYLIDES, and XENOPHANES, are the chief among the *gnomic* poets of Greece, and CATO and SYRUS of the Roman.

The ancients considered it the highest effort of wisdom to *laconise*, and with such abridgments of knowledge conveyed great results with a parsimony of words prodigal of sense. The seven

* PLUTARCH, the Historian.

† Evil communications corrupt good manners. 1 Corinth. xv. 33.

sages, belonging to the age of SOLON, were of shrewd, practical observation, and emulators, lovers, and disciples of the Lacedæmonian erudition. Their wisdom, says PLATO, was a thing of this kind, viz. : short sentences uttered by each, and worthy to be remembered. Hence the character of their philosophic fragments, which are wholly proverbial maxims, adapted to the conduct of life in manners and morals. Their precepts were not always given in formal statements, but often clothed in symbolic expressions, which were understood only by those to whom they were explained. Each had some one saying, whereon they valued themselves and built their reputation. To Apollo, they consecrated the first fruits of their wisdom; these were inscribed on pillars and had in great veneration. Fabulous tales were also employed; such were the Æsopian, in which moral and political maxims are drawn out into allegory. Indeed, says the pupil of SOCRATES, the mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain laconic diction.

The influence of proverbs over the minds and conversations of a whole people is strikingly illustrated by the same philosopher's explanation of the term *to laconise* : "If any one wishes to converse with the meanest of the Lacedæmonians, he will at first find him, for the most part, apparently, despicable in conversation; but afterwards, when a proper opportunity presents itself, this same mean person, like a skilful jaculator, will hurl a sentence worthy of attention, short and contorted; so that he who converses with him will appear to be in no respect superior to a boy! This affecting to appear unlearned was really a political artifice."

It is evident that the earliest writings of every people are marked by their most homely or domestic proverbs; for these are more directly addressed to their wants, and peculiarly adapted to the simplicity of the times. FRANKLIN, who may be considered as the founder of a people, who were suddenly placed in a stage of civil society which as yet could afford no literature, published his "Poor Richard's Almanac." "I filled," says he, "all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the ca-

lendar with proverb sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.' " He afterwards gathered together these scattered maxims, and wove them into a regular discourse supposed to have been delivered by an old man at a public auction. They made a great impression; were reprinted in Britain in a large sheet of paper and stuck up in houses; and twice translated in France and distributed among the poor parishioners. Much later even than the reign of ELIZABETH our ancestors always had proverbs before them, on every thing which had room for a piece of advice; they had them painted in their tapestries, stamped on the most ordinary utensils, on the blades of their knives, the borders of their plates, and "conned them out of goldsmiths' rings."

Among the middle classes of society to this day we may observe that certain family proverbs are traditionally preserved: the favourite saying of a father is repeated by the sons; and frequently the conduct of a whole generation has been influenced by such domestic proverbs. This may be perceived in many of the mottoes of the old nobility, which seem to have originated in some habitual proverb of the founder of the family. In ages when proverbs were most prevalent, such pithy sentences would admirably serve in the ordinary business of life, and lead on to decision, even in its greater exigencies. Orators, by some lucky proverb, without wearying their auditors, would bring conviction home to their bosoms; and great characters would appeal to a proverb, or deliver that which, in time, by its aptitude, became one. When NERO was reproached for the ardour with which he gave himself up to the study of music, he replied to his censurers by the Greek proverb: "An artist lives every where." When CÆSAR decided on the passage of the Rubicon, rousing himself with a start of courage, he committed himself to Fortune, with that proverbial expression on his lips, used by gamesters in desperate play: "The

die is cast!" When the relations of his wife remonstrated with him on his determination to separate himself from her against whom no fault could be alleged, ÆMILIUS acknowledged the excellencies of his lady; but, requesting them to look on his shoe, which appeared well made, he observed, "None of you know where the shoe pinches."

There are, indeed, proverbs connected with the characters of eminent men; they were either their favourite ones or original. To the noted BAYARD are the French indebted for a military proverb: "*Ce que le gantelet gagne le gorgerin le mange.*"* "*Festina lente,*"† was the favourite proverb of ERASMUS; and "*Stay awhile, to make an end the sooner,*" was the saying of SIR PAWLET whenever he perceived too much hurry in any business. CROMWELL'S coarse but descriptive proverb, conveys the contempt he felt for some of his mean and troublesome coadjutors: "*Nits will be lice!*" The border proverb of the DOUGLASSES, "*It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep,*" was adopted by every border chief, to express what the great BRUCE had pointed out, that the woods and hills of their country were their safest bulwarks. These illustrations indicate one of the sources of proverbs; they have often resulted from the spontaneous emotions or profound reflections of some extraordinary person, whose energetic expression was caught by a faithful ear, never to perish!

The seventeenth century was, with the English, an era of proverbs; for then were they spoken by all ranks of society. The free use of trivial proverbs got them into disrepute; and as the abuse of a thing raises a just opposition to its practice, a slender wit affecting "a cross humor," published a little volume of "Crossing of Proverbs, Cross-answers, and Cross-humors."

Proverbs were long the favourites of the French: in the splendid and refined court of LOUIS XIV., they gave rise to an odd

* What the gauntlet gets, the gorget consumes.

† Hasten slowly.

invention. They plotted comedies and even fantastic ballets from their subjects. This proverbial fondness they long retained; for they still have dramatic compositions entitled *proverbes*, on a more refined plan. These dramas are of a single act, and were invented by MARMONTEL. Each proverb furnished a subject for a few scenes, and created a situation powerfully comic: it is a dramatic amusement which does not appear to have reached us, but one which the Russian CATHERINE delighted to compose for her own society.

The poets have been very busy with proverbs in all the languages of Europe; some appear to have been the favourite lines of some ancient poem: even in more refined times, many of the pointed verses of BOILEAU and POPE have become proverbial. Many trivial and laconic proverbs bear the jingle of alliteration or rhyme, which assisted their circulation, and were probably struck off extempore; a manner which SWIFT practised, who was a ready coiner of such rhyming and ludicrous proverbs; delighting to startle a collector by his facetious or sarcastic humor, in the shape of an "old saying and true." Some of these rhyming proverbs are, however, terse and elegant; we have—

*"Little strokes
Fell great oaks."*

The French—

*"Ami de table
Est variable."**

The Italian—

*"Chi duo lepri caccia,
Uno perde e l' altro lascia."†*

And the haughty Spaniard—

*"El dar es honor,
Y el pedir dolor."‡*

* The friend of the table
Is very variable.

† Who hunts two hares, loses one and leaves the other.

‡ To give is honour, to ask is grief.

Proverbs were at length consigned to the people when books were addressed to scholars ; but the people did not find themselves so destitute of practical wisdom, by preserving their national proverbs, as some of those closet students who had ceased to repeat them. The various humors of mankind, in the mutability of human affairs, had given birth to every species ; and men were wise, or merry, or satirical, and mourned or rejoiced, in proverbs. Nations held an universal intercourse of proverbs, from the eastern to the western world ; for we discover among those which appear strictly national many which are common to them all. Of our own familiar ones several may be tracked among the snows of the Latins and the Greeks, and have sometimes been drawn from "The Mines of the East : " like decayed families which remain in obscurity, they may boast of a high lineal descent whenever they recover their lost title-deeds. The vulgar proverb, "*To carry coals to New-Castle,*" local and idiomatic as it appears, however, has been borrowed and applied by ourselves. It may be found among the Persians ; in the "Bustan" of Sadi we have "*Infers piper in Hindostan ;*"* among the Hebrews, "*To carry oil to a city of olives ;*"† a similar proverb occurs in Greek ; and in GALLAND'S "Maxims of the East" we may discover how many of the most common proverbs among us, as well as some of JOE MILLER'S jests, are of oriental origin.

The resemblance of certain proverbs in different nations must, however, be often ascribed to the identity of human nature ; similar situations and similar objects have unquestionably made men think and act and express themselves alike. All nations are parallels of each other. We have a copious collection of Scottish proverbs by KELLY ; but this learned man was mortified at discovering that many which he had long believed to be genuine Scottish, were not only English, but French, Italian, Spanish,

* To carry pepper to Hindostan.

† That is carrying water to the ocean.

Latin, and Greek ones. Many of his Caledonian proverbs are almost literally expressed among the fragments of remote antiquity. It would have surprised him further had he been aware that his Greek originals were themselves but copies, and might have been found in D'HERBELOT, ERPENIUS, and GOLIUS, and in many Asiatic works, which have been more recently introduced to the enlarged knowledge of the European student, who formerly found his most extended researches limited by Hellenistic lore.

Perhaps it was owing to an accidental circumstance that the proverbs of the European nations have been preserved in the permanent form of volumes. POLYDORE VIRGIL, the historian, is considered as the first modern collector; he published, in 1498, a book of adages, which however was rather a juvenile. The "Adagia" of ERASMUS followed, containing a collection of 4151 in number, gradually gathered from a constant study of Greek and Roman literature. Blest with a genius which would enliven a folio, he delighted himself and all Europe by the continued accessions he made to a volume, which even now may be the companion of literary men for a winter day's fire-side. The successful example of ERASMUS commanded the imitation of the learned in Europe, and drew their attention to their own national proverbs.*

Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, "*Rem ad triarios venisse!*"† A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxcombry, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their

* In Spain, NUNES, SANTELLANA, and OUDIN; Italy, FLORIO, MONOSINI, VARINI, and TORRIANO; France, OUDIN, BELLINGEN, (who first attempted to render the study of proverbs amusing,) and TUET; Denmark, printed 1761; England, HEYWOOD, CAMDEN, HERBERT, HOWEL, FULLER, and RAY; Scotland, KELLY; in various languages, MAPLETOFT. An apt, a ready, and a systematic classification of proverbs is still a desideratum

† The reserve are engaged.

dress, they applied the proverb of "*Unico digitulo scalpit caput.*"* The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, "*Vinegar given is better than honey bought.*" Everything of high esteem with him who is so often parched is described as *milk*,—"How large his flow of milk!" distinguishes the most copious eloquence. We discover the rustic manners of the ancient Britons in the Cambrian saws; many relate to the hedge. "*The cleanly Briton is seen in the hedge;*" "*You must not count your yearlings till May-day;*" "*An old man's end is to keep sheep.*" The Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings: "*A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul;*" "*A sovereign may be compared to a hall, his officers, to the steps that lead to it, the people, to the ground on which they stand.*" To the Bengalese belongs: "*He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog;*" derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! "*When the tale of bricks is doubled, MOSES comes,*" is a proverb among the Jews, in which is delivered the cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution. The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to everything connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their magnificent temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—"None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly in his eyes." PEYSSONEL observes that the Turkish proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance. This he said to correct the volatile opinion of DE TOTT, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages—"Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans." The Spaniards may appeal to their proverbs to show that they were a high-minded and independent race. A Whiggish jealousy of the monarchical power stamped itself on

* He scratches his head with a single finger.

this ancient one, "*Va el rey hasta do puede, y no hasta do quiere.*"* When the national genius became subdued, and every Spaniard dreaded to find under his own roof a spy or an informer, another proverb arose: "*Con el rey y la inquisicion, chiton!*"† To the effects of this proverb, the gravity and taciturnity of the nation have been ascribed. They have a number of sarcastic sayings on the tenacious gripe of the avaricious priest, who "*having eaten the olio offered, claims the dish!*" The Italian proverbs have taken a tinge from their deep and politic genius, and their wisdom seems wholly concentrated in their personal interests. About every tenth proverb in an Italian collection, is some cynic or selfish maxim: a "book of the world for worldlings!" "*Pria Veneziani, poi Christiani,*"‡ is a Venetian proverb. The Italian says: "*Chi prattica co' grandi, l'ultimo à tavola, e'l primo a' strapazi,*"§ and "*Chi serve in corte muore sul' pagliato.*"|| Wary cunning in domestic life is perpetually impressed. An Italian proverb was that by which the elegant WOTTON counselled the young poetic traveller, MILTON, to have—"Il viso sciolto, ed i pensieri stretti."¶ In the same spirit, "*Chi parla semina, chi tace raccoglie,*"** as well as, "*Fatti di miele, e ti mangieran le mosche.*"†† "*Guardati d'aceto, di vin dolce.*"‡‡ They paint the generous passion of friendship, "*Gli amici legono la borsa con un filo di rognatelo.*"§§ Turning to the French, we discover that the military genius of France dictated the proverb, "*Maille a*

* The king goes as far as he is able, not as far as he desires.

† With the king and the inquisition, hush!

‡ First Venetian, and then Christian.

§ Who dangles after the great is the last at table and the first at blows.

|| Who serves at court dies on straw.

¶ An open countenance, but close thoughts.

** The talker sows, the silent reaps.

†† Make yourself all honey and the flies will devour you.

‡‡ Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine; i. e., provoke not the rage of a patient man.

§§ Friends tie their purse with a cobweb's thread.

maille se fait le haubergeon ;”* and, “*Tel coup de langue est pire qu’un coup de lance.*”† The ancient, perhaps extinct, spirit of Englishmen, was once expressed by the proverb—“*Better be the head of a dog than tail of a lion ;*” i. e., the first of the yeomanry rather than the last of the gentry. None but true toxophilites could have such a proverb as, “*I will either make a shaft or a bolt of it ;*” meaning a determination to make one use or other of the thing spoken of. These instances demonstrate that the characteristic circumstances and feelings of a people are discovered in their popular notions, and stamped on their familiar proverbs.

It is also evident that the peculiar, and often idiomatic, humour of a people is best preserved in their proverbs. There is a shrewdness, although deficient in delicacy, in the Scottish proverbs ; they are idiomatic, facetious, and strike home. In 1725, says KELLY, the Scotch were a great proverbial nation ; for few among the better sort conversed any considerable time, but confirmed every assertion and observation with a proverb. A great man in Scotland, having given a splendid entertainment, was harshly told that “*Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them ;*” to which he readily replied, “*Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.*” The speculative Scotch of our own times have probably degenerated in prudential lore.

National humour, frequently local and idiomatic, depends on the artificial habits of mankind, so opposite to each other ; but there is a natural view, which the populace, always true to nature, preserve even among the gravest people. The Arabian proverb, “*The barber learns his art on the orphan’s face ;*” the Chinese, “*In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe, under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap*”—to impress caution under suspicious circumstances ; and the Hebrew one, “*He that hath had one of his family hanged may not say to his neighbour, hang up this fish :*” are instances of this sort of humour. The genius of CERVANTES

* Link by link is made the coat of mail.

† The tongue strikes deeper than the lance.

partook largely of that of his country; that mantle of gravity, which almost conceals under it a latent facetiousness, and with which he has imbued his style and manner with such untranslatable idiomatic raciness, may be traced to the proverbial erudition of his nation. "*Hurtar el puerco y dar los pies Dios*,"* is Cervantic nature. To one who is seeking an opportunity to quarrel with another, their proverb runs, "*Si quieres dar palos a su mujer pídele al sol a beber*."† To describe persons who live high without visible means, "*Los que cabritos venden y cabras no tienen, dedonde los vienen?*"‡

Proverbs abounding in sarcastic humour, and found among every people, are those which are pointed at rival countries. They expose some prevalent folly, or allude to some disgrace, which the natives have incurred. In France, the Burgundians have "*Mieux vaut bon repas que bel habit*;"§ these people are great gormandizers, but shabby dressers. Thus Picardy is famous for "hot heads;" and the Norman for "*son dit et son dedit*."|| In Italy, the numerous rival cities pelt one another with proverbs: "*Chi ha a fare con Tosco non convien esser losco*;"¶ "*A Venetia chi vi nasce, mal vi si pasce*."** In England, hardly has a county escaped from some popular quip; even neighbouring towns have their sarcasms, usually pickled in some unlucky rhyme. The egotism of man eagerly seizes on whatever serves to depreciate or ridicule his neighbour: nations proverb each other; counties flout counties; obscure towns sharpen their wits on towns as obscure as themselves—the same evil principle lurking in poor human nature, if it

* Steal a pig and give the trotters for God's sake.

† Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife, bid her bring water to thee in the sunshine!

‡ They that sell kids and have no goats, how came they by them?

§ Better a good dinner than a fine coat.

|| His saying and his unsaying.

¶ He who deals with a Tuscan must not have his eyes shut.

** Whom Venice breeds, she poorly feeds.

cannot always assume predominance, will meanly gratify itself by insult or contempt.

There is another source of national characteristics, frequently producing strange or whimsical combinations; a people, from a very natural circumstance, have drawn their proverbs from local objects or allusions to peculiar customs. The Japanese have the proverb, "*A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan*;" which could only have occurred to a people who had constantly before them fogs and fans. The Chinese say, "*The thunder is heard but seldom; the sun shines every day*;"—illustrating the fact, that the instances of Divine beneficence to men are of far more frequent occurrence than those of Divine wrath. It shows also, that a land giving birth to a proverb so beautiful, is not one of Bæotian fogs or Scandinavian frosts, but of zephyrs bland and skies serene. The Spaniards have an odd proverb to describe those who tease and vex a person before they do him the very benefit they are about to confer—acting kindly but speaking roughly: "*Mostrar primero la horca que el lugar*;"* alluding to their small towns, which have a gallows placed on an eminence, so that it breaks on the eye of the traveller before he gets a view of the town itself. The Cheshire proverb on marriage, "*Better wed over the mixon than over the moor*;" mixon alludes to the dung, &c., in the farm-yard, while the road from Chester to London is over the moorland in Staffordshire: it is a curious instance of provincial pride to induce the gentry of that county to intermarry. In the Isle of Man, a proverbial expression indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants—herring-fishery. The two Deemsters, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man "*as equally as the herring-bone lies between the two sides*." There is a Cornish proverb, "*Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock*:" the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with

* To show the gallows before they show the town.

wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from which they drew this salutary proverb against obstinate wrong-heads. When Scotland, in the last century, felt its allegiance to England doubtful, and when the French sent an expedition to the land of cakes, a local proverb was revived, to show the identity of interests which affected both nations :

*"If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Scruffel wots full well of that."*

These are two high hills, one in Scotland and one in England, so near, that what happens to one will not be long ere it reach the other. If a fog lodges on the one, it is sure to rain on the other.

There are domestic proverbs which originate in incidents known only to the natives. Italian literature is particularly rich in these stores. They apply to a person who, while he is beaten, takes the blows quietly :

*"Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!"**

And to threaten to give a man—

"Una pesca in un occhio,"†

means to give him a thrashing. This proverb originated in a certain droll adventure. The community of the Castle Poggibonsi pay a tribute of peaches to the Tuscan court. It happened one season, in a great scarcity of peaches, that the good people, finding them rather dear, sent, instead thereof, a quantity of fine juicy figs, which was so much disapproved of by the pages, that as soon as they got hold of them, they began in rage to empty the baskets on the heads of the ambassadors of the Poggibonsi, who, in attempting to fly as well as they could from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out—

"Per beato ch' elle non furon pesche!"

* Luckily they were not peaches.

† A peach in the eye.

There are legends and histories which belong to proverbs; and some of the most ancient refer to incidents which have not always been commemorated. The Greek proverb, "*He is a man of Tenedos*," describes a man of unquestionable veracity. It first originated in a king of Tenedos, who decreed that there should always stand behind the judge a person holding an axe, ready to execute justice on any one convicted of falsehood. A national event is perpetuated in the proverb, "*Y vengar quiniento sueldos*"*—an odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, they succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute by as many pieces of coin. At length, they entirely emancipated themselves from the odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, was applied to characterize all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country. PASQUIER observes that a proverb among the common people conveys the result of all his inquiries respecting the periodic changes of ancient families in feudal times; for those noble houses which in a single age declined from nobility and wealth to poverty and meanness, gave rise to "*Cent ans bannieres, et cent ans civieres*."† The Italian proverb, "*Con l' Evangelia si diventa heretico*,"‡ reflects the policy of the court of Rome, and must be dated at the time of the Reformation. The Scotch have "*He that invented the maiden first hanselled it*:" i. e., got the first of it. The inventor was the EARL OF MORTON. The saw is applied to the artificer of his own destruction. "*Testers are gone to Oxford to study at Brazen-nose*." HENRY VIII. debased the silver coin, called *testers* from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on

* And revenge five hundred pounds.

† One hundred years a banner, and one hundred years a barrow.

‡ With the gospel we become heretics.

the silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which preserved the popular feeling of fifty years standing, till ELIZABETH reformed the state of the coinage. The Italian history of its own small principalities affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn and even tragical occasions. When ALBIZZI was banished by the vigorous conduct of COSMO DE' MEDICI, the former sent COSMO a menace—"La gallina covava!"* The undaunted COSMO replied by another proverb, that "*There was no brooding out of the nest!*" When a Frenchman would let us know that he has settled with his creditors, the saying is "*J'ai payé tous mes Anglois,*"†—which originated when JOHN, the French king, was taken prisoner by the BLACK PRINCE, and ransomed by levies of money. The Italians have a proverb which, formerly at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country: "*Inglese Italianato é un diavolo incarnato.*"‡ The English were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciliated with them who gave currency to "*Ha più du fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra.*"§

There seems to be no occurrence in human affairs to which some proverb may not be applied. All knowledge was long aphoristic and traditional, pithily contracting the discoveries which were to be instantly comprehended and easily retained. Whatever be the revolutionary state of man, similar principles and like occurrences are returning on us; and antiquity, whenever it is justly applicable to our own times, loses its denomination, and becomes the truth of our own age. *As the old saying is* (1 Sam. xxiv. 13,) goes very far with most men in forming their notions

* The hen is brooding.

† I have paid all my English.

‡ The Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate.

§ He has more business than English ovens. * Christmas

and fixing their resolves. When one's judgment has been for awhile suspended, it is exceedingly common to come to a decision by the recollection of some proverb; man is influenced by the knowledge or thought present to his mind. A proverb will often cut the knot which others in vain are attempting to untie. JOHNSON, palled with the redundant elegancies of modern composition, once said: "I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connexion, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made." A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of ELIZABETH, made a speech entirely composed of the most homely proverbs. The subject was a bill against double-payments of book-debts. Knavish tradesmen were then in the habit of swelling out their book-debts with those who took credit, particularly to their younger customers. One of the members who began to speak "for very fear shook" and stood silent. The nervous orator was followed by a blunt and true representative of the famed governor of Baritaria, delivering himself thus:—"It is now my chance to speak something and that without humming or hawing. I think this law is a good law. Even reckoning makes long friends. As far goes the penny as the penny's master. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt*.* Pay the reckoning over-night, and you shall not be troubled in the morning. If ready money be *mensura publica*,† let every one cut his coat according to his cloth. When his old suit is in the wane, let him stay till that his money bring a new suit in the increase."

There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe: many of these have spread in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took from the eastern nations. The English proverbs are too often deficient in that elegance and ingenuity, that delicacy, wit, and felicity of expression, which are often found

* Rights or laws assist the vigilant, not the sluggish.

† Public measure.

in the Spanish and Italian. Proverbs frequently enliven conversation, or enter into the business of life in those countries, without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them; they are too numerous, too witty, and too wise, to cease to please by their poignancy and aptitude. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the peasantry of some countries carry on their conversation very much by proverbial phrases; and such people will generally be found unusually prudent and discerning.

Proverbs have generally ceased to be studied or employed in conversation since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophic age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity; originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historic as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own. Truth and nature can never be obsolete. The lapse of eighteen centuries has not destroyed the utility, much less the beauty, of these—"the treasured wisdom of ages." To restore to its prime uncommon lustre a common-place truth, it must be translated into action. There are plenty of good maxims in the world, says PASCAL, but we fail only in applying them.

The interest we may derive from the study of proverbs is not confined to their universal truths, nor to their poignant pleasantry; a philosophic mind will discover in them a great variety of the most curious knowledge. The manners or temper and character of a people are painted after life in their domestic proverbs; they are as visible as the tragic force and deep moral warnings contained in the works of HOGARTH; and it would not be advancing too much to assert, that the genius of the age might often be detected by the complexion of its prevalent ones. The proverbs of several nations were much studied by BP. ANDREWS; the reason assigned was, because "by them I know the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing, as we count him wise who knows the minds

and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them." LORD BACON condensed a wide circuit of philosophic thought when he observed that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs."

The home-spun adages, and the rusty "sayed saws" which remain in the mouths of the people, and which the Greeks termed "the physic of the soul," are adapted to their capacities and humours; easily remembered and readily applied: these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! They circulate in society as useful principles, to be unfolded and applied as occasion may require. Whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records how the populace at Athens and Rome were the same people as at Paris and London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, are often exquisite strokes of genius, delight by their airy sarcasm or caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery and tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings: and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought.

PHILOSOPHY may be defined, The knowledge of things founded on reason and experience. The terms distinctive of philosophy according to its several topics are these: natural, mental, and moral. To describe it requires a poet's pen—

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!

Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages, and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlightened man ?
 A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey ; and with the unfashioned fur
 Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art
 And elegance of life.

Nor happiness
 Domestic, mixed of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his,—nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole,
 Mother severe of infinite delights !
 Nothing, save rapine, indulgence and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still revolving train !
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse ; but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracks on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation through ; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who spake the word
 And Nature moved complete.

With inward view,
 Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 The obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train ;

To reason, then, deducing truth from truth,
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered and unmixed.*

As a science, the origin of "the love of wisdom" is involved in obscurity; but there is no doubt that Divine revelation was the source whence logical and ethical contemplation was derived. Where was the Chinese philosophy of CONFUCIUS ere OGUZ-KHAN made his irruption into Western Asia, when thousands of Jews removed eastward? and where the philosophy of the Indians before they had access to converse with the chosen people of GOD in the empire of DARIUS? What was the wisdom of the Egyptians ere JOSEPH became minister of state? and where the learning of Greece before CADMUS landed on her shores? Did not the Romans derive their philosophy from the Greeks? and had they not access to the oracles of God in the Javanic language? SOLOMON may be truly called the Prince of Philosophers. Him GOD endowed with extraordinary measures of wisdom and knowledge. His court was, and ever has been, the staple of learning, and the rendezvous of philosophers who come to light their candle at his lamp. To his judgment the learned have ever appealed, and on it, as an immovable base, have founded their own fabrics.

Ours is the age of action, the age of writing, of reading, of fiction, of strong feeling, and of Athenian curiosity. Every one is in great haste, as if to get the worth of living. "Geniuses" will not take the trouble of using the drill and pick-axe; but content themselves with what they can beg, borrow, and pilfer, from the mighty dead. The age has grown fastidious. History is required to assume a scenic costume; the moralist to allure to virtue by rhetoric; the poet to touch his harp at intervals; and Philosophy must be illustrated by charming metaphors and captivating fiction. Yet, here and there in the current literature, we find Saxon stamina—now and then there issue from the teeming

* THOMSON.

presses of the nineteenth century, some works which will live and be admired in the twentieth. Among these is the one before us. Its author seems to possess something of the spirit of those literary giants of "olden time;" he has laboured in the depths and brought up the shining ore, he has gathered the diamonds heaped upon the fertile plains of Balaghaut and collected the scattered gems of Zahara, he has searched the Book of Nature and found the precious pearl,—these he has melted down in his own furnace. Especially has he conversed with the great Hebrew monarch, and plucked his golden fruit to engraft them with the pencil on his canvass. These give value to the work; they show us "the wise course to steer," teach us that "virtue alone is happiness below," and turn our thoughts to the bright Source of all.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.*

He has gathered up the incense of wisdom and love breathed from the lips of the gifted and the true, and given

to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.†

With a word of encouragement, he confirms a sublime yet undecided purpose,—with a word of sympathy, he opens a new vista to the desolate,—and with a word of truth, he fires a man of action to a noble deed. "All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing."‡ Like that of other good books, its language is instructive and touches us by its assimilation with our conscious life; like that of nature,

* MILTON'S *Comus*.

† SHAKESPEARE.

‡ JOHNSON on *Addison*.

it is beautiful and sublime; like conversation, it is personal and sympathetic,—alive with the glow of fancy and enriched by wisdom, it plainly shows us what we are and what we should be.

Our conclusion shall be in the words of CH. HARVIE, in his verses to the reader of “Walton :”—

First mark the title well; my friend that gave it
Has made it good, this book deserves to have it:
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.

Here sits in secret blest theology,
Waited upon by grave philosophy
Both natural and moral, history
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth.

J. O.

Proverbial Philosophy.

(FIRST SERIES.)

Prefatory.

Thoughts that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of fancy;
Clear running wine of conviction, with the scum and the lees of speculation;

Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from mine own garner:
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world, with a knowledge grounded deeper;

Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the keystone of heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain mark, as the falcon to its quarry;

The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened harvest of my musings,
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of Wisdom,
These I give to thy gentle heart, thou lover of the right.

What, though a guilty man renew that hallowed theme,
And strike with feebler hand the harp of Sirach's son?¹
What, though a youthful tongue take up that ancient parable,
And utter faintly forth dark sayings as of old?

Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have stored it in a reed,
And bright the jewelled band, that circleth an Ethiop's arm;
Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of Ganges,
And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.
Wherefore, thou gentle student, bend thine ear to my speech,
For I also am as thou art; our hearts can commune together:
To meanest matters will I stoop, for mean is the lot of mortal;
I will rise to noblest themes, for the soul hath an heritage of glory:
The passions of puny man; the majestic characters of God;
The feverish shadows of time, and the mighty substance of eternity.

Commend thy mind unto candour, and grudge not as though thou hadst
a teacher,

Nor scorn angelic Truth for the sake of her evil herald;
Heed not him, but hear his words, and care not whence they come;
The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar them forth,
The mean unconscious sedge sigh them in the ear of evening,
Or the mind of pride conceive, and the mouth of folly speak them.
Lo now, I stand not forth laying hold on spear and buckler,
I come a man of peace, to comfort, not to combat;
With soft persuasive speech to charm thy patient ear,
Giving the hand of fellowship, acknowledging the heart of sympathy:
Let us walk together as friends in the shaded paths of meditation,
Nor Judgment set his seal until he hath poised his balance;
That the chastenings of mild reproof may meet unwitting error,
And Charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread for brothers.

The Words of Wisdom.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter:
To what shall their rarity be likened? What price shall count their worth?
Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,
No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty.
They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of
Oblivion,
Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang around the neck of Memory;
They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the
blessed,
Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart;
They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth
of time,
Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food;
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight:
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet more, for the half is not said, of their might, and dignity, and
value;
For life-giving be they and glorious, redolent of sanctity and heaven:
As the fumes of hallowed incense, that veil the throne of the Most High;
As the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of immortality;
As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataracts of truth:
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet once again, loving student, suffer the praises of thy teacher,
For verily the sun of the mind, and the life of the heart is Wisdom:
She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,
And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its own;

And her words, whereunto canst thou liken them? for earth cannot show
their peers:

They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of heaven,

Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God;

They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed from the windows
of the skies;

They be streams of living waters, fresh from the fountain of Intelligence:

Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

For these shall guide thee well, and guard thee on thy way;

And wanting all beside, with these shalt thou be rich:

Though all around be woe, these shall make thee happy;

Though all within be pain, these shall bring thee health;

Thy good shall grow into ripeness, thine evil wither and decay,

And Wisdom's words shall sweetly charm thy doubtful into virtues:

Meanness shall then be frugal care; where shame was, thou art modest;

Cowardice riseth into caution, rashness is sobered into courage;

The wrathful spirit, rendering a reason, standeth justified in anger;

The idle hand hath fair excuse, propping the thoughtful forehead.

Life shall have no labyrinth but thy steps can track it,

For thou hast a silken clue, to lead thee through the darkness:

The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall perish at thy coming,

And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious sails.²

Wherefore, friend and scholar, hear the words of Wisdom;

Whether she speaketh to thy soul in the full chords of revelation; .

In the teaching earth, or air, or sea; in the still melodies of thought;

Or, haply, in the humbler strains that would detain thee here.³

Of Truth in Things False.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish:
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth:
Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use:
And the just man, enamoured of the right, is blinded by the speciousness
of wrong,

And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is content to overlook the
harm.

On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signature of God,
Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the finger of corruption:
And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with streams of truth;
And the Adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby many are decoyed.
Providence is dark in its permissions; yet one day, when all is known,
The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and good were they;
For the wise man leaneth on his wisdom, and the righteous trusteth to
his righteousness,

And those, who thirst for independence, are suffered to drink of disappoint-
ment.

Wherefore? — to prove and humble them; and to teach the idolators of
Truth,

That it is but the ladder unto **Him**, on whom only they should trust.

There is truth in the wildest scheme that imaginative heat hath
engendered,

And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest theories of fancy:
The alchemist laboureth in folly, but catcheth chance gleams of wisdom
And findeth out many inventions, though his crucible breed not gold;
The sinner, toying with witchcraft, thinketh to delude his fellows,

But there be very spirits of evil, and what if they come at his bidding !
 He is a bold bad man who dareth to tamper with the dead ;
 For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery—that vestibule leading to
 Eternity,

The waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their
 King :

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided ;
 For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen :
 And the heat of an excited intellect, radiating to its fellows,
 Doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green wood around it is un-
 warmed.

The dog may have a spirit, as well as his brutal master ;
 A spirit to live in happiness ; for why should he be robbed of his exist-
 ence ?

Hath he not a conscience of evil, a glimmer of moral sense,
 Love and hatred, courage and fear, and visible shame and pride ?
 There may be a future rest for the patient victims of the cruel ;
 And a season allotted for their bliss, to compensate for unjust suffering.
 Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for the truth ;
 And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of error :
 For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead Sea's cursed shore :
 But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that plucked them
 shall rue it

A frequent similar effect argueth a constant cause :

Yet who hath counted the links that bind an omen to its issue ?

Who hath expounded the law that rendereth calamities gregarious,
 Pressing down with yet more woes the heavy-laden mourner ?

Who knoweth wherefore a monsoon should swell the sails of the pros-
 perous,

Blithely speeding on their course the children of good luck ?

Who hath companied a vision from the horn or ivory gate,¹

Or met another's mind in his, and explained its presence ?

There is a secret somewhat in antipathies ; and love is more than fancy ;

Yea, and a palpable notice warneth of an instant danger ;

For the soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the wind,

That catch events in their approach with sure and apt presentiment,

So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming friend,

Investing in his likeness the stranger that passed on before ;

And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word fulfilled,

And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.
O man, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most true,
How therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things most false?
Thou hast not yet perceived the causes of life or motion,
How then canst thou define the subtle sympathies of mind?
For the spirit, sharpest and strongest when disease hath rent the body,
Hath welcomed kindred spirits in nightly visitations,
Or learnt from restless ghosts dark secrets of the living,
And helped slow justice to her prey by the dreadful teaching of a dream.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error have not warped it;

Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.
For the enemy, the father of lies, the giant Upas of creation,^c
Whose deadly shade hath blasted this once green garden of the Lord,
Can but pervert the good, but may not create the evil;
He destroyeth, but cannot build; for he is not antagonist deity:
Mighty is his stolen power, yet is he a creature and a subject;
Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete right;
The fiend hath not a royal crown; he is but a prowling robber,
Suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's highway;
And the keen sword he beareth, once was a simple ploughshare;
Yea, and his panoply of error is but a distortion of the truth:
The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from its useful curve,
With axe, and spike, and bar, headeth the marauder's halbert.
Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of sin;
Suffice it, that thine own bad heart is to thee thine origin of evil.

Of Anticipation.

Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of the world,
But that which hath vexed thee most hath been the looking for evil;
And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped on thy
head,

Yet ills, that never happened, have chiefly made thee wretched.
The sting of pain and the edge of pleasure are blunted by long expectation,

For the gall and the balm alike are diluted in the waters of patience:
And often thou sippest sweetness, ere the cup is dashed from thy lip;
Or drainest the gall of fear, while evil is passing by thy dwelling.

A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment,
But a cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him:
Yea, though the breath of disappointment should chill the sanguine
heart,

Speedily gloweth it again, warmed by the live embers of hope;
Though the black and heavy surge close above the head for a moment,
Yet the happy buoyancy of Confidence riseth superior to Despair.
Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and won by distrust:
For the wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbelieving spirit;
And to those giveth he good, who rely on his hand for good;
And those leaveth he to evil, who fear, but trust Him not.
Ask for good, and hope it, for the ocean of good is fathomless;
Ask for good, and have it; for thy Friend would see thee happy:
But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and dread,
That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth the sight of his eyes,
The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready for the seed,
And suspicion hath coldly put aside the hand that was ready to help him.
Therefore look up, sad spirit; be strong, thou coward heart,
Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not behind:
Cease to anticipate misfortune,—there are still many chances of escape;

But if it come, be courageous: face it, and conquer thy calamity.
There is not an enemy so stout, as to storm and take the fortress of the
mind,

Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and Fear unbar the gates.

The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break upon him ;

The timorous is a skiff unmooored, tost and mocked at by a ripple :

The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from him ;

The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half way :

Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh and will not fight ;

Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust elsewhere :

Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy trust,

The precious smiting of a friend, whose frowns are all in love :

Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other climes,

And the weak hath quailed in fear, while the firm hath been glad in his
confidence.

Of Hidden Uses.

The sea-wort ⁽¹⁾ floating on the waves, or rolled up high along the shore,
Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names of contempt:
Yet hath it gloriously triumphed, and man been humbled in his ignorance,

For health is in the freshness of its savour, and it cumbereth the beach
with wealth;

Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet tinctured essence,
And by its humbler ashes enriching many proud.

Be this, then, a lesson to thy soul, that thou reckon nothing worthless,
Because thou heedest not its use, nor knowest the virtues thereof.

And herein, as thou walkest by the sea, shall weeds be a type and an earnest

Of the stored and uncounted riches lying hid in all creatures of God:

There be flowers making glad the desert, and roots fattening the soil,
And jewels in the secret deep, scattered amongst groves of coral,

And comforts to crown all wishes, and aids unto every need,

Influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions,

And uses above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.

Not long to charm away disease hath the crocus ⁽²⁾ yielded up its bulb,

Nor the willow lent its bark, nor the nightshade its vanquished poison;

Not long hath the twisted leaf, the fragrant gift of China,

Nor that nutritious root, the boon of far Peru,

Nor the many-coloured dahlia, nor the gorgeous flaunting cactus,

Nor the multitude of fruits and flowers ministered to life and luxury:

Even so, there be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,

In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadow,

In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar;

And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,

Nor the waxen flower of the arbute, though it dieth in a day,

Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the stars ;
 And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many uses,
 The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled orchis, and the daisy.
 The world may laugh at famine, when forest-trees yield bread,
 When acorns give out fragrant drink, (°) and the sap of the linden is as
 fatness :

For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
 Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

Still, Mind is up and stirring, and pryeth in the corners of contrivance,
 Often from the dark recesses picking out bright seeds of truth :
 Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and mewed it up for a
 purpose,

Training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven ;
 Tamed is the spirit of the storm, to slave in all peaceful arts,
 To walk with husbandry and science ; to stand in the vanguard against
 death :

And the chemist balanceth his elements with more than magic skill,
 Commanding stones that they be bread, and draining sweetness out of
 wormwood.

Yet man, heedless of a God, counteth up vain reckonings,
 Fearing to be jostled and starved out, by the too prolific increase of his
 kind ;

And asketh, in unbelieving dread, for how few years to come
 Will the black cellars of the world yield unto him fuel for his winter.
 Might not the wide waste sea be pent within narrower bounds ?
 Might not the arm of diligence make the tangled wilderness a garden ?
 And, for aught thou canst tell, there may be a thousand methods
 Of comforting thy limbs in warmth, though thou kindle not a spark.
 Fear not, son of man, for thyself nor thy seed :—with a multitude is
 plenty ;
 God's blessing giveth increase, and with it larger than enough.

Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all her doings ;
 She seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxims of fru-
 gality ;

The plant refresheth the air, and the earth filtereth the water,
 And dews are sucked into the cloud, dropping fatness on the world :
 She hath, on a mighty scale, a general use for all things ;
 Yet hath she specially for each its microscopic purpose :

There is use in the prisoned air, that swelleth the pods of the laburnum.
 Design in the venom'd thorns, that sentinel the leaves of the nettle;
 A final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the moss around a
 rose:

A reason for each blade of grass, that reareth its small spire.
 How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills might follow,
 If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office?
 If the thistle never sprang up, to mock the loose husbandry of indolence,
 Or the pestilence never swept away an unknown curse from among men?
 Would ye crush the buzzing myriads that float on the breath of evening?
 Would ye trample the creatures of God that people the rotting fruit?
 Would ye suffer no mildew forest to stain the unhealthy wall,
 Nor a noisome savour to exhale from the pool that breedeth disease?
 Pain is useful unto man, for it teacheth him to guard his life,
 And the fetid vapours of the fen warn him to fly from danger:
 And the meditative mind, looking on, winneth good food for its hunger,
 Seeing the wholesome root bring forth a poisonous berry;
 For otherwhile falleth it out that truth, driven to extremities,
 Yieldeth bitter folly as the spoilt fruit of wisdom.
 O, blinded is thine eye, if it see not just aptitude in all things;
 O, frozen is thy heart, if it glow not with gratitude for all things:
 In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be spared,
 From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.

The sage, and the beetle at his feet, hath each a ministration to perform:
 The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service.
 Neither is it thus alone with the definite existences of matter;
 But motion and sound, circumstance and quality, yea, all things have
 their office.

The zephyr playing with an aspen-leaf,—the earthquake that rendeth a
 continent;

The moon-beam silvering a ruined arch,—the desert wave dashing up a
 pyramid;

The thunder of jarring icebergs,—the stops of a shepherd's pipe;
 The howl of the tiger in the glen,—and the wood-dove calling to her mate;
 The vulture's cruel rage,—the grace of the stately swan;
 The fierceness looking from the lynx's eye, and the dull stupor of the sloth:
 To these, and to all, is there added each its use, though man considereth
 it lightly;

For Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful.

All things being are in concord with the ubiquity of God ;
Neither is there one thing overmuch, nor freed from honourable servitude.
Were there not a need-be of wisdom, nothing would be as it is ;
For essence without necessity argueth a moral weakness.
We look through a glass darkly, we catch but glimpses of truth ;
But, doubtless, the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to its pilot,
Doubtless, the root of an oak is gnarled for a special purpose,
The foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station of a king,
And chaff from the hand of the winnower, steered as the stars in their
courses.

Man liveth only in himself, but the Lord liveth in all things ;
And his pervading unity quickeneth the whole creation.
Man doeth one thing at once, nor can he think two thoughts together ;
But God compasseth all things, mantling the globe like air :
And we render homage to his wisdom, seeing use in all his creatures,
For, perchance, the universe would die, were not all things as they are.

Of Compensation.

Equal is the government of heaven in allotting pleasures among men,
And just the everlasting law, that hath wedded happiness to virtue:
For verily on all things else broodeth disappointment with care,
That childish man may be taught the shallowness of earthly enjoyment.
Wherefore, ye that have enough, envy ye the rich man his abundance?
Wherefore, daughters of affluence, covet ye the cottager's content?
Take the good with the evil, for ye all are pensioners of God,
And none may choose or refuse the cup His wisdom mixeth.
The poor man rejoiceth at his toil, and his daily meat is sweet to him:
Content with present good, he looketh not for evil to the future:
The rich man languisheth with sloth, and findeth pleasure in nothing,
He locketh up care with his gold, and feareth the fickleness of fortune.
Can a cup contain within itself the measure of a bucket?
Or the straitened appetites of man drink more than their fill of luxury?
There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless.
And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Also, though penury and pain be real and bitter evils,
I would reason with the poor afflicted, for he is not so wretched as he
seemeth.
What right hath an offender to complain, though others escape punishment,
If the stripes of earned misfortune overtake him in his sin?
Wherefore not endure with resignation the evils thou canst not avert?
For the coward pain will flee, if thou meet him as a man:
Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might and ought to have been
worse,
And that it lieth in thy hand to gather even blessing from afflictions;
Bethink thee, wherefore were they sent? and hath not use blunted their
keenness?

Need hope and patience, and courage, be strangers to the meanest hovel?
 Thou art in an evil case,—it were cruel to deny to thee compassion,
 But there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this world's sorrows:
 I touch not the sore of thy guilt; but of human griefs I counsel thee,
 Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem thy loss:
 Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-knowledge, patience,
 and humility,
 And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the coiner:
 Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain thou hast earned so
 hardly,
 And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that thou lose not the
 sweet.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yoke-fellow of eminence;
 And the rust of the miser's riches wasteth his soul as a canker.
 The poor man counteth not the cost at which such wealth hath been pur-
 chased;

He would be on the mountain's top, without the toil and travail of the
 climbing.

But equity demandeth recompense: for high-place, calumny and care;
 For state, comfortless splendour eating out the heart of home:
 For warrior fame, dangers and death; for a name among the learned, a
 spirit overstrained;
 For honour of all kinds, the goad of ambition; on every acquirement,
 the tax of anxiety.

He that would change with another, must take the cup as it is mixed:
 Poverty, with largeness of heart: or a full purse, with a sordid spirit;
 Wisdom, in an ailing body; or a common mind, with health:
 Godliness, with man's scorn; or the welcome of the mighty, with guilt:
 Beauty, with a fickle heart; or plainness of face, with affection.
 For so hath Providence determined, that a man shall not easily discover
 Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or abhorrence.
 A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change his lot with another;
 It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly refused it:
 For we know the worst of ourselves, but the secrets of another we see not,
 And better is certain bad, than the doubt and dread of worse.

Just, and strong, and opportune is the moral rule of God;
 Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the measure of its gifts:
 Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,

Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the good in his afflictions.

They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow,
Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience;
They hear not the terrible suggestions, that knock at the portal of his will,

Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness of the deed;
They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his panting breast,
When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off the truth.
Likewise of the good what know they? the memories bringing pleasure,
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent, and glistening from his eye;
The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose;

The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious.
Many a beggar at the cross-way, or grey-haired shepherd on the plain,
Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.

Horror, a moral compensation reacheth to the secrecy of thought;
For if thou wilt think evil of thy neighbour, soon shalt thou have him
for thy foe:

And yet he may know nothing of the cause that maketh thee distasteful
to his soul,—

The cause of unkind suspicion, for which thou hast thy punishment:
And if thou think of him in charity, wishing or praying for his weal,
He shall not guess the secret charm that lureth his soul to love thee.

For just is retributive ubiquity: Samson did sin with Dalilah,
And his eyes and captive strength were forfeit to the Philistine:
Jacob robbed his brother, and sorrow was his portion to the grave:

David must fly before his foes, yea, though his guilt is covered:
And He, who seeming old in youth, (¹⁰) was marred for others' sin,

For every special crime must bear its special penalty:

By luxury, or rashness, or vice, the member that hath erred suffereth,—
And therefore the Sacrifice for all was pained at every pore.

Alike to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with sweet refreshment,
And half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened by the soothing
of sleep.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure, and teacheth the luxury of health;
There is a joy in sorrow, which none but a mourner can know:

Madness hath imaginary bliss, and most men have no more ;
Age hath its quiet calm, and youth enjoyeth not for haste :
Daily, in the midst of its beatitude, the righteous soul is vexed ;
And even the misery of guilt doth attain to the bliss of pardon.
Who, in the face of the born-blind, ever looked on other than content ?
And the deaf ear listeneth within to the silent music of the heart.
There is evil poured upon the earth from the overflowings of corruption,—

Sickness, and poverty, and pain, and guilt, and madness, and sorrow ;
But, as the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to its level,
Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men :
For, habit, and hope, and ignorance, and the being but one of a multitude,

And strength of reason in the sage, and dullness of feeling in the fool,
And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resignation of meekness,
And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak carelessness of apathy,
And helps invisible but real, and ministerings not unfelt,
Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with the soul's gain,
Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh, and cordials for the spirit,

(—Short of the insuperable barrier dividing innocence from guilt,—)
Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of Compensation.

Of Indirect Influences.

Face thy foe in the field, and perchance thou wilt meet thy master,
For the sword is chained to his wrist, and his armour buckled for the
battle;

But find him when he looketh not for thee, aim between the joints of his
harness,

And the crest of his pride will be humbled, his cruelty will bite the dust.
Beard not a lion in his den, but fashion the secret pit-fall,
So shalt thou conquer the strong, thyself triumphing in weakness.

The hurricane rageth fiercely, and the promontory standeth in its might,
Breasting the artillery of heaven, as darts glance from the crocodile:

But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps of the sea
Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth its ruin.

The weakness of accident is strong, where the strength of design is
weak:

And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth not argument.

Will not a man listen? be silent; and prove thy maxim by example:

Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth doth not render
a reason.

Contend not in wisdom with a fool, for thy sense maketh much of his
conceit;

And some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for feared
refutation:

Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler for truth,

And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated wisdom:

For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep thy argument,

Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct purpose,

The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and return without thee,

And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest have won a friend.

Wints, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,

Where a bare-faced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny:

The sly suggestion toucheth nerves, and nerves contract the fronds,
And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its root;
And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks that laugh at
storms,

Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the prophet's gourd.
Hast thou loved and not known jealousy? for a sidelong look
Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of proofs:
Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing malice?—
A wise man prevaileth in power, for he screeneth his battering engine,
But a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,
That crippled line of columns bleaching in the sun,
The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying buttress
Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy:
Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?
And wherefore not—but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties,
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?
And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:
And so, the Helvetic lion cavered in the living rock
Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

Tell me, daughter of taste, what hath charmed thine ear in music?
Is it the laboured theme, the curious fugue or cento,—
Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note,
Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity?
Tell me, thou son of science, what hath filled thy mind in reading?
Is it the volume of detail where all is orderly set down
And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think;
The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,
Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes;—
Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayst solve,
The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half flower,
The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,
The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning mysteries?
For ideas are oft-times shy of the close furniture of words,

And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion :

The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,
Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

A worldly man boasteth in his pride, that there is no power but of money ;

And he judgeth the characters of men by the differing measures of their means :

He stealeth all goodly names as worth, and value, and substance,
Which be the ancient heritage of Virtue, but such an one ascribeth unto
Wealth :

He spurneth the needy sage, whose wisdom hath enriched nations,
And the sons of poverty and learning, without whom earth were a
desert :

Music, the soother of cares, the tuner of the dank discordant heart-
strings,

It is naught unto such an one but sounds, whereby some earn their
living :

The poem, and the picture, and the statue, to him seem idle baubles,
Which wealth condescendeth to favour, to gain him the name of patron.
But little wotteth he the might of the means his folly despiseth ;
He considereth not that these be the wires which move the puppets of
the world.

A sentence hath formed a character,¹¹ and a character subdued a king-
dom ;

A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce with the skies :
The pen hath shaken nations, and stablished the world in peace ;
And the whole full horn of plenty¹² been filled from the vial of science.

He regardeth man as sensual, the monarch of created matter,
And careth not aught for mind, that linketh him with spirits unseen
He feedeth his carcase and is glad, though his soul be faint and
famished,

And the dull brute power of the body bindeth him a captive to himself.

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what may happen ;
Influences circle him on all sides, and yet must he answer for his actions .
For the being that is master of himself, bendeth events to his will,
But a slave to selfish passion is the wavering creature of circumstance.
To this man temptation is a poison, to that man it addeth vigour ;

And each may render to himself influences good or evil.
As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow,
And the torrent that swept the valley, may be led to turn a mill;
The wild electric flash that could have kindled comets,
May by the ductile wire give ease to an ailing child.¹³
For outward matter or event, fashion not the character within,
But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind for himself.

Some have said, What is in a name? — most potent plastic influence;
A name is a word of character, and repetition stablisheth the fact;
A word of rebuke, or of honour, tending to obscurity or fame;
And greatest is the power of a mean, when its power is least suspected.
A low name is a thorn in the side, that hindereth the footman in his
running;

But a name of ancestral renown shall often put the racer to his speed.
Few men have grown unto greatness whose names are allied to ridicule,
And many would never have been profligate, but for the splendour of a
name.

A wise man scorneth nothing, be it ever so small or homely,
For he knoweth not the secret laws that may bind it to great effects.
The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded the vengeance of
the stars,

The world in its dotage is not wiser, fearing not the influence of small
things:

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,
But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.
A man hath the tiller in his hand, and may steer against the current,
Or may glide down idly with the stream, till his vessel founder in the
whirlpool.

Of Memory.

Where art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts and fancies,—
In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine airy chambers?
Or art thou that small cavern,¹⁴ the centre of the rolling brain,
Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's original?
Or hast thou some grand globe, some common hall of intellect,
Some spacious market-place for thought, where all do bring their wares,
And gladly rescued from the littleness, the narrow closet of a self,
The privileged soul hath large access, coming in the livery of learning?
Live we as isolated worlds, perfect in substance and spirit,
Each a sphere, with a special mind, prisoned in its shell of matter?
Or rather, as converging radiations, parts of one majestic whole,
Beams of the Sun, streams from the River, branches of the mighty Tree,
Some bearing fruit, some bearing leaves, and some diseased and barren,—

Some for the feast, some for the floor, and some,—how many,—for the fire?

Memory may be but a power of coming to the treasury of Fact,
A momentary self-desertion, an absence in spirit from the now,
An actual coursing hither and thither, by the mind, slipped from its leash,

A life, as in the mystery of dreams, spent within the limits of a moment.

A brutish man knoweth not this, neither can a fool comprehend it,
But there be secrets of the memory, deep, wondrous, and fearful.
Were I at Petra,¹⁵ could I not declare, My soul hath been here before me?

Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra?
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged on the Danube,
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows,—nor the black tents of the Tartar?
Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of old,

While wandering in the grove with Plato, and listening to Zeno in the porch?

Paul have I seen, and Pythagoras, and the Stagyrice hath spoken me friendly,

And His meek eye looked also upon me, standing with Peter in the palace.

Athens and Rome, Persepolis and Sparta, am I not a freeman of you all?

And chiefly can my yearning heart forget thee, O Jerusalem?—

For the strong magic of conception, mingled with the fumes of memory,

Giveth me a life in all past time, yea, and addeth substance to the future.

Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun,

Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed,

Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness strange and vague,

That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life,

Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,

Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?

Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar,

Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with ancient memories?

A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,

And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit trembling.

Memory is not wisdom; idiots can rote volumes:

Yet, what is wisdom without memory? a babe that is strangled in its birth,

The path of the swallow in the air, the path of the dolphin in the waters,

A cask running out, a bottomless chasm: such is wisdom without memory.

There be many wise, who cannot store their knowledge;

Yet from themselves are they satisfied, for the fountain is within:

There be many who store, but have no wisdom of their own,

Lumbering their armoury with weapons their muscles cannot lift:

There be many thieves and robbers, who glean and store unlawfully,

Calling in to memory's help some cunningly devised Cabala:¹⁶

But to feed the mind with fatness, to fill thy granary with corn,

Nor clog with chaff and straw the threshing-floor of reason,

Reap the ideas, and house them well; but leave the words high stubble:

Strive to store up what was thought, despising what was said.

For the mind is a spirit, and drinketh in ideas, as flame melteth into flame;

But for words it must pack them as on floors, cumbrous and perishable merchandize.

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope for a week,—
how long and weary!

But to remember fourscore years, is to look back upon a day.
An avenue seemeth to lengthen in the eyes of the wayfaring man,
But let him turn, those stationed elms crowd up within a yard;
Pace the lamp-lit streets of some sleeping city,
The multitude of cressets shall seem one, in the false picture of per-
spective;

Even so, in sweet treachery, dealeth the aged with himself,
He gazeth on the green hill-tops, while the marshes beneath are hidden;
And the partial telescope of memory pierceth the blank between,
To look with lingering love at the fair star of childhood.
Life is as the current spark on the miner's wheel of flints;
Whiles it spinneth there is light; stop it, all is darkness:
Life is as a morsel of frankincense burning in the hall of Eternity;
It is gone, but its odorous cloud curleth to the lofty roof:
Life is as a lump of salt, melting in the temple-laver;
It is gone,—yet its savour reacheth to the farthest atom:
Even so, for evil or for good, is life the criterion of a man,
For its memories of sanctity or sin pervade all the firmament of being.
There is but the flitting moment, wherein to hope or to enjoy,
But in the calendar of memory, that moment is all time.

The Dream of Ambition.

I left the happy fields that smile around the village of Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Ambition.
Long time, parched and weary, I travelled that burning sand,
And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my way for palms;
Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp uplifted stings,
Seeming to mock me as I ran; (then I guessed it was a dream,—
But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel cliff,
Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen sky;
And quickly, I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen wings
Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought it was a dream,—
Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before me a giant pyramid,
And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult steps;
For I longed, like another Belus,¹ to mount up, yea to heaven,
Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest of earth.

Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning sun,
And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt in flames;
(And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that all this torture was a
dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered to its root,
And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand foundations:
Awhile it tottered and tilted, as raised by invisible levers,—
(And now my reason spake with me; I knew it was a dream:
Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to learn of wisdom,
By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto they might lead.)
And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it rushed,
And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovites' icy slope;

A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy seas,
And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,
And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty throne,
Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions in my way,
Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown summer,
Behind me death and woe, the desert and simoom.
Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and for fear;
But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the maddened mass
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and towers,
And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high domes, shivered as an egg-
shell,
And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded in the streets,
And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever loved,
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming instinct,—
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged beach,
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild Atlantic
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench my spirit,—
Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered the pavement of the sea,
Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted doors of hell;
And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered in,
And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were hottest,
Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas that rushed in with me,—
And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted in mine ear,
“Behold the home of Discontent; behold the rest of Ambition!”

Of Subjection.

Law hath dominion over all things, over universal mind and matter ;
For there are reciprocities of right, which no creature can gainsay.
Unto each was there added by its Maker, in the perfect chain of being,
Dependencies and sustentations, accidents, and qualities, and powers :
And each must fly forward in the curve, unto which it was forced from
the beginning ;

Each must attract and repel, or the monarchy of Order is no more.
Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised character of God,
And they radiate from that sun, to the circling edges of creation.
Verily, the mighty Lawgiver hath subjected Himself unto laws,
And God is the primal grand example of free unstrained obedience :
His perfection is limited by right, and cannot trespass into wrong,
Because He hath established Himself as the fountain of only good,
And in thus much is bounded, that the evil hath he left unto another,
And that dark other hath usurped the evil which Omnipotence laid down.
Unto God there exist impossibilities ; for the True One cannot lie,
Nor the Wise One wander from the track which he hath determined for
himself :

For his will was purposed from eternity, strong in the love of order ;
And that will altereth not, as the law of the Medes and Persians.
God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his precept ;
For there is subordination of his Essence, self-guided unto holiness ;
And there is subordination of his Persons, in due procession of dignity ;
For the Son, as a son, is subject ; and to him doth the Spirit minister :
But these things be mysteries to man, he cannot reach nor fathom them,
And ever must he speak in paradox, when labouring to expound his God ;
For, behold, God is Alone, mighty in unshackled freedom ;
And with those wondrous Persons abideth eternal equality.

So then, start ye from the fountain, and follow the river of existence,
(27)

For its current is bounded throughout by the banks of just subordination:

Thrones, and dominions, and powers, Archangels, Cherubim, and Seraphim,

Angels, and flaming ministers, and breathing chariots and harps.

For there are degrees in heaven, and varied capabilities of bliss,
And steps in the ladder of Intelligence, and ranks in approaches to Perfection:

Doubtless, reverence is given, as their due, to the masters in wisdom;

Doubtless, there are who serve; or a throne would have small glory.

Regard now the universe of matter, the substance of visible creation,
Which of old, with well-observing truth, the Greek hath surnamed
ORDER:¹⁹

Where is there an atom out of place? or a particle that yieldeth not obedience?

Where is there a fragment that is free? or one thing the equal of another?—

The chain is unbroken down to man, and beyond him the links are perfect:

But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos.

And shall this seeming error in the scale of due subordination
Be a spot of desert unreclaimed, in the midst of the vineyard of the Lord?

Shall his presumptuous pride snap the safe tether of connexion,

And his blind selfish folly refuse the burden of maintenance?

O man, thou art a creature; boast not thyself above the law:

Think not of thyself as free: thou art bound in the trammels of dependence.

What is the sum of thy duty, but obedience to righteous rule,

To the great commanding oracle, uttered by delegated organs?

Thou canst not render homage to abstract Omnipresent Power,

Save through the concrete symbol of visible ordained authority.

Those, who obey not man, are oftenest found rebels against God;

And seldom is the delegate so bold, as to order what he knoweth to be wrong.

Yet mark me, proud gainsayer! I say not, obey unto sin;

But, where the Principal is silent, take heed thou despise not the Deputy;

And he that loveth order, will bless thee for thy faith,

If thou recognize his sanction in the powers that fashion human laws.

Thou, the vicegerent of the Lord, his high anointed image,
Toward whom a good man's loyalty floweth from the heart of his religion,
Thou, whose deep responsibilities are fathomed by a nation's prayers,
Whom wise men fear for while they love, and envy thee nothing but thy
virtues,

From thy dizzy pinnacle of greatness, remember thou also art a subject,
And the throne of thine earthly glory is itself but the footstool of thy
God.

The homage thy kingdoms yield thee, regard thou as yielded unto Him;
And while girt with all the majesty of state, consider thee the Lord's
chief servant;

So shalt thou prosper, and be strong, grafted on the strength of another;
So shall thy virgin heart be happy, in being humble.

And thou shalt flourish as an oak, the monarch of thine island forests,
Whose deep-dug roots are twisted around the stout ribs of the globe,
That mocketh at the fury of the storm, and rejoiceth in summer sun-
shine,

Glad in the smiles of heaven, and great in the stability of earth.

A ruler hath not power for himself, neither is his pomp for his pride;
But beneath the ermine of his office should he wear the rough hair-cloth
of humility.

Nevertheless, every way obey him, so thou break not a higher command-
ment;

For Nero was an evil king, yet Paul prescribeth subjection.

If the rulers of a nation be holy, the Lord hath blessed that nation;
If they be lewd and impious, chastisement hath come upon that people:
For the bitterest scourge of a land is ungodliness in them that govern it,
And the guilt of the sons of Josiah drove Israel weeping into Babylon.²⁰
Yet be thou resolute against them, if they change the mandates of thy
God,

If they touch the ark of his covenant, wherein all his mercies are en-
shrined:

Be resolute, but not rebellious; lest thou be of the company of Korah:
Set thy face against them as a flint: but be not numbered with Abiram.
Daniel nobly disobeyed; but not from a spirit of sedition;

And Azarias shouted from the furnace,—I will not bow down, O KING.

If truth must be sacrificed to unity, then faithfulness were folly;
If man must be obeyed before God, the martyrs have bled in vain:
Yet none of that blessed army reviled the rulers of the land,

They were loud and bold against the sin, but bent before the ensign of authority.

Honesty, scorning compromise, walketh most suitably with Reverence;
 Otherwise righteous daring may show but as obstinate rebellion:
 Therefore, suffer not thy censure to lack the savour of courtesy,
 And remember the mortal sinneth, but the staff of his power is from God.

Man, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to thy kind:
 Therefore claim not all thy rights; but yield, for thine own advantage.
 Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other;
 The branch can not but wither, that is cut from the parent vine.
 Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away the cords that bind thee,

Seeking, in thy bitterness or pride, to be exiled from thy fellows?
 Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless outcast,
 Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds in the wilderness:

Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of men,
 Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all things;
 Better to be chained to thy labour, in the dusky thoroughfares of life,
 Than to reign monarch of Sloth, in lonesome savage freedom.

Whence then cometh the doctrine, that all should be equal and free?—
 It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away subjection.
 No man is his neighbour's equal, for no two minds are similar,
 And accidents, alike with qualities, have every shade but sameness:
 The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice balance of equality,
 And all things, from without and from within, make one man to differ from another.

We are equal and free! was the watchword that spirited the legions of Satan;

We are equal and free! is the double lie that entrappeth to him conscripts from earth:

The messengers of that dark despot will pauder to thy license and thy pride,

And draw thee from the crowd where thou art safe, to seize thee in the solitary desert.

Wo unto him whose heart the syren song of Liberty hath charmed:
 Wo unto him whose mind is bewitched by her treacherous beauty:

In mad zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and restraint,
And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair idol of the Damned.
No man hath freedom in aught, save in that from which the wicked would
be hindered.

He is free toward God and good ; but to all else a bondman.

Thou art in a middle sphere, to render and receive honour,
If thy king commandeth, obey ; and stand not in the way with rebels ;
But if need be, lay thy hand upon thy sword, and fear not to smite a
traitor,

For the universe acquitteth thee with honour, fighting in defence of thy
king.

If a thief break thy dwelling, and thou take him, it were sin in thee to
let him go ;

Yea, though he pleadeth to thy mercy, thou canst not spare him and be
blameless :

For his guilt is not only against thee, it is not thy moneys or thy mer-
chandize,

But he hath done damage to the Law, which duty constraineth thee to
sanction.

Feast not thine appetite of vengeance, remembering thou also art a man,
But weep for the sad compulsion, in which the chain of Providence hath
bound thee ;

Mercy is not thine to give ; wilt thou steal another's privilege ?

Or send abroad, among thy neighbours, a felon whom impunity hath
hardened ?

Remember the Roman father, strong in his stern integrity,²¹

And let not thy slothful self-indulgence make thee a conniver at the
crime.

Also, if the knife of the murderer be raised against thee or thine,

And through good providence and courage, thou slay him that would
have slain thee,

Thou lovest not a tittle of thy rectitude, having executed sudden justice ;

Still mayst thou walk among the blessed, though thy hands be red with
blood.

For thyself, thou art neither worse nor better ; but thy fellows should
count thee their creditor :

Thou hast manfully protected the right, and the right is stronger for thy
deed.

Also, in the rescuing of innocence, fear not to smite the ravisher ;

What though he die at thy hand? for a good name is better than the life;
 And if Phineas had everlasting praise in the matter of Salu's son,²²
 With how much greater honour standeth such a rescuer acquitted?
 Uphold the laws of thy country, and fear not to fight in their defence;
 But first be convinced in thy mind; for herein the doubter sinneth.
 Above all things, look thou well around, if indeed stern duty forceth thee
 To draw the sword of justice, and stain it with the slaughter of thy
 fellows.

She that lieth in thy bosom, the tender wife of thy affections,
 Must obey thee, and be subject, that evil drop not on thy dwelling.
 The child that is used to constraint, feareth not more than he loveth;
 But give thy son his way, he will hate thee and scorn thee together.
 The master of a well-ordered home knoweth to be kind to his servants;
 Yet he exacteth reverence, and each one feareth at his post.
 There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty giveth it importance;
 No station so degrading, but it is ennobled by obedience:
 Yea, break stones upon the highway, acknowledging the Lord in thy lot,
 Happy shalt thou be, and honourable, more than many children of the
 mighty.
 Thou that despisest the outward forms, beware thou lose not the inward
 spirit;
 For they are as words unto ideas, as symbols to things unseen.
 Keep then the form that is good; retain, and do reverence to example;
 And in all things observe subordination, for that is the whole duty of man.

A horse knoweth his rider, be he confident or timid,
 And the fierce spirit of Bucephalus²³ stoopeth unto none but Alexander:
 The tigress roused in the jungle by the prying spaniels of the fowler,
 Will quail at the eye of man, so he assert his dignity;
 Nay, the very ships, those giant swans breasting the mighty waters,
 Roll in the trough, or break the wave, to the pilot's fear or courage:
 How much more shall man, discerning the Fountain of authority,
 Bow to superior commands, and make his own obeyed.
 And yet, in travelling the world, hast thou not often known
 A gallant host led on to ruin by a feeble Xerxes?
 Hast thou not often seen the wanton luxury of indolence
 Sully with its sleepy mist the tarnished crown of headship?
 Alas! for a thousand fathers, whose indulgent sloth
 Hath emptied the vial of confusion over a thousand homes:

Alas! for the palaces and hovels, that might have been nurseries for heaven,

By hot intestine broils blighted into schools for hell:

None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve,

None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the sceptre;

And perchance some fiercer spirit, of natural nobility of mind,

That needed but the kindness of constraint to have grown up great and good,

Now—the rich harvest of his heart choked by unweeded tares,—

All bold to dare and do, unchecked by wholesome fear,

A scoffer about bigotry and priestcraft, a rebel against government and God,

And standard-bearer of the turbulent, leading on the sons of Belial,²⁴

Such an one is king of that small state, head tyrant of the thirty,

Brandishing the torch of discord in his village-home:

And the timid Eli of the house, yon humble parish-priest,

Liveth in shame and sorrow, fearing his own handywork;

The mother, heartstricken years ago, hath dropped into an early grave;

The silent sisters long to leave a home they cannot love;

The brothers, casting off restraint, follow their wayward wills;

And the chance-guest, early departing, blesseth his kind stars,

That on his humbler home hath brooded no domestic curse.

Yet is that curse the fruit; wouldst thou the root of the evil?

A kindness—most unkind, that hath always spared the rod;

A weak and numbing indecision in the mind that should be master;

A foolish love, pregnant of hate, that never frowned on sin;

A moral cowardice of heart, that never dared command.

A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family a small kingdom;

And the government of whole or part differeth in nothing but extent.

The house, where the master ruleth, is strong in united subjection,

And the only commandment with promise, being honoured, is a blessing to that house:

But and if he yieldeth up the reins, it is weak in discordant anarchy,

And the bonds of love and union melt away, as ropes of sand.

The realm, that is ruled with vigour, lacketh neither peace nor glory,

It dreadeth not foes from without, nor the sons of riot from within:

But the meanness of temporizing fear robbeth a kingdom of its honour,

And the weakness of indulgent sloth ravageth its bowels with discord.

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule;

The authorized supremacy of one, the prescriptive subjection of **many**
Therefore, the children of the east have thriven from age to age,
Obeying, even as a god, the royal father of Cathay:²¹
Therefore, to this our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a man,²²
But they stand before the Lord, forsaking not the mandate of their **sire**:
Therefore shall Magog among nations arise from his northern lair,
And rend, in the fury of his power, the insurgent world beneath him:
For the thunderbolt of concentrated strength can be hurled by the wil
 of one,
While the dissipated forces of many are harmless as summer lightning.

Of Rest."

In the silent watches of the night, calm night that breedeth thoughts,
When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless play-hours of sleep,
I dreamed; and behold a valley, green and sunny and well watered,
And thousands moving across it, thousands and tens of thousands:
And though many seemed faint and toil-worn, and stumbled often, and
fell,

Yet moved they on unresting, as the ever-flowing cataract.
Then I noted adders in the grass, and pitfalls under the flowers,
And chasms yawned among the hills, and the ground was cracked and
slippery:

But Hope and her brother Fear suffered not a foot to linger;
Bright phantoms of false joys beckoned alluringly forward,
While yelling grisly shapes of dread came hunting on behind:
And ceaselessly, like Lapland swarms, that miserable crowd sped along
To the mist-involved banks of a dark and sullen river.
There saw I, midway in the water, standing a giant fisher,
And he held many lines in his hand, and they called him Iron Destiny.
So I tracked those subtle chains, and each held one among the multitude:
Then I understood what hindered, that they rested not in their path:
For the fisher had sport in his fishing, and drew in his lines continually,
And the new-born babe, and the aged man, were dragged into that dark
river:

And he pulled all those myriads along, and none might rest by the way,
Till many, for sheer weariness, were eager to plunge into the drowning
stream.

So I knew that valley was Life, and it sloped to the waters of Death.
But far on the thither side spread out a calm and silent shore,
Where all was tranquil as a sleep, and the crowded strand was quiet:
And I saw there many I had known, but their eyes glared chillingly
upon me,

As set in deepest slumber; and they pressed their fingers to their lips.
Then I knew that shore was the dwelling of Rest, where spirits held
their Sabbath,
And it seemed they would have told me much, but they might not break
that silence;
For the law of their being was mystery: they glided on, hushing as
they went.

Yet further, under the sun, at the roots of purple mountains,
I noted a blaze of glory, as the night-fires on northern skies;
And I heard the hum of joy, as it were a sea of melody;
And far as the eye could reach, were millions of happy creatures
Basking in the golden light; and I knew that land was Heaven.
Then the hill whereon I stood split asunder, and a crater yawned at my
feet,
Black, and deep, and dreadful, fenced round with ragged rocks;
Dimly was the darkness lit up by spires of distant flame:
And I saw below a moving mass of life, like reptiles bred in corruption,
Where all was terrible unrest, shrieks and groans and thunder.

So I woke, and I thought upon my dream; for it seemed of wisdom's
ministration.

What man is he that findeth rest, though he hunt for it year after
year?

As a child he had not yet been wearied, and cared not then to court it;
As a youth he loved not to be quiet, for excitement spurred him into
strife;

As a man he tracketh rest in vain, toiling painfully to catch it,
But still is he pulled from the pursuit, by the strong compulsion of his
fate:

So he hopeth to have peace in old age, as he cannot rest in manhood,
But troubles thicken with his years, till Death hath dodged him to the
grave.

There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side of life;
But unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his foot.
Ever, from stage to stage, he travelleth wearily forward,
And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not sleep among the
flowers.

Mind is the perpetual motion; for it is a running stream
From an unfathomable source, the depth of the divine Intelligence:
And though it be stopped in its flowing, yet hath it a current within,

The surface may sleep unruffled, but underneath are whirlpools of contention.

Seekest thou rest, O mortal?—seek it no more on earth,
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through the rough wilderness of life ;

Seekest thou rest, O immortal?—hope not to find it in Heaven,
For sloth yieldeth not happiness: the bliss of a spirit is action.
Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean of existence,
Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired wings,
Until, after short sufficient slumber, it is quickened unto deathless energy,

And speedeth in eagle-flight to the Sun of unapproachable perfection.

Of Humility.

Vice is grown aweary of her gawds, and donneth russet garments,
Loving for change to walk as a nun, beneath a modest veil:
For Pride hath noted how all admire the fairness of Humility,
And to clutch the praise he coveteth, is content to be drest in hair-cloth;
And wily Lust tempteth the young heart, that is proof against the
bravery of harlots,

With timid tears and retiring looks of an artful seeming maid;
And indolent Apathy, sleepily ashamed of his dull lack-lustre face,
Is glad of the livery of meekness, that charitable cloak and cowl;
And Hatred hideth his demon frown beneath a gentle mask;
And Slander, snake-like, creepeth in the dust, thinking to escape recrimination.

But the world hath gained somewhat from its years, and is quick to penetrate disguises,
Neither in all these is it easily deceived, but rightly divideth the true
from the false.

Yet there is a meanness of spirit, that is fair in the eyes of most men,
Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be thought Humility.
Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do injuries disturb it:
Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and just reproof unto its lip.
It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning at the feet of the great;
The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and it courteth the rod of
persecution.

But what! art thou not a man, deputed chief of the creation?
Art thou not a soldier of the right, militant for God and good?
Shall virtue and truth be degraded, because thou art too base to uphold
them?

Or Goliath be bolder in blaspheming for want of a David in the camp?
I say not, avenge injuries; for the ministry of vengeance is not thine:

But wherefore rebuke not a liar ? wherefore do dishonour to thyself ?
Wherefore let the evil triumph, when the just and the right are on thy side ?

Such Humility is abject, it lacketh the life of sensibility,
And that resignation is but mock, where the burden is not felt :
Suspect thyself and thy meekness : thou art mean and indifferent to sin ;
And the heart that should grieve and forgive, is case-hardened and forgetteth.

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man with his Maker,
But oftentimes it seemeth out of place in the intercourse of man with man :

Yea, it is the cringer to his equal, that is chiefly seen bold to his God,
While the martyr, whom a world cannot brow-beat, is humble as a child before Him.

Render unto all men their due, but remember thou also art a man,
And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is owing to thy reasonable being.

Be courteous, and listen, and learn : but teach and answer if thou canst :
Serve thee of thy neighbour's wisdom, but be not enslaved as to a master.
Where thou perceivest knowledge, bend the ear of attention and respect ;
But yield not further to the teaching, than as thy mind is warranted by reasons.

Better is an obstinate disputant, that yieldeth inch by inch,
Than the shallow traitor to himself, who surrendereth to half an argument.

Modesty winneth good report, but scorn cometh close upon servility ;
Therefore, use meekness with discretion, casting not pearls before swine.
For a fool will tread upon thy neck, if he seeth thee lying in the dust ;
And there be companies and seasons where resolute bearing is but duty.
If a good man discloseth his secret failings unto the view of the profane,
What doeth he but harm unto his brother, confirming him in his sin ?
There is a concealment that is right, and an open-mouthed humility that erreth ;

There is a candour near akin to folly, and a meekness looking like shame,
Masculine sentiments, vigorously holden, well become a man ;
But a weak mind hath a timorous grasp, and mistaketh it for tenderness of conscience.

Many are despised for their folly, who put it to the account of their religion,

And because men treat them with contempt, they look to their God for glory ;

But contempt shall still be their reward, who betrayed their Master unto ridicule,

Reflecting on Him in themselves, meanness, and ignorance, and cowardice.

A Christian hath a royal spirit, and need not be ashamed but unto One :
Among just men walketh he softly, but the world should see him as a champion.

His humbleness is far unlike the shame that covereth the profligate and weak,

When the sober reproof of virtue hath touched their tingling ears ;

It is born of love and wisdom, and is worthy of all honour,

And the sweet persuasion of its smile changeth contempt into reverence.

A man of a haughty spirit is daily adding to his enemies :

He standeth as the Arab in the desert, and the hands of all men are against him :

A man of a base mind daily subtracteth from his friends,

For he holdeth himself so cheaply, that others learn to despise him :

But where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the front of self-respect,

There look thou for the man, whom none can know but they will honour.

Humility is the softening shadow before the statue of Excellence,

And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as the violet :

Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her brother,

The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues :

Humility bringeth no excuse ; she is welcome to God and man :

Her countenance is needful unto all, who would prosper in either world ;

And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in the eyes of her companions,

And straightway stand they accepted, children of penitence and love.

As when the blind man is nigh unto a rose, its sweetness is the herald of its beauty,

So when thou savourest humility, be sure thou art nigh unto merit.

A gift rejoiceth the covetous, and praise fatteneth the vain,

And the pride of man delighteth in the humble bearing of his fellow ;

But to the tender benevolence of the unthanked Almoner of good,

Humility is queen among the graces, for she giveth Him occasion to bestow.

Of Pride.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride mineth deeper ;
It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations of the soul.
If thou expose it in thy motives, and track it in thy springs of thought,
Complacent in its own detection, it will seem indignant virtue ;
Smoothly will it gratulate thy skill, O subtle anatomist of self,
And spurn at its very being, while it nestleth the deeper in thy bosom.
Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap thee,
Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge ; proud of thy discoveries of
pride.

Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility, by darkly diving into self ;
Rather look away from innate evil, and gaze upon extraneous good :
For in sounding the deep things of the heart, thou shalt learn to be vain
of its capacities,

But in viewing the heights above thee, thou shalt be taught thy littleness :
Could an emmet pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy,
But let it look on eagles, to discern how mean a thing it is.

And all things hang upon comparison ; to the greater, great is small :
Neither is there anything so vile, but somewhat yet is viler :

On all sides is there an infinity : the culprit at the gallows hath his worse,
And the virgin martyr at the stake need not look far for a better.

Therefore see thou that thine aim reacheth unto higher than thyself :
Beware that the standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement :
For pride is a pestilent meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,
That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its
source :

Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,
That will lead thee on, if thou wilt hunt it, even to the dwelling of des-
pair.

Deep calleth unto deep, and mountain overtoppeth mountain,

And still shalt thou fathom to no end the depth and the height of pride :
For it is the vast ambition of the soul, warped to an idol object,
And nothing but a Deity in Self can quench its insatiable thirst.

Be aware of the smiling enemy, that openly sheatheth his weapon,
But mingleth poison in secret with the sacred salt of hospitality :
For pride will lie dormant in thy heart, to snatch its secret opportunity,
Watching, as a lion-ant, in the bottom of its toils.

Stay not to parley with thy foe, for his tongue is more potent than his
arm,

But be wiser, fighting against pride in the simple panoply of prayer.

As one also of the poets hath said, let not the Proteus escape thee ;²⁹

For he will blaze forth as fire, and quench himself in likeness of water ;

He will fright thee as a roaring beast, or charm thee as a subtle reptile.

Mark, amid all his transformations, the complicate deceitfulness of pride,

And the more he striveth to elude thee, bind him the closer in thy toils,

Prayer is the net that snareth him ; prayer is the fetter that holdeth him :

Thou canst not nourish pride, while waiting as an almsman on thy God.—

Waiting in sincerity and trust, or pride shall meet thee even there ;

Yea, from the palaces of Heaven, hath pride cast down his millions.

Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though it cost thee blood and
groans,

Or the cherished garden of thy graces will fade and perish utterly.

Of Experience.

I knew that age was enriched with the hard-earned wages of knowledge,

And I saw that hoary wisdom was bred in the school of disappointment:
I noted that the wisest of youth, though provident and cautious of evil,
Yet sailed along unsteadily, as lacking some ballast of the mind:
And the cause seemed to lie in this, that while they considered around them,

And warded off all dangers from without, they forgot their own weakness within.

So steer they in self-confidence, until, from the multitude of perils,
They begin to be wary of themselves, and learn the first lesson of Experience.

I knew that in the morning of life, before its wearisome journey,
The youthful soul doth expand, in the simple luxury of being;
It hath not contracted its wishes, nor set a limit to its hopes:
The wing of fancy is unclipt, and sin hath not scared the feelings:
Each feature is stamped with immortality, for all its desires are infinite,
And it seeketh an ocean of happiness, to fill the deep hollow within.
But the old and the grave look on, pitying that generous youth,
For they also have tasted long ago the bitterness of hope destroyed:
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the days that are past,
But they know he must taste for himself, or he will not give ear to their wisdom,

For Experience hath another lesson, which a man will do well if he learn,
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat disappointment of its pain.

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are his scholars:
Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath taught.
Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident again:

Youth is kind, manhood cold, and age returneth unto kindness.
For youth suspecteth nought, till manhood, bitterly learned,
Mistrusteth all, overleaping the mark; and age correcteth his excess.
Suspicion is the scaffold unto faith, a temporary needful eyesore,
By which the strong man's dwelling is slowly builded up behind;
But soon as the top-stone hath been set to the well-proved goodly pyramid,
The scaffold is torn down, and well-timed trust taketh its long leave of
suspicion.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine the lessons of Experience,

Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the wiser:
For self-love lendeth him a glass, to colour all he conneth,
Lest in the features of another he find his own complexion.
And we secretly judge of ourselves as differing greatly from all men,
And love to challenge causes to show how we can master their effects:
Pride is pampered in expecting that we need not fear a common fate,
Or wrong-headed prejudice exulteth, in combating old experience.
Or perchance caprice and discontent are the spurs that goad us into danger.
Careless, and half in hope to find there an enemy to joust with.
Private experience is an unsafe teacher, for we rarely learn both sides,
And from the gilt surface reckon not on steel beneath:
The torrid sons of Guinea think scorn of icy seas,
And the frost-bitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too hot.
But thou, student of Wisdom, feed on the marrow of the matter;
If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself; if thou wilt expect, let it not be
gladness.

Of Estimating Character.

Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother ;
For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the
mind.

And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was meted by the
sword,

When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided the right,
When the footsteps of blinded innocence were tracked by burning
ploughshares,

And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard to the stake :

For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be,³⁰

Fixing the right or the wrong, by the issues of failure or success.

Judge not of things by their events ; neither of character by providence ;

And count not a man more evil, because he is more unfortunate :

For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sunshine of pros-
perity,

But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise Father's love.

Behold that daughter of the world : she is full of gaiety and gladness ;

The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is in her coffers :

She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel,³¹ and is welcome in the courts
of kings ;

She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels of luxury :

And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in the ways as Rahab,

Yet in the secret of her chamber, she shrinketh not from dalliance and
guilt.

She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of retribution,

Pleasure is the idol of her heart : she thirsteth for no purer heaven.

And she laugheth with light good humour, and all men praise her gen-
tleness ;

They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her bounty filleth them.

So she prospered in the world: the worship and desire of thousands;
 And she died even as she had lived, careless, and courteous, and liberal.
 The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed her virtues,
 For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded forth her praise;
 But elsewhere far other judgment setteth her—with infidels and harlots!
 She abused the trust of her splendour: and the wages of her sin shall
 be hereafter.

Look again on this fair girl, the orphan of a village pastor
 Who is dead, and hath left her his all,—his blessing, and a name un-
 stained.

And friends, with busy zeal, that their purses be not taxed,
 Place the sad mourner in a home, poor substitute for that she hath lost.
 A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the wormwood of de-
 pendence;

She is marked as a child of want: and the world hateth poverty.
 Prayer is not heard in that house; the day she hath loved to hallow
 Is noted but by deeper dissipation, the riot of luxury and gaming:
 And wantonness is in her master's eye, and she hath nowhere to flee to;
 She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.
 Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feint of affection,
 And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her father, and
 loveth.

And the villain hath wronged her trust, and mocked, and flung her from
 him,

And men point at her and laugh; and women hate her as an outcast:
 But elsewhere, far other judgment scateth her—among the martyrs!
 And the Lord, who seemed to forsake, giveth double glory to the fallen.

Once more, in the matter of wealth; if thou throw thine all on a chance,
 Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the turning of the wheel:
 And if, in the lottery of life, thou hast drawn a splendid prize,
 What foresight hadst thou, and skill! yea, what enterprise and wisdom!
 But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy perilous endeavour,
 Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right harvest of his
 folly:

And the world will be gladly excused, nor will reach out a finger to help;
 For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool to all around him?
 Go to, let him sink by himself: we knew what the end of it would be:—
 For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look no further.

Also, touching guilt and innocence: a man shall walk in his uprightness
 Year after year without reproach, in charity and honesty with all:
 But in one evil hour the enemy shall come in like a flood;
 Shall track him, and tempt him, and hem him,—till he knoweth not
 whither to fly.

Perchance his famishing little ones shall scream in his ears for bread,
 And, maddened by that fierce cry, he rusheth as a thief upon the world;
 The world that hath left him to starve, itself wallowing in plenty,—
 The world that denieth him his rights,—he daringly robbeth it of them.
 I say not such an one is innocent; but, small is the measure of his guilt
 To that of his wealthy neighbour, who would not help him at his need;
 To that of the selfish epicure, who turned away with coldness from his
 tale;
 To that of unsuffering thousands, who look with complacency on his fall.

Or perchance the continual dropping of the venomous words of spite,
 Insult, and injury, and scorn, have galled and pierced his heart;
 Yet, with all long-suffering and meekness, he forgiveth unto seventy times
 seven:

Till, in some weaker moment, tempted beyond endurance,
 He striketh, more in anger than in hate; and, alas! for his heavy chance,
 He hath smitten unto instant death his spiteful life-long enemy!
 And none was by to see it; and all men knew of their contentions:
 Fierce voices shout for his blood and rude hands hurry him to judgment.
 Then man's verdict cometh,—Murderer, with forethought malice;
 And his name is a note of execration; his guilt is too black for devils.
 But to the Righteous Judge, seemeth he the suffering victim;
 For his anger was not unlawful, but became him as a Christian and a
 man;

And though his guilt was grievous when he struck that heavy bitter blow,
 Yet light is the sin of the smiter, and verily kicketh the beam,
 To the weight of that man's wickedness, whose slow relentless hatred
 Met him at every turn, with patient continuance in evil.
 Doubtless, eternal wrath shall be heaped upon that spiteful enemy.

It is vain, it is vain, saith the preacher; there be none but the righteous
 and the wicked,

Base rebels, and staunch allies, the true knight, and the traitor:
 And he beareth strong witness among men, There is no neutral ground,
 The broad highway and narrow path map out the whole domain;

Sit here among the saints, these holy chosen few,
Or grovel there a wretch condemned, to die among the million.
And verily for ultimate results, there be but good and bad;
Heaven hath no dusky twilight; hell is not gladdened with a dawn.
Yet looking round among his fellows, who can pass righteous judgment,
Such an one is holy and accepted, and such an one reprobate and doomed?
There is so much of good among the worst, so much of evil in the best,
Such seeming partialities in providence, so many things to lessen and
expand,

Yea, and with all man's boast, so little real freedom of his will,—
That, to look a little lower than the surface, garb or dialect or fashion,
Thou shalt feebly pronounce for a saint, and faintly condemn for a sinner.
Over many a good heart and true, fluttereth the Great King's pennant;
By many an iron hand, the pirate's black banner is unfurled:
But there be many more besides, in the yacht and the trader and the
fishing-boat,

In the feathered war-canoe, and the quick mysterious gondola:
And the army of that Great King hath no stated uniform;
Of mingled characters and kinds goeth forth the countless host;
There is the turbaned Damascene, with his tattooed Zealand brother,
There the slim bather in the Ganges, with the sturdy Russian boor,
The sluggish inmate of a Polar cave, with the fire-souled daughter of Brazil,
The embruted slave from Cuba, and the Briton of gentle birth.

For all are His inheritance, of all He taketh tithe:
And the church, his mercy's ark, hath some of every sort.
Who art thou, O man, that art fixing the limits of the fold?
Wherefore settest thou stakes to spread the tent of heaven?
Lay not the plummet to the line: religion hath no land-marks:
No human keenness can discern the subtle shades of faith:
In some it is as earliest dawn, the scarce diluted darkness;
In some as dubious twilight, cold and grey and gloomy:
In some the ebon east is streaked with flaming gold:
In some the dayspring from on high breaketh in all its praise.
And who hath determined the when, separating light from darkness?
Who shall pluck from earliest dawn the promise of the day?
Leave that care to the Husbandman, lest thou garner tares;
Help thou the Shepherd in his seeking, but to separate be his;
For I have often seen the noble erring spirit
Wrecked on the shoals of passion, and numbered of the lost;
Often the generous heart, lit by unhallowed fire,

Counted a brand among the burning, and left uncared-for, in his sin :
 Yet I waited a little year, and the mercy thou hadst forgotten
 Hath purged that noble spirit, washing it in waters of repentance ;
 That glowing generous heart, having burnt out all its dross,
 Is as a golden censer, ready for the aloes and cassia :
 While thou, hard-visaged man, unlovely in thy strictness,
 Who turned from him thy sympathies with self-complacent pride,
 How art thou shamed by him ! his heart is a spring of love,
 While the dry well of thine affections is choked with secret mammon.

Sometimes at a glance thou judgest well ; years could add little to thy
 knowledge :

When charity gloweth on the cheek, or malice is lowering in the eye,
 When honesty's open brow, or the weasel-face of cunning, is before thee,
 Or the loose lip of wantonness, or clear bright forehead of reflection.
 But often, by shrewd scrutiny, thou judgest to the good man's harm :
 For it may be his hour of trial, or he slumbereth at his post,
 Or he hath slain his foe, but not yet levelled the stronghold,
 Or barely recovered of the wounds, that fleshed him in his fray with
 passion.

Also, of the worst, through prejudice, thou loosely shalt think well :
 For none is altogether evil, and thou mayst catch him at his prayers :
 There may be one small prize, though all beside be blanks ;
 A silver thread of goodness in the black sergectloth of crime.

There is to whom all things are easy : his mind, as a master-key,
 Can open, with intuitive address, the treasuries of art and science :
 There is to whom all things are hard ; but industry giveth him a crow-
 bar,

To force, with groaning labour, the stubborn lock of learning :
 And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in native dulness,
 Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath gathered to its gaze ;
 Often, the brow that should be bright with the dormant fire of genius,
 Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the tenant.

Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the lot ?
 The like in frame and feature have much alike in spirit ;
 Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep discerner
 From his make will read the man, and err not far in judgment :
 Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing similarity of mind
 Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in the body :

Accident may modify, circumstance may bevil, externals seem to change it,
 But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many variations :
 For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye, are traced by the
 pen of passion ;
 And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.
 A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing fostereth meanness :
 A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread nourisheth
 decision ;
 Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by looking ;
 Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth :
 For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities of power,
 And each keepeth up the strife ; a man's works make or mar him.

There be deeper things than these, lying in the twilight of truth ;
 But few can discern them aright, from surrounding dimness of error.
 For perchance, if thou knewest the whole, and largely with comprehensive
 mind

Couldst read the history of character, the chequered story of a life,
 And into the great account, which summeth a mortal's destiny,
 Wert to add the forces from without, dragging him this way and that,
 And the secret qualities within, grafted on the soul from the womb,
 And the might of other men's example, among whom his lot is cast,
 And the influence of want, or wealth, of kindness or harsh ill-usage,
 Of ignorance he cannot help, and knowledge found for him by others,
 And first impressions, hard to be effaced, and leadings to right or to
 wrong,

And inheritance of likeness from a father, and natural human frailty,
 And the habit of health or disease, and prejudices poured into his mind,
 And the myriad little matters none but Omniscience can know,
 And accidents that steer the thoughts, where none but Ubiquity can trace
 them ; —

If thou couldst compass all these, and the consequents flowing from them,
 And the scope to which they tend, and the necessary fitness of all things,
 Then shouldst thou see as He seeth, who judgeth all men equal, —
 Equal, touching innocence and guilt ; and different alone in this,
 That one acknowledgeth his evil, and looketh to his God for mercy ;
 Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God for justice ;
 So He, that sendeth none away, is largely munificent to prayer,
 But in the heart of presumption, sheatheth the sword of vengeance.

Of Hatred and Anger.

Blunted unto goodness is the heart which anger never stirreth,
But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve out evil.
Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just,
The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the prerogatives of virtue:
But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the bad man's breast,
A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving insatiate.
Hatred would harm another; anger would indulge itself:
Hatred is a simmering poison; anger, the opening of a valve:
Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree: anger smiteth as a staff:
Hatred is the atmosphere of hell; but anger is known in heaven.
Is there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and holy,
When goodness is sitting in the dust, and wickedness enthroned on Babel?
Doth pity condemn guilt?—is justice not a feeling but a law
Appealing to the line and to the plummet, incognizant of moral sense?
Thou that condemnest anger, small is thy sympathy with angels,
Thou that hast accounted it for sin, cold is thy communion with heaven.

Beware of the angry in his passion; but fear not to approach him afterward;
For if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be sorry for his wrath:
Beware of the hater in his coolness; for he meditateth evil against thee:
Commending the resources of his mind calmly to work thy ruin.
Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest spirit flieth with anger:
The one lieth secret, as a serpent; the other chaseth, as a leopard.
Speedily be reconciled in love, and receive the returning offender,
For wittingly prolonging anger, thou tamperest unconsciously with hatred.

Patience is power in a man, nerving him to rein his spirit:
Passion is as palsy to his arm, while it yelleth on the coursers to their
speed :

Patience keepeth counsel, and standeth in solid self-possession,
But the weakness of sudden passion layeth bare the secrets of the
soul.

The sentiment of anger is not ill, when thou lookest on the impudence
of vice,

Or savourest the breath of calumny, or hast earned the hard wages of
injustice,

But see thou that thou curb it in expression, rendering the mildness of
rebuke,

So shalt thou stand without reproach, mailed in all the dignity of
virtue.

Of Good in Things Evil.

I heard the man of sin reproaching the goodness of Jehovah,
Wherefore, if he be Almighty Love, permitteth he misery and pain?
I saw the child of hope vexed in the labyrinth of doubt,
Wherefore, O holy One and just, is the horn of thy foul foe so high
exalted?—

And, alas! for this our groaning world, for that grief and guilt are here;
Alas! for that Earth is the battle-field, where good must combat with
evil:

Angels look on and hold their breath, burning to mingle in the conflict,
But the troops of the Captain of Salvation may be none but the soldiers
of the cross:

And that slender band must fight alone, and yet shall triumph gloriously,
Enough shall they be for conquest, and the motto of their standard is,
ENOUGH.

Thou art sad, O denizen of earth, for pains and diseases, and death,
But remember, thy hand hath earned them; grudge not at the wages of
thy doings:

Thy guilt, and thy father's guilt, must bring many sorrows in their com-
pany,

And if thou wilt drink sweet poison, doubtless it shall rot thee to the
core.

What art thou but the heritor of evil, with a right to nothing good?
The respite of an interval of ease were a boon which Justice might deny
thee:

Therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth, O man much to be forgiven,
And wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee all things.

Yet hear, for my speech shall comfort thee: reverently, but with bold
ness,

I would raise the sable curtain, that hideth the symmetry of Providence
5*

Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for good;
The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting under better
banners:

The leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked loveth to do harm,
But the wise Physician of the Universe useth that ill tendency for health.
Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy and kindness;
Patience, humility, and faith, spring not seldom from thine own:
An enemy, humbled by his sorrows, cannot be far from thy forgiveness,
A friend, who hath tasted of calamity, shall fan the dying incense of thy
love:

And for thyself, is it a small thing, so to learn thy frailty,
That from an aching bone thou savest the whole body?
The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth thy soul,
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of torment.
Nevertheless, wretched man, if thy bad heart be hardened in the flame,
Being earth-born, as of clay, and not of moulded wax,
Judge not the hand that smiteth, as if thou wert visited in wrath:
Reproach thyself, for He is Justice: repent thee, for He is Mercy.

Cease, fond caviller at wisdom, to be satisfied that everything is wrong:
Be sure there is good necessity, even for the flourishing of evil.
Would the eye delight in perpetual noon? or the ear in unqualified
harmonies?

Hath winter's frost no welcome, contrasting sturdily with summer?
Couldst thou discern benevolence, if there were no sorrows to be soothed?
Or discover the resources of contrivance, if nothing stood opposed to the
means?

What were power without an enemy? or mercy without an object?
Or truth, where the false were impossible? or love, where love were a
debt?

The characters of God were but idle, if all things around him were per-
fection,

And virtues might slumber on like death, if they lacked the opportunities
of evil.

There is one all-perfect, and but one; man dare not reason of His
essence:

But there must be deficiencies in heaven, to leave room for progression
in bliss:

A realm of unqualified BEST were a stagnant pool of being,
And the circle of absolute perfection, the abstract cipher of indolence.

Sin is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the light;
 Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of heaven:
 Sin is the traitor that hath dragged the majesty of mercy into action;
 Sin is the whelming argument, to justify the attribute of vengeance.
 It is a deep dark thought, and needeth to be diligently studied,
 But perchance evil was essential, that God should be seen of his crea-
 tures:

For where perfection is not, there lacketh possible good,
 And the absence of better that might be, taketh from the praise of it is
 well:

And creatures must be finite, and finite cannot be perfect;
 Therefore, though in small degree, creation involveth evil,
 He chargeth his angels with folly, and the heavens are not clean in His
 sight:

For every existence in the universe hath either imperfection or Godhead:
 And the light that blazeth but in One, must be softened with shadow for
 the many.

There is then good in evil; or none could have known his Maker;
 No spiritual intellect or essence could have gazed on his high perfections,
 No angel harps could have tuned the wonders of his wisdom,
 No ransomed souls have praised the glories of his mercy,
 No howling fiends have shown the terrors of his justice,
 But God would have dwelt alone, in the fearful solitude of holiness.

Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in evil;
 Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art not valueless as
 vile;

Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the clarity of Light;
 Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons:²²
 Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ravageth a continent,
 Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island;
 Because to the full demonstration of the qualities and accidents of
 good,

The swarthy legions of the Devil have toiled as unwitting pioneers:
 For sin is still sin; so hateful Love doth hate it;
 A blot on the glory of creation, which justice must wipe out.
 Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of innocence;
 A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of Lebanon;
 A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy pilgrimage;
 A rent in the sacred veil, whereby God left his temple.

Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for thy guilt:
Fear evil, or face its enemy: dread sin, or dare justice.

Yea, saith the Spirit: and their works do follow them;
Habits, and thoughts, and deeds, are shadows and satellites of self.
What! shall the claimant to a throne stand forward with a rabble rout,—
Meanness, impiety, and lust; riot, and indolence, and vanity?
Nay, man! the train wherewith thou comest attend whither thou shalt go:
A throne for a king's son, but an inner dungeon for the felon.
For a man's works do follow him: bodily, standing in the judgment,
Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered saint;
The slave, and his bloody driver; the poor, and his generous friend;
The simple dupe, and the crafty knave: the murderer, and—his victim!
Yet all are in many characters; the best stand guilty at the bar;
And he that seemed the worst may have most of real excuse.
The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or many,
Are dropped into the balance of account, working unlooked-for changes;
And perchance the convict from the galleys may stand above the hermit
from his cell,

For that the obstacles in one outweigh the propensions in the other.
There be, who have made themselves friends, yea, by unrighteous mam-
mon,—

Friends, ready waiting as an escort to those everlasting habitations;
Embodied in living witnesses, thronging to meet them in a cloud,
Charity, meekness and truth, zeal, sincerity and patience.
There be, who have made themselves foes, yea, by honest gain,
Foes, whose plaint must have its answer, before the bright portal is un-
barred:

Pride, and selfishness, and sloth, apathy, wrath, and falsehood,
Bind to their everlasting toil many that must weary in the fires.
Love hath a power and a longing to save the gathered world,
And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds of his doings:
Yet few, here one and there one, scanty as the gleanings after harvest,
Are glad of the robes of praise which Mercy would fling around the
naked;

But wrapping closer to their skin the poisoned tunic of their works,
They stand in self-dependence, to perish in abandonment of God.

Of Prayer.

A wicked man scorneth prayer, in the shallow sophistry of reason,
He derideth the silly hope that God can be moved by supplication:—
Can the unchangeable be changed, or waver in his purpose?
Can the weakness of pity affect him? Should he turn at the bidding of
a man?

Methought he ruled all things, and ye called his decrees immutable,
But if thus he listeneth to words, wherein is the firmness of his will? —
So I heard the speech of the wicked, and, lo, it was smother than oil;
But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the promise of the Scrip-
ture is true:

Yet was my soul in darkness, for his words were too hard for me;
Till I turned to my God in prayer: for I know he heareth always.
Then I looked abroad on the earth, and, behold, the Lord was in all
things;

Yet saw I not his hand in aught, but perceived that He worketh by
means;

Yea, and the power of the mean proveth the wisdom that ordained it,
Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone through the air.
So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld the mercies of Je-
hovah,

And I saw sound argument was still the faithful friend of godliness;
For as the rock of the affections is the solid approval of reason,
Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis of Philosophy.

Scornest, thy thoughts are weak, they reach not the summit of the matter;
Go to, for the mouth of a child might show thee the mystery of prayer.
Verily, there is no change in the counsels of the Mighty Ruler:
Verily, his purpose is strong, and rooted in the depths of necessity:

But who hath shown thee his purpose, who hath made known to thee his will ?

When, O gainsayer ! hast thou been schooled in the secrets of wisdom ?
 Fate is a creature of God, and all things move in their orbits,
 And that which shall surely happen is known unto him from eternity ;
 But as, in the field of nature, he useth the sinews of the ox,
 And commandeth diligence and toil, himself giving the increase ;
 So, in the kingdom of his grace, granteth he omnipotence to prayer,
 For he knoweth what thou wilt ask, and what thou wilt ask aright.
 No man can pray in faith, whose prayer is not grounded on a promise :
 Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous wisdom of his
 God :

For those, who pray in faith, trust the immutable Jehovah,
 And they, who ask blessings unpromised, lean on uncovenanted mercy.

Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul ;
 Esteem the providence that led to them as an index of God's good will ;
 So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with acceptance.
 Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fulness of thy prayer :
 For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to bestow.
 The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the earth ;
 Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the canopy of nature.
 Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
 Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness of darkness.
 Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock into ruins,
 Will be one unwhitened by prayer,—shall He find faith on the earth ?
 For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and power, and
 means ;

Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the treasury of good :
 And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon whom is happiness,
 Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as his subject prayeth ;
 Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven,
 It is thine, for whom it was appointed ; there is no limit unto prayer :
 But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-suspended creature,
 For thy strength is cut off as was Samson's : and the hour of thy doom
 is come.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker,
 Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught in the storm ;
 Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,

Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.
 O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,
 For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth kings:
 How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,
 What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man!
 Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
 Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of
 decline,

All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,
 Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy moisture;
 Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness?
 Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:
 Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of Orleans,³³
 She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rushing cataract,
 Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,
 And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye;
 She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many blessings,
 Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful land:
 For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,
 Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers,
 And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth;
 For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God continually,
 And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of heaven:
 Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's wisdom,
 Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his value.
 Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
 But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
 Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful throne,
 Crowned with a rainbow of emerald,³⁴ the green memorial of earth,—
 For one, a mediating man, that hath clad his Godhead with mortality,
 And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of Nature,
 Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
 And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing.

Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum of the matter:
 And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before God.
 Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
 Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy:

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, So be it;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.
Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy wants;
Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights commend thee unto
 prayer,
The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet He hath not changed:
It is he that sendeth the petition, to answer it according to his will.

The Lord's Prayer.

Enquest thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto the Lord?
And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the majesty of heaven?
There is a model to thy hand; upon that do thou frame thy supplication;
Wisdom hath measured its words, and redemption urgeth thee to use them.
Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone,
For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with all:
Remember his high estate, that he dwelleth King of Heaven;
So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed with reverence:
Be thy first petition unselfish, the honour of Him who made thee,
And that in the depths of thy heart his memory be shrined in holiness:
Pray for that blessed time, when good shall triumph over evil,
And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jehovah:
Bend thou to his good will, and subserve his holy purposes,
Till in thee, and those around thee, grow a little heaven upon earth:
Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of God,—
Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of nature:
Humility smootheth the way, and gratitude softeneth the heart,
Be then thy prayer for pardon mingled with a tear of penitence:
Yea, and while, all unworthy, thou leanest on the hand that should smite,
Thou canst not from thy fellows withhold thy less forgiveness.
To thy father thy weaknesses are known, and thou hast not hid thy sin,
Therefore ask him, in all trust, to lead thee from the dangers of temptation;
While the last petition of the soul that breatheth on the confines of prayer
Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of earth and hell.
And wherefore, child of hope, should the rock of thy confidence be sure?
Thou knowest that God heareth, and promiseth an answer of peace;
Thou knowest that he is King, and none can stay his hand;
Thou knowest his power to be boundless, for there is none other:
And to him thou givest glory, as a creature of his workmanship and favour,
For the never-ending term of thy saved and bright existence.³¹

Of Discretion.

For what then was I born? — to fill the circling year
With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and pleasures? —
To walk this chequered world, alternate light and darkness,
The day-dreams of deep thought followed by the night-dreams of fancy? —
To be one in a full procession? — to dig my kindred clay? —
To decorate the gallery of art? — to clear a few acres of forest? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
Is then that noble end to feed this mind with knowledge,
To mix for mine own thirst the sparkling wine of wisdom,
To light with many lamps the caverns of my heart,
To reap, in the furrows of my brain, good harvest of right reasons? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
Is it to grow stronger in self-government, to check the chafing will,
To curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of passion,
To welcome with calm heart, far in the voiceless desert,
The gracious visitings of heaven that bless my single self? —
For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee life.
To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and evil,
In earth, yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking thou shalt
not find.

Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the highway of Usefulness,
Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy
spirit;

Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy!

Thus unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant to do good.
His sword is edged with arguments, his visor terrible with censures:
He goeth full mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his heart.

Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the mind,
 The quiet whisper of Discretion — Thy time is not yet come.
 For he smiteth an oppressor; and vengeance for that smiting
 Is dealt in doubled stripes on the faint body of the victim:
 He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous pauperism feasteth,
 While honest labour, pining, hideth his sharp ribs:
 He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant Infidelity,
 And worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the hands of error;
 He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth to the battle,
 And to pave a way for truth, would break up the Apennines of prejudice:
 He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for a reason,
 And to the listening ear will urge the false argument of feeling.
 So hath it often been, that, judging by results,
 The hottest friends of truth have done her deadliest wrong.
 Alas! for there are enemies without, glad enough to parley with a
 traitor,

And a zealot will let down the drawbridge, to prove his own prowess:
 Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the citadel of truth,
 That he may fill the gap, for fame, with his own weak body.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good;
 Touch not the ark with unclean hand, yea, though it seem to totter.
 There are evil who work good, and there are good who work evil,
 And foolish backers of wisdom have brought on her many reproaches.
 Truth hath more than enough to combat in the minds of all men,
 For the mist of sense is a thick veil, and sin hath warped their wills;
 Yet doth an officious helper awkwardly prevent her victory,—
 These thy wounded hands were smitten in the house of friends:—
 To point out a meaning in her words, he will blot those words with his
 finger;

And winnow chaff into the eyes, before he hath wheat to show:
 He will heap sturdy logs on a faint expiring fire,
 And with a room in flames, will cast the casement open;
 By a shoulder to the wheel downhill harasseth the labouring beast,
 And where obstruction were needed, will harm by an ill-judged thrust-
 ing-on.

A vessel foundereth at sea, if a storm have unshipped the rudder;
 And a mind with much sail shall require heavy ballast.
 Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove it powerless,

Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for falsehood.
There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most thronged
assembly;

But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open field:
Many a teacher, lacking judgment, hindereth his own lessons;
And the savoury mess of pottage is spoiled by a bitter herb:
The garment woven of a piece is rashly torn by schism,
Because its unwise claimants will not cast lots for its possession.

Discretion guide thee on thy way, nobly-minded youth,
Help thee to humour infirmities, to wink at innocent errors,
To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and faucey:
Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech,
Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be Strength,
And tell thee, the keystone of an arch can be loosened with least labour
from within.

The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled smoking Geysers;
Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring of zeal:
So shalt thou gain thine honourable end, nor lose the midway prize:
So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy.

Of Trifles.

Yet once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a little one?
Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among so many?
And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupifieth his heart with
doubts;—

Whom shall I harm in this matter? and a little ill breedeth much good;
My thoughts, are they not mine own? and they leave no mark behind
them;

And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty sins affect him?—
So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the gulf des-
pairing.

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great
things,

And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray.
A landmark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance maketh a
difference;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble:
The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains of sand;
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of
worms:

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest with thine equals,
For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to be a giant.
What, is thy servant a dog?—not yet wilt thou grasp the dagger,
Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet betray the innocent;
But, if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or passion,
And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of guilt,
And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as done,
And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a villain,

Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth invoke him to thy heart,
And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened into poison.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world:
Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.
Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good;
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth:
The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening,
Hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortunes.
Commit thy trifles unto God, for to him is nothing trivial;
And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in a trifle.
All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the material,
Neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms.
Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy pleasure in trifles,
For slender joys, often repeated, fall as sunshine on the heart:
Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging
to fret thee;
Thrust not thine hand among the thorns, but with a leathern glove.
Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence hath ordered;
And therefore, consider all things that happen unto thee or unto others.
The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced unto death by a
needle;
And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the victim of a thought:
A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the gun;
And the cable of a furlong is lost through an ill-wrought inch.
The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness:
And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains.
A fool observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto himself;
A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a fool:
He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of bliss:
But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure to his hand.
If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's doing;
Is it not also his doing when an aphid creepeth on a rose-bud?—
If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will of Providence:
Is not that will concerned when the scar leaves fall from the poplar?—
A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking,
But abstracted from the body, all things are alike important:
The Ancient of Days noteth in his book the idle converse of a creature,
And happy and wise is the man to whose thought existeth not a trifle.

Of Recreation.

To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with pleasure,
Is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the shade of recreation.
For he cannot fling aside his mind, nor bar up the floodgates of his
wisdom ;

Yea, though he strain after folly, his mental monitor shall check him :
For knowledge and ignorance alike have laws essential to their being,—
The sage studieth amusements, and the simple laugheth in his studies.
Few, but full of understanding, are the books of the library of God,
And fitting for all seasons are the gain and the gladness they bestow :
The volume of mystery and Grace, for the hour of deep communings,
When the soul considereth intensely the startling marvel of itself :
The book of destiny and Providence, for the time of sober study,
When the mind gleaneth wisdom from the olive-grove of history :
And the cheerful pages of Nature, to gladden the pleasant holiday,
When the task of duty is complete, and the heart swelleth high with
satisfaction.

The soul may not safely dwell too long with the deep things of futurity ;
The mind may not always be bent back, like the Parthian, straining at
the past ;³⁶

And, if thou art wearied with wrestling on the broad arena of science,
Leave awhile thy friendly foe, half vanquished in the dust,
Refresh thy jaded limbs, return with vigour to the strife,—
Thou shalt easier find thyself his master, for the vacant interval of leisure.

That which may profit and amuse is gathered from the volume of creation,
For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness of wisdom.
The elements of all things are the same, though nature hath mixed them
with a difference,

And Learning delighteth to discover the affinity of seeming opposites :
So out of great things and small draweth he the secrets of the universe,

And argueth the cycles of the stars, from a pebble flung by a child.
It is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the spreading cedar,
From the giant king of palms,²¹ to the lichen that staineth its stem ;
To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason of brutes,—
The river-horse browsing in the jungle, the plover screaming on the
moor,
The cayman basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus anchored to an ice-
berg,
The dog at his master's feet, and the milch-kine lowing in the meadow ;
To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the anatomy of in-
sects,
Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild flowers ;
To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in the butterfly ;
To recognize affections in a moth, and look with admiration on a spider.
It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from far the mansions
of the blest,
Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the redeemed ;
To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those medals in the
rocks
Which Design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the green infancy of
time ;
To gather from the unconsidered shingle mottled starlike agates,
Full of unstoried flowers in the bubbling bloom-chalcedony :
Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic carving,
Corallines, and fresh seaweeds, spreading forth their delicate branches.
It is an admirable lore, to learn the cause in the change,
To study the chemistry of Nature, her grand, but simple secrets,
To search out all her wonders ; to track the resources of her skill,
To note her kind compensations, her unobtrusive excellence.
In all it is wise happiness to see the well-ordained laws of Jehovah,
The harmony that filleth all his mind, the justice that tempereth his
bounty,
The wonderful all-prevalent analogy that testifieth one Creator,
The broad arrow of the Great King, carved on all the stores of his
arsenal.
But beware, O worshipper of God, thou forget not him in his dealings,
Though the bright emanations of his power hide him in created glory ;
For if, on the sea of knowledge, thou regardest not the pole-star of
religion,
Thy bark will miss her port, and run upon the sandbar of folly :

And if, enamoured of the means, thou considerest not the scope to which they tend,

Wherein art thou wiser than the child, that is pleased with toys and baubles?

Verily, a trifling scholar, thou heedest but the letter of instruction :

For as motive is spirit unto action, as memory endareth place,

As the sun doth fertilize the earth, as affection quickeneth the heart,

So is the remembrance of God in the varied wonders of creation.

Man hath found out inventions, to cheat him of the weariness of life,
To help him to forget realities, and hide the misery of guilt.

For love of praise, and hope of gain, for passion and delusive happiness,

He joineth the circle of folly, and heapeth on the fire of excitement;

Oftentimes sadly out of heart at the tiresome insipidity of pleasure,

Oftentimes labouring in vain, convinced of the palpable deceit :

Yet a man speaketh to his brother, in the voice of glad congratulation,

And thinketh others happy, though he himself be wretched :

And hand joineth hand to help in the toil of amusement,

While the secret aching heart is vacant of all but disappointment.

The cheapest pleasures are the best ; and nothing is more costly than sin ;

Yet we mortgage futurity, counting it but little loss ;

Neither can a man delight in that which breedeth sorrow,

Yet do we hunt for joy even in the fires that consume it.

Whoso would find gladness may meet her in the hovel of poverty,

Where benevolence hath scattered around the gleanings of the horn of
plenty ;

Whoso would sun himself in peace, may be seen of her in deeds of
mercy,

When the pale lean cheek of the destitute is wet with grateful tears.

If the mind is wearied by study, or the body worn with sickness,

It is well to lie fallow for a while, in the vacancy of sheer amusement ;

But when thou prosperest in health, and thine intellect can soar untired,

To seek uninstrusive pleasure is to slumber on the couch of indolence.

The Train of Religion.

Stay awhile, thou blessed band, be entreated, daughters of heaven !
While the chance-met scholar of Wisdom learneth your sacred names :
He is resting a little from his toil, yet a little on the borders of earth,
And fain would he have you his friends, to bid him glad welcome here-
after.

Who among the glorious art thou, that walkest a Goddess and a Queen,
Thy crown of living stars, and a golden cross thy sceptre ?
Who among flowers of loveliness is she, thy seeming herald,
Yet she boasteth not thee nor herself, and her garments are plain in their
neatness ?

Wherefore is there one among the train, whose eyes are red with weeping,
Yet is her open forehead beaming with the sun of ecstasy ?
And who is that blood-stained warrior, with glory sitting on his crest ?
And who that solemn sage, calm in majestic dignity ?
Also, in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes of triumph,
Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on earth ?
Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, and Sciences, and Muses,
That, like sisters of charity, tended in this world's hospital ;
Welcome, for verily I knew, ye could not but be children of the light,
Though earth hath soiled your robes, and robbed you of half your glory ;
Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in heaven,
And some I might scarce have looked for, as thou, light-hearted Mirth ;
Thou also, star-robed Urania ; and thou with the curious glass,
That rejoicest in tracking wisdom where the eye was too dull to note it ;
And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much injured Poetry ?
Who quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face of matter,
Who not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens with music,
And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon us from the stars,—
That hast been to me for oil and for wine, to cheer and uphold my soul,

When wearied battling with the surge, the stunning surge of life :
 Of thee, for well have I loved thee, of thee may I ask in hope,
 Who among the glorious is she, that walketh a Goddess and a Queen?
 And who that fair-haired herald, and who that weeping saint?
 And who that mighty warrior, and who that solemn sage?

Son, happy art thou that Wisdom hath led thee hitherward :
 For otherwise never hadst thou known the joy-giving name of our Queen.
 Behold her, the life of men, the anchor of their shipwrecked hopes :
 Behold her, the sheperdess of souls, who bringeth back the wanderers to
 God.

And for that modest herald, she is named on earth, Humility :
 And hast thou not known, my son, the tearful face of Repentance?
 Faith is yon time-scarred hero, walking in the shade of his laurels ;
 And Reason, the serious sage, who followeth the footsteps of Faith :
 And we, all we, are but handmaids, ministers of minor bliss,
 Who rejoice to be counted servants in the train of a Queen so glorious.
 But for her name, son of man, it is strange to the language of heaven,
 For those who have never fallen need not and may not learn it :
 Ligeance we swear to our God, and ligeance well have we kept ;
 It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fullness of that
 name ;³⁸

Yet will I comfort thee, my son, for the love wherewith thou hast loved me,
 And thou shalt touch for thyself the golden sceptre of Religion.

So that blessed train passed by me ; but the vision was sealed upon my
 soul ;
 And its memory is shrined in fragrance, for the promise of the Spirit
 was true :

I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me,
 How beautiful their feet, who follow in that train.

Of a Trinity.

Despise not, shrewd reckoner, the God of a good man's worship,
Neither let thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of three:
Nor scorn another's creed, although he cannot solve thy doubts;
Reason is the follower of faith, where he may not be precursor:
It is written, and so we believe, waiting not for outward proof,
Inasmuch as mysteries inscrutable are the clear prerogatives of godhead
Reason hath nothing positive, faith hath nothing doubtful;
And the height of unbelieving wisdom is to question all things.
When there is marvel in a doctrine, faith is joyful and adoreth;
But when all is clear, what place is left for faith?
Tell me the sum of thy knowledge,—is it yet assured of anything?
Despise not what is wonderful, when all things are wonderful around thee,
From the multitude of like effects, thou sayest, behold a law:
And the matter thou art baffled in unmaking, is to thy mind an element
Then look abroad, I pray thee, for analogy holdeth everywhere,
And the Maker hath stamped his name on every creature of his hand:
I know not of a matter or a spirit, that is not three in one,
And truly should account it for a marvel, a coin without the image of its
Caesar.

Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth by himself as wise:
His own guess counteth he truth, but the notions of another are his
scorn.

But bear thou yet with a brother, whose thought may be less subtle than
thine own,

And suffer the passing speculation suggested by analogies to faith.
Like begetteth like, and the great sea of Existence
In each of its uncounted waves holdeth up a mirror to its Maker:
Like begetteth like, and the spreading tree of being
With each of its trefoil leaves pointeth at the trinity of God.

Let him whose eyes have been unfilmed, read this homily in all things,
 And thou, of duller sight, despise not him that readeth :
 There be three grand principles ; life, generation, and obedience ;
 Shadowing in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father, and the Son.
 There be three grand unities, variously mixed in trinities,
 Three catholic divisors of the million sums of matter :
 Yea, though science hath not seen it, climbing the ladder of experiment,
 Let faith, in the presence of her God, promulgate the mighty truth ;
 Of three sole elements all nature's works consist :
 The pine, and the rock to which it clingeth, and the eagle sailing
 around it ;
 The lion, and the northern whale, and the deeps wherein he sporteth ;
 The lizard sleeping in the sun ; the lightning flashing from a cloud ;
 The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl ; each one is made of three ;
 And the three be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse measures.
 Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind :
 Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of the field ;
 Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of the earth ;
 The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a fact :
 The stem, the leaf, and the flower ; beginning, middle, and end ;
 Cause, circumstance, consequent : and every three is one.
 Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity of vapours,
 And the noon-day light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.*

Shall all things else be in mystery, and God alone be understood ?
 Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the shallows of creation ?
 Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle to himself ?
 Or time teach the lesson that eternity cannot master ?
 If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass the thought ;
 But seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous unity of three.
 One verily He is, for there can be but one who is all mighty ;
 Yet the oracles of nature and religion proclaim Him three in one.
 And where were the value to thy soul, O miserable denizen of earth,
 Of the idle pageant of the cross, where hung no sacrifice for thee ?
 Where the worth to thine impotent heart, of that stirred Bethesda,
 All numbed and pulsied as it is, by the scorpion stings of sin ?
 No, thy trinity of nature, enchained by treble death,
 Helplessly craveth of its God, Himself for three salvations :
 The soul to be reconciled in love, the mind to be glorified in light,
 While this poor dying body leapeth into life.

And if indeed for us all the costly ransom hath been paid,
Bethink thee, could less than Deity have owned so vast a treasure?
Could a man contend with God, and stand against the bosses of His
buckler,

Rendering the balance for guilt, atonement to the uttermost?
Thou art subtle to thine own thinking, but wisdom judgeth thee a fool,
Resolving thou wilt not bow the knee to a being thou canst not comprehend:

The mind that could compass perfection were itself perfection's equal;
And reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be fully understood.

Thou that despisest mystery, yet canst expound nothing,
Wherefore rejectest thou the fact that solveth the enigma of all things?
Wherefore veilest thou thine eyes, lest the light of revelation sun them,
And puttest aside the key that would open the casket of truth?
The mind and the nature of God are shadowed in all his works,
And none could have guessed of his essence, had He not uttered it Himself.

Therefore, thou child of folly, that scornest the record of his wisdom,
Learn from the consistencies of nature the needful miracle of Godhead:
Yea, let the heathen be thy teacher, who adoreth many gods,
For there is no wide-spread error that hath not truth for its beginning.
Be content; thine eye cannot see all the sides of a cube at one view,
Nor thy mind in the self-same moment follow two ideas:
There are now many marvels in thy creed, believing what thou seest,
Then let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee from worshipping mystery

Of Thinking.

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance,
But reverie is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.
Better to read little with thought, than much with levity and quickness;
For mind is not as merchandize, which decreaseth in the using,
But liker to the passions of man, which rejoice and expand in exertion:
Yet live not wholly on thine own ideas, lest they lead thee astray:
For in spirit, as in substance, thou art a social creature;
And if thou leanest on thyself, thou rejectest the guidance of thy betters,
Yea, thou contemnest all men,—Am I not wiser than they?—
Foolish vanity hath blinded thee, and warped thy weak judgment;
For, though new ideas flow from new springs, and enrich the treasury
of knowledge,
Yet listen often, ere thou think much; and look around thee ere thou
judgest.
Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of Wisdom,
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he that would make it for
himself.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection:
Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an
eagle;
Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn evil,
But fancy lightly laugheth, in the sun-clad gardens of amusement.
For the shy game of the fowler the quickest shot is the surest;
But with slow care and measured aim the gunner pointeth his cannon:
So for all less occasions, the surface-thought is best,
But to be master of the great take thou heavier metal.
It is a good thing, and a wholesome, to search out bosom sins,
But to be the hero of selfish imaginings, is the subtle poison of pride:
At night, in the stillness of thy chamber, guard and curb thy thoughts,
(75)

And in recounting the doings of the day, beware that thou do it with
prayer,

Or thinking will be an idle pleasure, and retrospect yield no fruit.

Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie,

And let a watchful spirit mingle with the glance of recollection :

Also, in examining thine heart, in sounding the fountain of thine actions,

Be more careful of the evil than of the good ; and humble thyself in thy
sin.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself,

For thus only canst thou learn the character of God toward thee.

He made thee, and thou art ; he redeemed thee, and thou wilt be :

Thou art evil, yet he loveth thee ; thou sinnest, yet he pardoneth thee.

Though thou canst not perceive him, yet is he in all his works,

Infinite in grand outline, infinite in minute perfection :

Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes ;

Art is the shadow of his wisdom, and copieth his resources.

Thou knowest the laws of matter to be emanations of his will,

And thy best reason for aught is this,—thou, Lord, wouldst have it so.

Yea, what is any law but an absolute decree of God ?

Or the properties of matter and mind, but the arbitrary fiats of Jehovah ?

He made and ordained necessity ; he forged the chain of reason ;

And holdeth in his own right hand the first of the golden links.

A fool regardeth mind as the spiritual essence of matter,

And not rather matter as the gross accident of mind.

Can finite govern infinite, or a part exceed the whole,

Or the wisdom of God sit down at the feet of innate necessity ?

Necessity is a creature of his hand : for he can never change ;

And chance hath no existence where everything is needful.

Canst thou measure Omnipotence, canst thou conceive Ubiquity,

Which guideth the meanest reptile, and quickeneth the brightest seraph,

Which steereth the particle of dust, and commandeth the path of the
comet ?

To Him all things are equal, for all things are necessary.

The smith was weary at his forge, and welded the metal carelessly,

And the anchor breaketh in its bed ; and the vessel foundereth with her
crew :

A word of anger is muttered, engendering the midnight murder :

The sun bursteth from a cloud, and maddeneth the toiling husbandman.

Shall these things be, and God not know it?
 Shall he know, and not be in them? shall he see, and not be among them?
 And how can they be otherwise than as he knoweth?
 Truly, the Lord is in all things; verily, he worketh in all.
 Think thus, and thy thoughts are firm, ascribing each circumstance to
 Him;

Yet know surely, and believe the truth, that God willeth not evil:
 For adversities are blessings in disguise, and wickedness the Lord
 abhorreth;

That he is in all things is an axiom, and that he is righteous in all:
 Ascribe holiness to Him, while thou musest on the mystery of sin,
 For infinite can grasp that, which finite cannot compass.

Fit works of art, think justly: what praise canst thou render unto man?
 For he made not his own mind, nor is he the source of contrivance.
 If a cunning workman make an engine that fashioneth curious works,
 Which hath the praise, the machine or its maker,—the engine, or he that
 framed it?

And could he frame it so subtly as to give it a will and freedom,
 Endow it with complicated powers, and a glorious living soul,
 Who, while he admireth the wondrous understanding creature,
 Will not pay deeper homage to the Maker of master minds?
 Otherwise, thou art senseless as the pagan, that adoreth his own handy-
 work;

Yea, while thou boastest of thy wisdom, thy mind is as the mind of the
 savage,
 For he boweth down to his idols, and thou art a worshipper of self,
 Giving to the reasoning machine the credit due to its creator.

The key-stone of thy mind, to give thy thoughts solidity,
 To bind them as in an arch, to fix them as the world in its sphere,
 Is to learn from the book of the Lord, to drink from the well of his
 wisdom.

Who can condense the sun, or analyse the fulness of the Bible,
 So that its ideas be gathered, and the harvest of its wisdom be brought in?
 That book is easy to the man who setteth his heart to understand it,
 But to the careless and profane it shall seem the foolishness of God;
 And it is a delicate test to prove thy moral state;
 To the humble disciple it is bread, but a stone to the proud and unbe-
 lieving:

A scorner shall find nothing but the husks, wherewith to feed his hunger,
 But for the soul of the simple, it is plenty of full-ripe wheat.
 The Scripture abideth the same, in the sober majesty of truth;
 And the differing aspects of its teaching proceed from diversity in minds.
 He that would learn to think may gain that knowledge there?
 For the living word, as an angel, standeth at the gate of wisdom,
 And publisheth, This is the way, walk ye surely in it.
 Religion taketh by the hand the humble pupil of repentance,
 And teacheth him lessons of mystery, solving the questions of doubt;
 She maketh man worthy of himself, of his high prerogative of reason,
 Threadeth all the labyrinths of thought, and leadeth him to his God.

Come hither, child of meditation, upon whose high fair forehead
 Glittereth the star of mind in its unearthly lustre:
 Hast thou nought to tell us of thine airy joys,—
 When borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western condor,
 The soul, after soaring for a while round the cloud-capped Andes of reflection,
 Glad in its conscious immortality, leaveth a world behind,
 To dare at one bold flight the broad Atlantic to another?
 Hast thou no secret pangs to whisper common men,
 No dread of thine own energies, still active day and night,
 Lest too ecstatic heat sublime thyself away,
 Or vivid horrors, sharp and clear, madden thy tense fibres?
 In half-shaped visions of sleep hast thou not feared thy flittings,
 Lest reason, like a raking hawk, return not to thy call;
 Nor waked to work-day life with throbbing head and heart,
 Nor welcomed early dawn to save thee from unrest?
 For the wearied spirit lieth as a fainting maiden,
 Captive and borne away on the warrior's foam-covered steed,
 And sinketh down wounded, as a gladiator on the sand,
 While the keen faulchion of Intellect is cutting through the scabbard of the brain.
 Imagination, like a shadowy giant looming on the twilight of the Hartz,
 Shall overwhelm judgment with affright, and scare him from his throne:
 In a dream thou mayst be mad, and feel the fire within thee;
 In a dream, thou mayst travel out of self, and see thee with the eyes of another;
 Or sleep in thine own corpse; or wake as in many bodies:
 Or swell, as expanded to infinity; or shrink, as imprisoned to a point;

Or among moss-grown ruins may wander with the sullen disembodied,
And gaze upon their glassy eyes until thy heart-blood freeze.

Alone must thou stand, O man! alone at the bar of judgment;
Alone must thou bear thy sentence, alone must thou answer for thy deeds:
Therefore it is well thou retirest often to secrecy and solitude,
To feel that thou art accountable separately from thy fellows:
For a crowd hideth truth from the eyes, society drowneth thought,
And being but one among many, stiflcth the chidings of conscience.
Solitude bringeth woe to the wicked, for his crimes are told out in his
ear;

But addeth peace to the good, for the mercies of his God are numbered.
Thou mayst know if it be well with a man,—loveth he gaiety or solitude?
For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm lake slumbereth
among the mountains.

How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that are bred in
loneliness,

For there is as it were music at his heart, and he talketh within him as
with friends:

But guilt maddeneth the brain, and terror glareth in the eye,
Where, in his solitary cell, the malefactor wrestleth with remorse.
Give me but a lodge in the wilderness, drop me on an island in the desert,
And thought shall yield me happiness, though I may not increase it by
imparting:

For the soul never slumbereth, but is as the eye of the Eternal,
And mind, the breath of God, knoweth not ideal vacuity:
At night, after weariness and watching, the body sinketh into sleep,
But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in thy dreams:
In a dream thou mayst live a lifetime, and all be forgotten in the morn-
ing:

Even such is life, and so soon perisheth its memory.

Of Speaking.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought ;
Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be withered and scant ;
Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man,
That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was done :
Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a symbol ;
And speech is the body of a thought, without which it were not seen.
When thou walkest, musing with thyself, in the green aisles of the forest,
Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and being ;
For he that pondereth in silence crowded the store-house of his mind,
And though he hath heaped great riches, yet is he hindered in the using.
A man that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and deeply,
Corrodeeth his own heart-strings, and keepeth back good from his fellows :
A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly,
Wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men :
But thou, when thou hast thought, weave charily the web of meditation,
And clothe the ideal spirit in the suitable garments of speech.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good savoureth of evil ;
To be secret looketh like guilt, to speak out may breed contention :
Often have I known the honest heart, flaming with indignant virtue,
Provoke unneeded war by its rash ambassador the tongue :
Often have I seen the charitable man go so slyly on his mission,
That those who met him in the twilight, took him for a skulking thief :
I have heard the zealous youth telling out his holy secrets
Before a swinish throng, who mocked him as he spake ;
And I considered, his openness was hardening them that mocked,
Whereas a judicious keeping-back might have won their sympathy :
I have judged rashly and harshly the hand, liberal in the dark,
Because, in the broad daylight, it hath holden it a virtue to be close ;
And the silent tongue have I condemned, because reserve hath chained it,

That it hid, yea from a brother, the kindness it had done by comforting.
 No need to sound a trumpet, but less to hush a footfall:
 Do thou thy good openly, not as though the doing were a crime.
 Secresy goeth cowed, and Honesty demandeth wherefore?
 For he judgeth,—judgeth he not well?—that nothing need be hid but
 guilt;

Why should thy good be evil spoken of through thine unrighteous silence?
 If thou art challenged, speak, and prove the good thou doest.
 The free example of benevolence, unobtruded, yet unhidden,
 Soundeth in the ears of sloth, Go, and do thou likewise:
 And I wot the hypocrite's sin to be of darker dye,
 Because the good man, fearing, thereby hideth his light:
 But neither God nor man hath bid thee cloak thy good,
 When a seasonable word would set thee in thy sphere, that all might see
 thy brightness.

Ascribe the honour to thy Lord, but be thou jealous of that honour,
 Nor think it light and worthless, because thou mayst not wear it for
 thyself:

Remember thy grand prerogative is free unshackled utterance,
 And suffer not the flood-gates of secresy to lock the full river of thy
 speech.

Come, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among this world's
 sorrows,

Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the cup of life.
 There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire burneth at their
 heart,

And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not with their tongue:
 There be, whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to reply,
 Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her messengers,
 But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the current of their speech;
 The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth on the heart,
 The mocking promise of power is once more broken in performance,
 And they stand impotent of words, travailing with unborn thoughts:
 Courage is cowed at the portal: wisdom is widowed of utterance;
 He that went to comfort is pitied; he that should rebuke is silent.
 And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look and laugh;
 While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by compassion.
 And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing at the heart,
 And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty sounds.

There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet considered,
And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of speech ;
For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess that want ;
It is as lack of breath or bread : life hath no grief more galling.

Come, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of pleasure have not
known,

Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appetites of sense.

Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his cheek !

That glorious burst of winged words ! how bound they from his tongue !

The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong triumphant argu-
ment,

The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,

The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,

The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold and free,

The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth,

The grandeur of his speech in his majesty of mind !

Champion of the right,—patriot, or priest, or pleader of the innocent
cause,

Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey of persuasion,⁴¹

Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by the live coal
from the altar,

How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the draught of thy
pleasures !

To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured cadence,

A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy will ;

A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,

Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount of God :

And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in thy words,—

Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its rising, °

Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one spirit,

They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive unto thine,

Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections to thy purpose,

And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous emotions.

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee
with archangels.

Of Reading.

One drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents for a true friend;—

So standeth the market, where scarce is ever costly:
Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common as shingles on the shore,
A ripe apple would ransom kings before a shining stone:
And so, were a wholesome book as rare as an honest friend,
To choose the book be mine: the friend let another take.
For altered looks and jealousies and fears have none entrance there:
The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when thou listest:
It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil without malice,
It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending teacher.
Need to humour no caprice, need to bear with no infirmity;
Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth not, its love:
Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped nor by error nor interest;
For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.

To draw thee out of self, thy petty plans and cautions,
To teach thee what thou lackest, to tell thee how largely thou art blest,
To lure thy thought from sorrow, to feed thy famished mind,
To graft another's wisdom on thee, pruning thine own folly,
Choose discreetly, and well digest the volume most suited to thy case,
Touching not religion with levity, nor deep things when thou art wearied.
Thy mind is freshened by morning air,² grapple with science and philosophy;

Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream for a while on fictions;
Grey evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou then with worshippers:
But reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly most free.

① books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest;
Sweet solaces of daily life; proofs and results of immortality;

Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations;
Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword;
Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures:
Helps, governments, diversities of tongues; who can weigh your
worth?—

To walk no longer with the just; to be **driven** from the porch of science;
To bid long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philosophers, and
teachers,

To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in communion with
the good;

To be thrust from the feet of Him, who spake as never man spake;

To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of superstition;

To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy; to die as the Mohawk in igno-
rance:

O what were life, but a blank? what were death, but a terror?

What were man, but a burden to himself? what were mind, but misery?

Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge,⁴²

And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on the ashes of **its**
wisdom!

Of Writing.

The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened ?

Ask of the scholar, he shall know,—to the chains that bind a Proteus :

Ask of the poet, he shall say,—to the sun, the lamp of heaven :

Ask of thy neighbour, he can answer, to the friend that telleth my
thought :

The merchant considereth it well, as a ship freighted with wares ;

The Divine holdeth it a miracle, giving utterance to the dumb.

It fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment ;

Chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, and sending it bright into
the world.

To think rightly, is of knowledge ; to speak fluently, is of nature ;

To read with profit, is of care ; but to write aptly is of practice.

No talent among men hath more scholars, and fewer masters :

For to write is to speak beyond hearing, and none stand by to explain.

To be accurate, write ; to remember, write ; to know thine own mind,
write ;

And a written prayer is a prayer of faith : special, sure, and to be an-
swered.

Hast thou a thought upon thy brain, catch it while thou canst ;

Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon take wing ;

Thine uncompounded unity of soul, which argueth and maketh it im-
mortal,

Yieldeth up its momentary self to every single thought ;

Therefore, to husband thine ideas, and give them stability and substance,

Write often for thy secret eye : so shalt thou grow wiser.

The commonest mind is full of thoughts ; some worthy of the rarest ;

And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth.

④ precious compensation to the dumb, to write his wants and wishes ;

④ dear amends to the stammering tongue, to pen his burning thoughts !

To be of the college of Eloquence, through these silent symbols ;
 To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of speech ;
 To show the babbling world how it might discourse more sweetly ;
 To prove that merchandize of words bringeth no monopoly of wisdom ;
 To take sweet vengeance on a prating crew, for the tongue's dishonour,
 By the large triumph of the pen, the homage rendered to a writing.
 With such, that telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth or wisdom,
 Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humiliation.

Fair girl, whose eye hath caught the rustic penmanship of love,
 Let thy bright brow and blushing cheek confess in this sweet hour,—
 Let thy full heart, poor guilty one, whom the scroll of pardon hath just
 reached,—

Thy wet glad face, O mother, with news of a far-off child,—
 Thy strong and manly delight, pilgrim of other shores,
 When the dear voice of thy betrothed speaketh in the letter of affection,—
 Let the young poet, exulting in his lay, and hope (how false) of fame,
 While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the verse,—
 Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,
 For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts immortal,—
 Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess
 The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer.

Moreover, their preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their
 presence :

When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,
 Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,
 And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment :
 Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,
 And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,
 While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,
 And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in
 fault :

Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs,
 Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay :
 Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,
 Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears.
 For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection,
 And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.
 The pen, flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,

Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the
world,

For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.

Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record;

A written thought at midnight shall redeem the livelong day,

Idea is as a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as the wind,

Reading is an unremembered pastime; but a writing is eternal:

• For therein the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is eloquent,

And the quick eye of the reader is cleared by the reed of the scribe.

As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,

So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul:

The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exactitude of vision in
a picture,

And so, the mind that was among us, in its writings is embalmed.

Of Wealth.

Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist heart-fellow,
Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she despiseth :
She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are red and hungry ;
But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh loosely and maudlin.
Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on saving,
And labour to build up by penury that which extravagance threw down :
Even so, with most men, do riches earn themselves a double curse ;
They are ill-got by tight dealing : they are ill-spent by loose squandering.
Give me enough, saith Wisdom ;—for he feareth to ask for more ;
And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted Independence :
Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with the tempter ;
Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him ruthless into crime :
Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children of distress ;
Wealth oft-times killeth, where want but hindered the budding :
There is green clad summer near the pole, though brief and after long
winter,
But the burnt breasts of the torrid zone yield never kindly nourishment.
Wouldst thou be poor, scatter to the rich,—and reap the tares of ingrati-
tude :
Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor ;—thou shalt have thine own
with usury :
For the secret hand of Providence prospereth the charitable all ways,
Good luck shall he have in his pursuits, and his heart shall be glad within
him ;
Yet perchance he never shall perceive, that even as to earthly gains,
The cause of his weal, as of his joy, hath been small givings to the poor.

In the plain of Benares⁴³ is there found a root that fathereth a forest,
Where round the parent banian-tree drop its living scions ;
Thirstily they strain to the earth, like stalactites in a grotto,
And strike broad roots, and branch again, lengthening their cool arcades :

(See)

And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is torturing his flesh,

And the calm brahmin worshippeth the sleek and pampered bull :

At the base lean jackalls coil, while from above depending

With dull malignant stare watcheth the branch-like boar.

Even so in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all evil ;

Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches overgrow the mind :

And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety,—

The clenched and rigid fist, with the eyes upturned to heaven,

Fanatic zeal with miserly severity, a mixture of gain with godliness,

And him, against whom passion hath no power, kneeling to a golden calf :

The hungry hounds of extortion are there, the bond, and the mortgage, and the writ,

While the appetite for gold, unslumbering, watcheth to glut its maw :—

And the heart, so tenanted and shaded, is cold to all things else ;

It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by the light of charity.

For covetousness disbelieveth God, and laugheth at the rights of men ;

Spurring unto theft and lying, and tempting to the poison and the knife ;

It sundereth the bonds of love, and quickeneth the flames of hate ;

A curse that shall wither the brain, and ease the heart with iron.

Content is the true riches, for without it there is no satisfying,

But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals of the soul.

The wise man knoweth where to stop, as he runneth in the race of fortune,

For experience of old hath taught him, that happiness lingereth mid-way ;

And many in hot pursuit have hastened to the goal of wealth,

But have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold,—the mind and the power to enjoy it.

There is no greater evil among men than a testament framed with injustice :

Where caprice hath guided the boon, or dishonesty refused what was due.

Generous is the robber on the highway, in the open daring of his guilt,

To the secret coward, whose malice liveth and harmeth after him ;

Who smoothly sank into the tomb, with the smile of fraud upon his face

And the last black deed of his existence was injury without redress :

For deaf is the ear of the dead, and can hear no palliating reasons ;

The smiter is not among the living, and Right pleadeth but in vain.

Yet shall the curse of the oppressed be as blight upon the grave of the unjust;

Yea, bitterly shall that hand-writing testify against him at the judgment. I saw the humble relation that tended the peevishness of wealth, And ministered, with kind hand, to the wailings of disease and discontent; I noted how watchfulness and care were feeding on the marrow of her youth,

How heavy was the yoke of dependence, loaded by petty tyranny; Yet I heard the frequent suggestion,—It can be but a little longer, Patience and mute submission shall one day reap a rich reward.

So tacitly enduring much, waited that humble friend, Putting off the lover of her youth until the dawn of wealth: And it came, that day of release, and the freed heart could not sorrow, For now were the years of promise to yield their golden harvest: Hope, so long deferred, sickly sparkled in her eye, The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future, And she checked, as unworthy and ungrateful, the dark suspicious thought

That perchance her right had been the safer, if not left alone with honour: But, alas, the sad knowledge soon came, that her stern task-master's will Hath rewarded her toil with a jibe, her patience with utter destitution!— Shall not the scourge of justice lash that cruel coward, Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness of disappointment?

Shall not the hate of men, and vengeance fiercely pursuing, Hunt down the wretched being that sinneth in his grave? He fancied his idol self safe from the wrath of his fellows, But Hades "rose as he came in, to point at him the finger of scorn; And again must he meet that orphan-maid to answer her face to face, And her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder him from rising with the just:

For his last most solemn act hath linked his name with liar, And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow!

A good man commendeth his cause to the one great Patron of innocence, Convinced of justice at the last, and sure of good meanwhile. He knoweth he hath a Guardian, wise and kind and strong, And can thank Him for giving, or refusing, the trust or the curse of riches:

His confidence standeth as a rock; he dreadeth not malice nor caprice,

Nor the whisperings of artful men, nor envious secret influence ;
He scorneth servile compromise, and the pliant mouthings of deceit ;
He maketh not a show of love, where he cannot concede esteem ;
He regardeth ill-got wealth, as the root most fruitful of wretchedness,
So he walketh in straight integrity, leaning on God and his right.

No gain, but by its price : labour, for the poor man's meal,
Ofttimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel for his hunger :
Labour, for the chapman at his trade, a dull unvaried round,
Year after year, unto death ; yea, what a weariness is it !
Labour for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated desk
Who bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold of health ;
Labour, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are ventured on the
sea ;

Labour, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his gains ;
Labour, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will thee wealth ;
Labour, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth from a father ;
Labour unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head, or spirit,—
The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is labour.
Nevertheless, to the diligent labour bringeth blessing :
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is as pleasure ;
And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for the idle,
The hardship is transmuted into joy by the dear alchemy of Mercy.
Labour is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless :
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges,
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of a caged vulture.
Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened misery :
Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened happiness :
Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature of society,
And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the rights of his brother.

Of Invention.

Man is proud of his mind, boasting that it giveth him divinity,
Yet with all its powers can it originate nothing;
For the great God into all his works hath largely poured out himself,
Saving one special property, the grand prerogative,—Creation.
To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and defeat;
But to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and impossible.
Can a man make matter?—and yet this would-be god
Thinketh to make mind, and form original idea:
The potter must have his clay, and the mason his quarry,
And mind must drain ideas from everything around it.
Doth the soil generate herbs, or the torrid air breed flies,
Or the water frame its monads, or the mist its swarming blight?—
Mediately, through thousand generations, having seed within themselves,
All things, rare or gross, own one common Father.
Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the sun:
We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all things.
Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion;
A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden aptitudes:
From the basket and acanthus, is modelled the graceful capital;
The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to his likeness;
The footmarks, stamped in clay, lead on the thoughts to printing;
The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere;“

A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation;
The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the grass;
And shrewdness, guessing out the hint, followeth on the trail:
But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or the keenest sight
is as blindness.

Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just left dry;
It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair fruits:
But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its own grave,
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the reluctant surface;

And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its slime.
 And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome tribute;
 And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud of weeds;
 And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited atoms:
 Anon, the cold smooth stone is warm with feathery grass,
 And the light sporules of the fern are dropt by the passing wind,
 The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of grain,
 The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the filbert:
 Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled herbage;
 The wild-vine clingeth to the brier, and ivy runneth green among the corn,
 Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows crowd around the
 rivulet,

And the tall pine and hazel-thicket shade the rambling hunter.
 Shall the rock boast of its fertility? shall it lift the head in pride?—
 Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its thoughts?
 The savage is that rock; and a million chances from without,
 By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the hot-bed of society;
 And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things around it,
 Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds.
 For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,
 We yield an hundred-fold; but the great sower is Analogy.
 There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,
 A boll of rotting flax before the bridal veil,
 An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,
 A spark struck into tinder to light the lamp of knowledge,
 A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,
 A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of Comparison.
 By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—Creation;
 Here is the limit of thy power,—here let thy pride be stayed:
 The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but neither yield un-
 sown;

The eye cannot make light, nor the mind make spirit:
 Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty invention;
 For it is to find out things that are, not to create the unexisting:
 It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,
 And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast.
 The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or spirit;
 Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied combinations;
 And though, by moulding them anew, thou makest them thine own,
 Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of God.

Of Ridicule.

Seams of thought for the sage's brow, and laughing lines for the fool's face ;

For all things leave their track in the mind ; and the glass of the mind is faithful.

Seest thou much mirth upon the cheek ? there is then little exercise of virtue ;

For he that looketh on the world, cannot be glad and good :

Seest thou much gravity in the eye ? be not assured of finding wisdom ;

For she hath too great praise, not to get many mimics.

There is a grave-faced folly ; and verily, a laughter-loving wisdom ;

And what, if surface-judges account it vain frivolity ?

There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie fallow too long ;

Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the strong mind :

And note thou this for a verity,—the subtlest thinker when alone,

From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh the loudest with his fellows :

And well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a cheerful countenance,

Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling eddies ;

For that, a true philosophy commandeth an innocent life,

And the unguilty spirit is lighter than a linnet's heart :

Yea, there is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;

The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over with affection,

The brow unwrinkled by a care, and the lip triumphant in its gladness.

And for yon grave-faced folly, need not far to look for her ;

How seriously on trifles dote those leaden eyes,

How ruefully she sigheth after chances long gone by,

How sulkily she moaneth over evils without cure !

I have known a true-born mirth, the child of innocence and wisdom,

I have seen a base-born gravity, mingled of ignorance and guilt :

And again, a base-born mirth, springing out of carelessness and folly,

And again, a true-born gravity, the product of reflection and right fear.
The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow, and a stricken conscience
would be left alone;

But when its breast is healed, it runneth gladly with its fellows:
Whereas the solitary heron, standing in the sedgy fen,
Holdeth aloof from the social world, intent on wiles and death.

Need but of light philosophy to dare the world's dread laugh;
For a little mind courteth notoriety, to illustrate its puny self:
But the sneer of a man's own comrades trieth the muscles of courage,
And to be derided in his home is as a viper in the nest:
The laugh of a hooting world hath in it a notion of sublimity,
But the tittering private circle stingeth as a hive of wasps.
Some have commended ridicule, counting it the test of truth,
But neither wittily nor wisely; for truth must prove ridicule:
Otherwise a blunt bulrush is to pierce the proof armour of argument,
Because the stolidity of ignorance took it for a barbed shaft.
Softer is the hide of the rhinoceros, than the heart of deriding unbelief,
And truth is idler there, than the Bushman's feathered reed:
A droll conceit parrieth a thrust, that should have hit the conscience,
And the leering looks of humour tickle the childish mind;
For that the matter of a man is mingled most with folly.
Neither can he long endure the searching gaze of wisdom.
It is pleasanter to see a laughing cheek than a serious forehead,
And there liveth not one among a thousand whose idol is not pleasure.
Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind:
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.
Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly, its poison shall burn thee to the
shoulder;
But grasp it with a bold hand,—is it not a bundle of myrrh?
Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee;
But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the scoffers will lick
thy feet.

Of Commendation.

The praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their Master ;
A fore-running earnest of thy welcome,—Well done, faithful servant ;
A rich preludious note, that droppeth softly on thine ear,
To tell thee the chords of thy heart are in tune with the choirs of heaven.
Yet is it a dangerous hearing, for the sweetness may lull thee into slumber,
And the cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the fumes of presumption.

So seek it not for itself, but taste, and go gladly on thy way,
For the mariner slacketh not his sail, though the sandal-groves of Araby
allure him ;
And the fragrance of that incense would harm thee, as when, on a summer evening,
The honied yellow flowers of the broom oppress thy charmed sense :
And a man hath too much of praise, for he praiseth himself continually ;
Neither lacketh he at any time self-commendation or excuse.

Praise a fool, and slay him : for the canvass of his vanity is spread ;
His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust shall sink it :
Praise a wise man, and speed him on his way ; for he carrieth the ballast
of humility,
And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy of brethren
ashore.

The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth up the mirror of Truth,
That virtue may see her own beauty, and delight in her own fair face :
The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the deformity of Vice,
Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of a leper.
Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it not :
And where conscience feelth it her due, no praise is better than a little.
He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the esteem of his
fellows ;

And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their contempt :
The honest commendation of an equal no one can scorn, and be blameless,

Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for, and be honoured :
If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou humble in accepting ;
If it tarry, be not thou cast down ; the bee can gather honey out of rue :
And is thine aim so low, that the breath of those around thee
Can speed thy feathered arrow, or retard its flight ?

The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is an eagle :
And while his fellows talk, he hath conquered in the clouds.

Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in thy charge :
So shalt thou walk in peace, deserving, if not having.

With a friend, praise him when thou canst ; for many a friendship hath decayed,

Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine on its leaves :
With another, praise him not often—otherwise he shall despise thee ;
But be thou frugal in commending ; so will he give honour to thy judgment :

For thou that dost so zealously commend, art acknowledging thine own inferiority,

And he, thou so highly hast exalted, shall proudly look down on thy esteem.

Wilt thou that one remember a thing ?—praise him in the midst of thy advice ;

Never yet forgot man the word whereby he hath been praised.

Better to be censured by a thousand fools, than approved but by one man that is wise ;

For the pious are slower to help right, than the profane to hinder it :

So, where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent,

And be suspicious of the good, which wicked men can praise.

The captain bindeth his troop, not more by severity than kindness,

And justly, should recompense well-doing, as well as be strict with an offender ;

The laurel is cheap to the giver, but precious in his sight who hath won it,
And the heart of the soldier rejoiceth in the approving glance of his chief.

Timely-given praise is even better than the merited rebuke of censure,

For the sun is more needful to the plant than the knife that cutteth out a canker ;

Many a father hath erred, in that he hath withheld reproof,
 But more have mostly sinned, in withholding praise where it was due :
 There be many such as Eli among men ; but these be more culpable
 than Eli,

Who chill the fountain of exertion by the freezing looks of indifference :
 Ye call a man easy and good, yet he is as a two-edged sword ;
 He rebuketh not vice, and it is strong ; he comforteth not virtue, and it
 fainteth.

There is nothing more potent among men than a gift timely bestowed ;
 And a gift kept back where it was hoped, separateth chief friends :
 For what is a gift but a symbol, giving substance to praise and esteem ?
 And where is a sharper arrow than the sting of unmerited neglect ?

~~E~~xpect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude from the selfish ;
 And to keep the proud thy friend, see thou do him not a service :
 For, behold, he will hate thee for his debt : thou hast humbled him by
 giving ;

And his stubbornness never shall acknowledge the good he hath taken
 from thy hand :

Yea, rather will he turn and be thy foe, lest thou gather from his friendship
 That he doth account thee creditor, and standeth in the second place.
 Still, O kindly feeling heart, be not thou chilled by the thankless,
 Neither let the breath of gratitude fan thee into momentary heat :
 Do good for good's own sake, looking not to worthiness nor love ;
 Fling thy grain among the rocks, cast thy bread upon the waters,
 His claim be strongest to thy help, who is thrown most helplessly upon
 thee,—

So shalt thou have a better praise, and reap a richer harvest of reward.

If a man hold fast to thy creed, and fit his thinking to thy notions,
 Thou shalt take him for a man right minded, yea, and excuse his evil :
 But seest thou not, O bigot, that thy zeal is but a hunting after praise,
 And the full pleasure of a proselyte lieth in the flattering of self ?

A man of many praises meeteth many welcomes,
 But he, who blameth often, shall not keep a friend ;
 The velvet-coated apricot is one thing, and the spiked horse-chestnut is
 another,

A handle of smooth amber is pleasanter than rough buck-horn.
 Show me a popular man ; I can tell thee the secret of his power ;
 He hath soothed them with glozing words, lulling their ears with flattery,

The smile of seeming approbation is ever the companion of his presence,
And courteous looks, and warm regards, earn him all their hearts.

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be best;
The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or want in all things;
And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic eye,
Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of purity;
But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his brightness,
And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broad prairie of creation:
What, though he hatch basilisks? what, though spots are on the sun?
In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise!

Of Self-acquaintance.

Knowledge holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a road to conquest,
Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its own good sword :
Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of opposite poisons ;
Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of disease :
Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a friend in all things ;
But ignorance is everywhere a stranger ; unwelcome, ill at ease, and out
of place.

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the measure of his ignorance,
For he lacketh perception of the aptitudes commending such a matter to
his use,

Clutching at the horn of danger, while he judgeth it the handle of security,

Or casting his anchor so widely, that the granite reef is just within the
tether.

Untaught in science, he is but half alive, stupidly taking note of nothing,
Or listening with dull wonder to the crafty saws of an empiric :

Simple in the world, he trusteth unto knaves ; and then to make amends
for folly,

Dealeth so shrewdly with the honest, they cannot but suspect him for a
thief ;

With an unknown God, he maketh mock of reason, fathering contrivance
on chance,

Or doting with superstitious dread on some crooked image of his fancy :
But ignorant of Self, he is weakness at heart ; the key-stone crumbleth
into sand,

There is panic in the general's tent, the oak is hollow as hemlock ;
Though the warm sap creepeth up its bark, filling out the sheaf of leaves,
Though knowledge of all things beside add proofs of seeming vigour,
Though the master-mind of the royal sage feast on the mysteries of
wisdom,

Yet ignorance of self shall bow down the spirit of a Solomon to idols ;
The storm of temptation, sweeping by, shall snap that oak like a reed,
And the proud luxuriance of its tufted crown drag it the sooner to the
dust.

Youth, confident in self, tampereth with dangerous dalliance,
Till the vice his heart once hated hath locked him in her foul embrace :
Manhood, through zeal of doing good, seeketh high place for its occasions,
Unwitting that the bleak mountain-air will nip the tender budding of his
motives :

Or painfully, for love of truth, he climbeth the ladder of science,
Till pride of intellect heating his heart, warpeth it aside to delusion :
The maiden, to give shadow to her fairness, plaiteth her raven hair,
Heedlessly weaving for her soul the silken net of vanity :
The grey-beard looketh on his gold, till he loveth its yellow smile,
Unconscious of the bright decoy which is luring his heart unto avarice :
Wrath avoideth no quarrel, jealousy counteth its suspicions,
Pining envy gazeth still, and melancholy seeketh solitude,
The sensitive broodeth on his slights, the fearful poreth over horrors,
The train of wantonness is fired, the nerves of indecision are unstrung ;
Each special proneness unto harm is pampered by ignorant indulgence,
And the man, for want of warning, yieldeth to the apt temptation.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but sorry crafts-
men ;

And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach her port :
Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the leaning of their
talents,

But cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end ;
And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath the bushel of
commerce,

While meaner plodding minds are driven up the mountain of philosophy :
The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is fattening in a hot-
bed,

And the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from violets.

To everything a fitting place, a proper honourable use ;

The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble sphere :

The glow-worm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her evening torch,

And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his course by that star :

But ignorance mocketh at proprieties, bringing out the glow-worm at noon ;

And setteth the faults of mediocrity in the full blaze of wisdom.
 Ravens croaking in darkness, and a skylark trilling to the sun,
 The voice of a screech-owl from a ruin, and the blackbird's whistle in a
 wood,

A cushion-footed camel for the sands, and a swift reindeer for the snows,
 A naked skin for Ethiopia, and rich soft furs for the Pole :
 In all things is there a fitness : discord with discord hath its music ;
 And the harmony of nature is preserved by each one knowing his place.

The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the
 goal,

The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—
 What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of the mark
 Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry ;
 And the mind which were excellent in one way, but foolishly toileth in
 another,

What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked arrow ?
 By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers : put not the racer to the
 plough,

Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the fleet :
 Consider thy failings, heed thy propensities, search out thy latent virtues,
 Analyze the doubtful, cultivate the good, and crush the head of evil ;
 So shalt thou catch with quick hand the golden ball of opportunity,
 The warrior armed shall be ready for the fray, beside his bridled steed ;
 Thou shalt ward off special harms, and have the sway of circumstance,
 And turn to thy special good the common current of events ;
 Choosing from the wardrobe of the world, thou shalt suitably clothe thy
 spirit,

Nor thrust the white hand of peace into the gauntlet of defiance :
 The shepherd shall go with a staff, and conquer by sling and stone ;
 The soldier shall let alone the distaff, and the scribe lay down the sword ;
 The man unlearned shall keep silence, and earn one attribute of wisdom,
 The sage be sparing of his lessons before unhearing ears :
 Calm shalt thou be, as a lion in repose, conscious of passive strength,
 And the shock that splitteth the globe, shall not unthrone thy self-pos-
 session.

Acquaint thee with thyself, O man ! so shalt thou be humble :
 The hard hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the lily and the rose ;
 The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt, as an iceberg in the tropics ;

The bitter fountains of self-seeking be sweeter than the waters of the Nile.

But if thou lack that wisdom,—thy frail skiff is doomed,
On stronger eddy whirling to the dreadful gorge;
Untaught in that grand lore, thou standest, cased in steel,
To dare with mocking unbelief the thunderbolts of heaven.
For look now around thee on the universe, behold how all things serve thee.

The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and undulating air,
Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and flowers, and precious gems,
Choice perfumes and fair sights, soft touches and sweet music:
For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the finny nations,
For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live, and labour, and die:
Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth thee to slumber;
Thou art served by the hands of Beauty, and Sublimity kneeleth at thy feet:

Arise, thou sovereign of creation, and behold thy glory!
Yet more, thou hast a mind; intellect wingeth thee to heaven,
Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou divest down to hell;
Thou hast measured the belt of Saturn, thou hast weighed the moons of Jupiter,

And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of thy globe;
Subtly hast thou numbered by millions the leagues between sun and sun,
And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows;
With marvellous unerring truth, thou knowest to an inch and to an instant,
The where and the when of the comet's path that shall seem to rush by at thy command:

Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy dignity!
Yet more,—for once believe religion's flattering tale;
Thou hast a soul, aye, and a God,—but be not therefore humbled;
Thy Maker's self was glad to live and die—a man;
The brightest jewel in his crown is voluntary manhood:
By deep dishonour and great price, bought he that envied freedom,
But thou wast born an heir of all, thy Master scarce could earn.
O climax unto pride, O triumph of humanity,
O triple crown upon thy brow, most high and mighty Self!
Arise, thou Lord of all, thou greater than a God!—
How saidst thou, wretched being?—cast thy glance within;
Regard that painted sepulchre, the hovel of thy heart.
Ha! with what fearful imagery swarmeth that small chamber;

The horrid eye of murder, scowling in the dark,
The bony hand of avarice, filching from the poor,
The lurid fires of lust, the idiot face of folly,
The sickening deed of cruelty, the foul fierce orgies of the drunken,
Weak contemptible vanity, stubborn stolid unbelief,
Envy's devilish sneer, and the vile features of ingratitude,—
Man, hast thou seen enough? or are these full proof
That thou art a miracle of mercy, and all thy dignity is dross?

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thyself;
But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, learn thou thy God:
By knowledge of self thou art conusant of evil, and mailed in panoply
to meet it;
By knowledge of God cometh knowledge of good, and universal love is
at thy heart.
Every creature knoweth its capacities, running in the road of instinct,
And reason must not lag behind, but serve itself of all proprieties:
The swift to the race, and the strong to the burden, and the wise for right
direction;
For self-knowledge filleth with acceptance its niche in the temple of
utility:
But vainly wilt thou look for that knowledge, till the clue of all truth is
in thy hand,
For the labyrinth of man's heart windeth in complicate deceivings:
Thou canst not sound its depths with the shallow plumb-line of reason,
Till religion, the pilot of the soul, have lent thee her unfathomable coil:
Therefore, for this grand knowledge, and knowledge is the parent of do-
minion,
Learn God, thou shalt know thyself; yea, and shalt have mastery of all
things.

Of Cruelty to Animals.

Shame upon thee, savage Monarch-man, proud monopolist of reason ;
Shame upon Creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot :
What, man ! are there not enough, hunger, and diseases and fatigue,—
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence ?
What ! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and
death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them
with thy spite ?

The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away his all,—
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his forfeit serfs ?
The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery,
Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all the strings ?
The rebel hath fortified his strong-hold, shutting in his vassals with him,—
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppression from within ?
Thou twice deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful representative of
Love,

For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures thou hast ruined ;
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,
Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy cruelty :
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not bear witness
against thee,

A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof it will accuse
thee ?

From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-mouse in the harvest-
field,

From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to the minnow caught
upon a pin,

From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest,
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the lady-bird and
the gnat,

The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel :
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend ;
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even ;

The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labouring ox at plough ;
 The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the partridge, glean-
 ing in the stubble,
 And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining
 in captivity,
 And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy
 pride,
 Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine : freely mayst thou serve thee of them all :
 They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kind-
 ness ;

Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and thy Father,
 Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all :
 For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying : for burden, but with limits
 of humanity ;
 For luxury, but not through torture : for draught, but according to the
 strength :

For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,
 Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash ;
 The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite ;
 The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the
 goal ;

Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
 If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance ;
 Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth in his eye ;
 His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden ;
 His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigour,
 And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil ;
 Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow ;
 That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings,—the generous brute is dead !
 Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge his wrongs ?
 No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no sentence to be passed on
 his oppressor ?

Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him ;
 Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes ;
 Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel ;
 Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment.
 The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other
 side,

And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

Of Friendship.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship :

For Confidence cannot dwell where Selfishness is porter at the gate.
If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be sure of his honesty ;
And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged the reliance of thy friend.
Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship sitteth at his board ;
And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candour is bid glad welcome :
For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual trust,
And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought for a purpose.
A man may be good to thee at times, and render thee mighty service,
Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a friend ;
For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the weightier masses,
A man refuse thee not his purse, nay his all in thine utmost need,
Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth with thine own,
Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render him a heartfelt of gratitude.

A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of his brother ;
A common mind will soon depart from the dull companionship of wisdom ;
A weak soul dareth not to follow in the track of vigour and decision ;
And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming foolishness of faith.
A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters,
And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

Come, I will show thee a friend ; I will paint one worthy of thy trust :
Thine heart shall not weary of him : thou shalt not secretly despise him
Thou art long in learning him, in unravelling all his worth ;
And he dazzleth not thine eyes at first, to be darkened in thy sight after-
ward,
But riseth from small beginnings, and reacheth the height of thine esteem.

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He remembereth that thou art only man ; he expecteth not great things
from thee ;

And his forbearance toward thee silently teacheth thee to be considerate
unto him.

He despiseth not courtesy of manner, nor neglecteth the decencies of life :
Nor mocketh the failings of others, nor is harsh in his censures before
thee :

For so, how couldst thou tell, if he talketh not of thee in ridicule ?
He withholdeth no secret from thee, and rejecteth not thine in turn ;
He shareth his joys with thee, and is glad to bear part in thy sorrows.
Yet one thing, he loveth thee too well to show thee the corruptions of his
heart :

For as an ill example strengtheneth the hands of the wicked,
So to put forward thy guilt, is a secret poison to thy friend :
For the evil in his nature is comforted, and he warreth more weakly
against it,

If he find that the friend whom he honoureth, is a man more sinful than
himself.

I hear the communing of friends ; ye speak out the fulness of your souls,
And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies of manhood :
Confidence openeth the lips, indulgence beameth from the eye,
The tongue loveth not boasting, the heart is made glad with kindness :
And one standeth not as on a hill, beckoning to the other to follow,
But ye toil up hand in hand, and carry each other's burdens.
Ye commune of hopes and aspirations, the fervent breathings of the
heart,

Ye speak with pleasant interchange the treasured secrets of affection,
Ye listen to the voice of complaint, and whisper the language of comfort,
And as in a double solitude, ye think in each other's hearing.

Choose thy friend discreetly, and see thou consider his station,
For the graduated scale of ranks accordeth with the ordinance of heaven :
If a low companion ripen to a friend, in the full sunshine of thy confi-
dence,

Know, that for old age thou hast heaped up sorrow
For thou sinkest to that level, and thy kin shall scorn thee,
Yea, and the menial thou hast pampered haply shall neglect thee in thy
death :

And if thou reachest up to high estates, thinking to herd with princes,
What art thou but a footstool, though so near a throne ?

O rush among the lilies, be taught thou art a weed,
O briar among the cedars, hot contempt shall burn thee.
But thou, friend and scholar, select from thine own caste,
And make not an intimate of one, thy servant or thy master ;
For only friendship among men is the true republic,
Where all have equality of service, and all have freedom of command.
And yet, if thou wilt take my judgment, be shy of too much openness
with any,
Lest thou repent hereafter, should he turn and rend thee :
For many an apostate friend hath abused unguarded confidence,
And bent to selfish ends the secret of the soul.

Absence strengtheneth friendship, where the last recollections were
kindly ;

But it must be good wine at the last, or absence shall weaken it daily.
A rare thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel among men,
Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they believe when they doubt.
Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection ;
For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind.
Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by example :
For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort unkindly upon thee.
There be some that never had a friend, because they were gross and
selfish ;

Worldliness, and apathy, and pride, leave not many that are worthy :
But one who meriteth esteem, need never lack a friend :
For as thistledown fieth abroad, and casteth its anchor in the soil,
So philanthropy yearneth for a heart, where it may take root and blossom.

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry cold,
Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the society of men :
He grieveth, and hath deep reasons ; for falsehood hath wronged his
trust,

And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled with the briars
of suspicion.

For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath hoped well !
How few there be among men who forget themselves for other !
Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals,
Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.
And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged that sacred name,
For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an enemy ;

And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board :
But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want ?
Such be as vultures round a carcase, assembled together for the feast ;
But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they specks among
the clouds.

There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have thy confidence ;
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee :
To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion :
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friend-
ship,

Yet verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a friend.

Of Love.

There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart;
Its root lieth deep: it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn:

Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;
Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south:
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of Hope;

Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of its smile;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it;
And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw and asked not its name; I knew no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.
And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of—Love?
Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer perceive it?
Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its purity?
Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?
Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying its own;
Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of tenderness and joy:
Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers;
Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with Truth and Sincerity.

Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love!
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,

The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart!
 Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
 Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence,
 Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy,
 And estimate the recklessness of license as the right attribute of liberty,—
 But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name:
 Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire:
 For Love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are discord,
 And such is no more Love, than Etna's breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul,
 A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of matter,
 An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet how beautiful!
 All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.
 Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage window;
 How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-stalked leaves,
 How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influences,
 How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship!
 Such is the soul that loveth; and so the rose-tree of affection
 Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,
 Its every blushing petal basketh in their light,
 And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again:
 If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more:
 Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection;
 And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful
 spirit,
 Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
 Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.

Of Marriage.

Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his providence;
Yet ask not in bold confidence that which he hath not promised:
Thou knowest not his good will:—be thy prayer then submissive there-
unto;

And leave thy petition to his mercy, assured that He will deal well
with thee.

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;
Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal: yea, though thou hast
not seen her.

They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter toucheth them
not:

They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.

Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a heart that can
commune with his own;

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth of thine own
imagination;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love; for a wife is thine unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee,—sound may enchant thine ear,
But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet notes turn to dis-
cord:

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in the morning;
And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the crampings of pain.

Ⓢ happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love:
But beware, thou seem not to be holy, to win favour in the eyes of a
creature,

For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath else-
where.

The idol of thy heart is as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth ;
 Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in her casket :
 Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house,—
 A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train :
 Let her be an heir of heaven ; so shall she help thee on thy way :
 For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed against evil.
 Take heed lest she love thee before God ; that she be not an idolator :
 Yet see thou that she love thee well : for her heart is the heart of woman ;
 And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,
 For soul and mind and body—godliness, esteem, and affection.

Now beautiful is modesty ! it winneth upon all beholders :
 But a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that should have been
 for thee.

Affect not to despise beauty : no one is freed from its dominion ;
 But regard it not a pearl of price :—it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.
 If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index in the counte-
 nance :

The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour that fadeth
 quickly.

When thou chooseth a wife, think not only of thyself,
 But of those God may give thee of her, that they reproach thee not for
 their being :

See that he hath given her health, lest thou lose her early and weep :
 See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy little ones perish
 not before thee :

For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,
 And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare of madness.

Mark the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple and sincere ;
 For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with thorns.
 Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh not that thou art
 nigh,

For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true colour of her mind.
 Hath she learning ? it is good, so that modesty go with it :
 Hath she wisdom ? it is precious, but beware that thou exceed ;
 For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of the mind.
 Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride will kick at thee ;
 And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with misery :
 Marry not without means ; for so shouldst thou tempt Providence ;

But wait not for more than enough; for marriage is the DUTY of most men:

Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health,

And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.

In the day of thy joy consider the poor: thou shalt reap a rich harvest of blessing;

For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup with pleasures:

In the day of thy joy be thankful: He hath well deserved thy praise:

Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.

For her sake who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.

If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers; see they be not such as shame thee:

If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own; see that it be not done in anger.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,

In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of heaven:

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,

And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed:

Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favoured children.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.

Keep thy heart pure, lest thou do dishonour to thy state;

Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself.

The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped within him;

But the heart of the righteous is chaste: his conscience casteth off sin.

If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence;

If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in turn:

For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted withereth.

Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open one with the other;

Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy a dweller in your hearts:

Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures of life,

But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of Reserve.

Young wife, be not froward, nor forget that modesty becometh thee:

If it be discarded now, who will not hold it feigned before ?
But be not as a timid girl,—there is honour due to thine estate :
A matron's modesty is dignified : she blusheth not, neither is she bold.
Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they have to him :
And gently bear with his infirmities : hast thou no need of his forbearance ?

Be not always in each other's company ; it is often good to be alone ;
And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow weary of each other :

Ye have each a soul to be nourished, and a mind to be taught in wisdom,
Therefore, as accountable for time, help one another to improve it.
If ye feel love to decline, track out quickly the secret cause ;
Let it not rankle for a day, but confess and bewail it together :
Speedily seek to be reconciled, for love is the life of marriage ;
And be ye co-partners in triumph, conquering the peevishness of self.

Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine husband :
Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy wife.
In the joy of a well-ordered home be warned that this is not your rest ;
For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the shadow.

If ye are blest with children, ye have a fearful pleasure,
A deeper care and a higher joy, and the range of your existence is widened :

If God in wisdom refuse them, thank Him for an unknown mercy :
For how can ye tell if they might be a blessing or a curse ?
Yet ye may pray, like Hannah, simply dependent on his will :
Resignation sweeteneth the cup, but impatience dasheth it with vinegar.
Now this is the sum of the matter :—if ye will be happy in marriage,
Confide, love, and be patient : be faithful, firm, and holy.

Of Education.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love :

A resting place for innocence on earth ; a link between angels and men :
Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest ;
A delight, but redolent of care ; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter.
For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy :
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come ;
Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings
of evil,

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions :
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.
Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it at the breast ;
And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the
cradle :

Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling ;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will not forget it afterward :
When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man
in his sin.

Select not to nurse thy darling one that may taint his innocence,
For example is a constant monitor, and good seed will die among the
tares.

The arts of a strange servant have spoiled a gentle disposition :
Mother, let him learn of thy lips, and be nourished at thy breast.
Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it :

Let then the playmates of thy little one be not other than thy judgment shall approve :

For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment.

His eye is quick to observe, his memory storeth in secret,

His ear is greedy of knowledge, and his mind is plastic as soft wax.

Beware then that he heareth what is good, that he feedeth not on evil maxims,

For the seeds of first instructions are dropt into the deepest furrows.

That which immemorial use hath sanctioned, seemeth to be right and true ;

Therefore, let him never have to recollect the time when good things were strangers to his thought.

Strive not to centre in thyself, fond mother, all his love ;

Nay, do not thou so selfishly, but enlarge his heart for others :

Use him to sympathy betimes, that he learn to be sad with the afflicted ;

And check not a child in his merriment,—should not his morning be sunny ?

Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him in hope ;

Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears, so shall he fear thy firmness.

Above all things graft on him subjection, yea in the veriest trifle ;

Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee unanswering obedience.

Read thou first, and well approve, the books thou givest to thy child ;

But remember the weakness of his thought, and that wisdom for him must be diluted :

In the honied waters of infant tales, let him taste the strong wine of truth :

Pathetic stories soften the heart ; but legends of terror breed midnight misery ;

Fairy fictions cram the mind with folly, and knowledge of evil tempteth to like evil :

Be not loath to curb imagination, nor be fearful that truths will depress it ;

And for evil, he will learn it soon enough ; be not thou the devil's envoy.

Induce not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou nourish vanity :

Neither can a plant, forced in the hot-bed, stand against the frozen breath of winter.

The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multitude of words is a clogging weight :

Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the measure of capacity.

Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong meat ;
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustration win-
neth him :

In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence, till he learn of the
bee and the ant ;

Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and the chrysalis have
taught him :

He will fear God in thunder, and worship his loveliness in flowers ;
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines seem dead mystery ;
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good corn into the soil ;
And if thou train him to trust thee, he will not withhold his reliance from
the Lord.

Fearest thou the dark, poor child ? I would not have thee left to thy terrors :
Darkness is the semblance of evil, and nature regardeth it with dread :

Yet know thy father's God is with thee still, to guard thee :

It is a simple lesson of dependence ; let thy tost mind anchor upon Him.

Did a sudden noise affright thee ? lo, this or that hath caused it :

Things undefined are full of dread, and stagger stouter nerves.

The seeds of misery and madness have been sowed in the nights of
infancy ;

Therefore be careful that ghastly fears be not the night companions of
thy child.

*Al*o, thou art a land-mark on a hill ; thy little ones copy thee in all things :

Let, then, thy religion be perfect : so shalt thou be honoured in thy house.

Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou knowest,

Otherwise thy learning is hidden, and thus thou seemest unwise.

A sluggard hath no respect ; an epicure commandeth not reverence ;

Meanness is always despicable, and folly provoketh contempt.

Those parents are best honoured whose characters best deserve it ;

Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look for a foolish
father :

Never hath a father done his duty, and lived to be despised of his son

But how can that son reverence an example he dare not follow ?

Should he imitate thee in thine evil ? his scorn is thy rebuke.

Nay, but bring him up aright, in obedience to God and to thee ;

Begin betimes, lest thou fail of his fear ; and with judgment, that thou
lose not his love :

Herein use good discretion, and govern not all alike,
 Yet, perhaps, the fault will be in thee, if kindness prove not all-sufficient :
 By kindness, the wolf and the zebra become docile as the spaniel and the
 horse ;

The kite feedeth with the starling, under the law of kindness :
 That law shall tame the fiercest, bring down the battlements of pride,
 Cherish the weak, control the strong, and win the fearful spirit.
 Be obeyed when thou commandest ; but command not often :
 Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern front of tyranny.
 Make not one child a warning to another ; but chide the offender apart ;
 For self-conceit and wounded pride rankle like poisons in the soul.
 A mild rebuke in the season of calmness, is better than a rod in the heat
 of passion,
 Nevertheless, spare not, if thy word hath passed for punishment ;
 Let not thy child see thee humbled, nor learn to think thee false ;
 Suffer none to reprove thee before him, and reprove not thine own pur-
 poses by change ;
 Yet speedily turn thou again, and reward him where thou canst,
 For kind encouragement in good cutteth at the roots of evil.

Drive not a timid infant from his home, in the early spring-time of his
 life,
 Commit not that treasure to an hireling, nor wrench the young heart's
 fibres :

In his helplessness leave him not alone, a stranger among strange children,
 Where affection longeth for thy love, counting the dreary hours ;
 Where religion is made a terror, and innocence weepeth unheard ;
 Where oppression grindeth without remedy, and cruelty delighteth in
 smiting.

Wherefore comply with an evil fashion ? Is it not to spare thee trouble ?
 Can he gather no knowledge at thy mouth ? Wilt thou yield thine honour
 to another ?

What can he gain in learning, to equal what he loseth in innocence ?
 Alas ! for the price above gold, by which such learning cometh !
 For emulative pride and envy are the specious idols of the diligent,
 Oaths and foul-mouthed sin burn in the language of the idle :
 Bolder in that mimic world of boys stareth brazen-fronted vice,
 Than thereafter in the haunts of men, where society doth shame her into
 corners.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid infant unto sorrows

There be many that say, We were happiest in days long past,
When our deepest care was an ill-conned book,
And when we sported in that merry sunshine of our life,
Sadness a stranger to the heart, and cheerfulness its gay inhabitant.
True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more wretched :
But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at your tasks,
How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down the childish mind ?
How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked you up betimes,
Dreading the strict hand of justice, that will not wait for a reason,
Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves,
Or the pestilent extract of evil poured into the ear of innocence ?
Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the Atlantic,
It is dinted by every ripple, and a soft wave can smooth its surface ;
But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tropic sun,
And weakly the foaming billows break against its adamantine wall ;
Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness of manhood,
The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles ;
And seldom, when life is mature, and the strength proportioned to the
burden,
Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge to deeper anguish,
Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first ached with
anxiety,
And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by the harshness of
a school.
My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thine infant unto sorrows
Yet there be boisterous tempers, stout nerves, and stubborn hearts,
And there is a ripper season, when the mind is well disciplined in good,
And a time, when youth may be bettered by the wholesome occasions of
knowledge,
Which rarely will he meet with so well, as among the congregation of his
fellows.
Only for infancy, fond mother, rend not those first affections ;
Only for the sensitive and timorous, consign not thy darling unto misery

A man looketh on his little one, as a being of better hope ;
In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in his son ;
That vein is yet untried,—and who can tell if it be not golden ?
While his, well nigh worked out, never yielded aught but lead :
And thus is he hurt more sorely, if his wishes are defeated there,
He has staked his all upon a throw, and lo ! the dice have foiled him.

All ways, and at all times, men follow on in flocks,
 And the rife epidemic of the day shall tincture the stream of education,
 Fashion is a foolish watcher posted at the tree of knowledge,
 Who plucketh its unripe fruit to pelt away the birds:
 But, for its golden apples,—they dry upon the boughs,
 And few have the courage or the wisdom to eat in spite of fashion:
 One while, the fever is to learn, what none will be wiser for knowing,
 Exploded errors in extinct tongues, and occasions for their use are small;
 And the bright morning of life, for years of misspent time,
 Wasted in following sounds, hath tracked up little sense,
 Till at noon a man is thrown upon the world, with a mind expert in
 trifles,

Having yet everything to learn, that can make him good or useful:
 The curious spirit of truth is crammed with unwholesome garbage,
 While starving for the mother's milk the breasts of nature yield;
 And high-coloured fables of depravity lure with their classic varnish,
 While truth is holding out in vain her mirror much despised.

Of olden time, the fashion was for arms, to make an accomplished slayer,
 And set gregarious man a-tilting with his fellows;
 Thereafter, occult sciences, and mystic arts, and symbols,
 How to exorcise a wizard, and how to lay a ghost;
 Anon, all for gallantry and presence, the minuet, the palfrey, and the foil,
 And the grand aim of Education was to produce a coxcomb;
 Soon came scholastical dispute with hydra-headed argument,
 And the true philosophy of mind confounded in a labyrinth of words:
 Then the Pantheon,⁴¹ and its orgies, initiating docile childhood,
 While diligent youth strove hard to render his all unto Cæsar;
 And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things are accounted by
 their price,

And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden eggs:
 Perchance, not many moons to come, and all will again be for abstrusity,
 Unravelling the figured veil that hideth Egypt's gods;
 Or in those strange Avatars seeking benignant Vishnu,
 Kali, and Kamala the fair, and much-invoked Ganesa.⁴²

The mines of knowledge are oft laid bare through the forked hazelwand
 of chance,

And in a mountain of quartz we find a grain of gold.
 Of a truth it were well to know all things, and to learn them all at once,

And what, though mortal insufficiency attain to small knowledge of any?
 Man loveth exclusions, delighting in the sterile trodden path,
 While the broad green meadow is jewelled with wild flowers:
 And whether is it better with the many to follow a beaten track,
 Or by eccentric wanderings to cull unheeded sweets?

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy friend;
 For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in gold.
 As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him see thy reasons;
 Confide in him, but with discretion: and bend a willing ear to his ques-
 tions.

More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel and good guid-
 ance:

Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee than to all beside.
 Watch his native capacities; nourish that which suiteth him the readiest;
 And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou fearest he is most
 lacking:

Is he phlegmatic and desponding? let small successes comfort his hope:
 Is he obstinate and sanguine? let petty crosses accustom him to life:

Showeth he a sordid spirit? be quick, and teach him generosity;

Inclineth he to liberal excess? prove to him how hard it is to earn.

Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of honour and attention;

For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of his heart:

But let not the pastor whom thou hearest be too much a familiar in thy
 house,

For thy children may see his infirmities, and learn to cavil at his teaching

It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction;

It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books:

The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines: of persons, minute de-
 tails:

Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions cleanse it.

Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to his fortune with judg-
 ment:

The rich may profit in much which would bring small advantage to the
 poor.

But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings for his welfare,
 Expect disappointment, and look for pain: for he is of an evil stock, and
 will grieve thee.

Of Tolerance.

A wise man in a crowded street winneth his way with gentleness,
Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in his path;
He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up contention
against him,
Yet holdeth he steadily right on, with his face to the scope of his pur-
suit:
Even so, in the congress of opinions, the bustling highway of intelligence,
Each man should ask of his neighbour, and yield to him again concession.
Terms ill-defined, and forms misunderstood, and customs, where their
reasons are unknown,
Have stirred up many zealous souls to fight against imaginary giants:
But wisdom will hear the matter out, and often, by keenness of percep-
tion,
Will find in strange disguise the precious truth he seeketh;
So he leaveth unto prejudice or taste the garb and the manner of her
presence,
Content to see so nigh the mistress of his love.
There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem;
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in the forest, hath
its counterpart,
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world unseen:
And therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with accident,
None but a bigot partizan will hope for impossible unity.
Wilt thou ensue peace, nor buffet with the waters of contention,
Wilt thou be counted wise and gain the love of men,
Let unobtruding error escape the frown of censure,
Nor lift the glass of truth alway before thy fellows:
I say not, compromise the right, I would not have thee countenance the
wrong,

But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest judgment;
 For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art most right,
 Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee simple to-day:
 Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou wast thyself;
 Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be hereafter:
 A man that can render a reason, is a man worthy of an answer;
 But he that argueth for victory, deserveth not the tenderness of Truth.

Whiles a man liveth he may mend: count not thy brother reprobate;
 When he is dead his chance is gone: remember not his faults in bitterness.

A man, till he dieth, is immortal in thy sight; and then he is as nothing:
 Make not the living thy foe, nor take weak vengeance of the dead;
 For life is as a game of chess, where least causeth greatest,
 And an ill move bringeth loss, and a pawn may ensure victory.
 Dost thou suspect? seek out certainty: for now, by self-inflicted pain,
 Or ill-directed wrath, thou wrongest thyself or thy neighbour:
 Suspicion is an early lesson, taught in the school of experience,
 Neither shalt thou easily unlearn it, though charity ply thee with her
 preaching;

Yet look thou well for reasons, or ever mistrust hath marred thee,
 Or fear curdled thy blood, or jealousy goaded thee to madness;
 For a look, or a word, or an act, may be taken well or ill
 As construed by the latitude of love, or the closeness of cold suspicion.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood:
 And a prudent man will not lay siege to the strong hold of ignorant
 bigotry.

To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious triumph,
 And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless suffrage of a fool:
 Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to right;
 Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.
 Dogged obstinacy is oftentimes the buttress that proppeth an unstable
 spirit,

But a candid man blusheth not to own, he is wiser to-day than yesterday.
 A man of a little wisdom is a sage among fools;
 But himself is chief among the fools, if he look for admiration from
 them.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride:
 Its necessary difference of error is the character it most esteemeth:

Give a man all things short of liberty, thou shalt have no thanks,
And little wilt thou speed with thine opponent, by proving points he will
concede.

The tost sand darkeneth the waves; and clear had been the pages of
truth,

Had not the glosses of men obscured the simplicity of faith.

In all things consider thine own ignorance, and gladly take occasion to
be taught:

But suffer not excess of liberality to neutralize thy mental independence.

The faults and follies of most men make their deaths a gain;

But thou also art a man, full of faults and follies:

Therefore sorrow for the dead, or none shall weep for thee,

For the measure of charity thou dealest, shall be poured into thine own
bosom.

That which vexeth thee now, provoking thee to hate thy brother,

Bear with it; the annoyance passeth, and may not return for ever:

The same combinations and results which aggravate thy soul to-day,

May not meet again for centuries in the kaleidoscope of circumstance:

For men and matters change, new elements mixing in continually,

And, as with chemical magic, the sour is transmuted into sweetness:

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as a foible,

And, lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own body,

Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy special notions.

Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at a trifle:

Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal them:

Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,

God will not love thee less, because men love thee more.⁵³

Of Sorrow.

Æ said, I will seek out sorrow, and minister the balm of pity,
So I sought her in the house of mourning; but peace followed in her
train.

Then I marked her brooding silently in the gloomy cavern of Regret;
But a sunbeam of heavenly hope gleamed on her folded wing.
So I turned to the cabin of the poor, where famine dwelt with disease;
But the bed of the sick was smoothed, and the ploughman whistled at
his labour.

So I stopt, and mused within myself, to remember where sorrow dwelt,
For I sought to see her alone, uncomforted, uncompanioned.
I went to the prison, but penitence was there, and promise of better
times;

I listened at the madman's cell, but it echoed with deluded laughter.
Then I turned me to the rich and noble; I noted the sons of fashion:
A smile was on the languid cheek, that had no commerce with the heart;
Unhallowed thoughts, like fires, gleamed from the window of the eye,
And sorrow lived with those whose pleasures add unto their sins.

His infancy wanted not guilt; his life was continued evil:
He drew in pride with his mother's milk, and a father's lips taught him
cursing.

I marked him as the wayward boy; I traced the dissolute youth;
I saw him betray the innocent, and sacrifice affection to his lust.
I saw him the companion of knaves, and a squanderer of ill-got gain,
I heard him curse his own misery, while he hugged the chains that
galled him;

For well had experience declared the bitterness of guilty pleasure,
But habit, with its iron net, involved him in its folds.
Behind him lowered the thunder-storm, which the caldron of his wick-
edness hath brewed;

Before him was the smooth steep cliff, whose base is ruin and despair.
So he rushed madly on, and tried to forget his being :
The noisy revel and the low debauch, and fierce excitement of play,
With dreary interchange of palling pleasures, filled the dull round of
existence :

Memory was to him as a foe, so he flew for false solace to the wine-cup,
And stunned his enemy at even ; but she rent him as a giant in the
morning.

Æ turned aside to weep ; I lost him a little while :
I looked, and years had past ; he was hoar with the winter of his age.
And what was now his hope ? where was the balm for his sadness ?
The memory of the past was guilt : the feeling of the present, remorse.
Then he set his affections on gold, he worshipped the shrine of Mammon,
And to lay richer gifts before his idol, he starved his own bowels ;
So, the youth spent in profligacy ended in the gripings of want :
The miser grudged himself husks to take deeper vengeance of the pro-
digal.

And I said, this is sorrow ; but pity cannot reach it.
This is to be wretched indeed, to be guilty without repentance.

Of Joy.

My soul was sickened within me, so I sought the dwelling place of Joy.
And I met it not in laughter; I found it not in wealth or power;
But I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion smiled upon content,
And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favour of its God.
Behold the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure,
His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness:
I have watched him from his infancy, and seen him in the grasp of death,
Yet, never have I noted on his brow the cloud of desponding sorrow.
He hath knelt beside his cradle; his mother's hymn lulled him to sleep:
In childhood he hath loved holiness, and drank from that fountain-head
of peace.

Wisdom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in purity:
He lived unpolluted by the world; and his young heart hated sin.
But he owned not the spurious religion engendered of faction and moroseness,
Neither were the sproutings of his soul seared by the brand of superstition.

His love is pure and single, sincere, and knoweth not change;
For his manhood hath been blest with the pleasant choice of his youth:
Behold his one beloved, she leaneth on his arm,
And he looketh on the years that are past, to review the dawn of her
affection.

Memory is sweet unto him, as a perfect landscape to the sight;
Each object is lovely in itself, but the whole is the harmony of nature.
Behold his little ones around him, they bask in the warmth of his smile;
And infant innocence and joy lighten their happy faces;
He is holy, and they honour him: he is loving, and they love him:
He is consistent, and they esteem him; he is firm, and they fear him.
His friends are the excellent among men; and the bands of their friendship
are strong;

His house is the palace of peace : for the Prince of Peace is there.
 As the wearied man to his couch, as the thoughtful man to his musings,
 Even so, from the bustle of life, he goeth to his well-ordered home.
 And though he often sin, he returneth with weeping eyes :
 For he feeleth the mercies of forgiveness, and gloweth with warmer
 gratitude.

Thus did he walk in happiness, and sorrow was a stranger to his soul ;
 The light of affection sunned his heart, the tear of the grateful bedewed
 his feet,

He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,

And the busy satellites of evil trembled as at God's ally :
 He used his wealth as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity :
 He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him at the last :
 For I saw him after many days, when the time of his release was come,
 And I longed for a congregated world, to behold that dying saint.
 As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best summer of its age,
 And then hangeth out its golden bells, to mingle glory with corruption ;
 As a meteor travelleth in splendour, but bursteth in dazzling light ;
 Such was the end of the righteous : his death was the sun at its setting.

Look on this picture of joy, and remember that portrait of sorrow :
 Behold the beauty of holiness, behold the deformity of sin !
 How long, ye sons of men, will ye scorn the words of wisdom ?
 How long will ye hunt for happiness in the caverns that breed despair ?
 Will ye comfort yourselves in misery, by denying the existence of delight,
 And from experience in woe, will ye reason that none are happy ?
 Joy is not in your path, for it loveth not that bleak broad road,
 But its flowers are hung upon the hedges that line a narrower way ;
 And there the faint travellers of earth may wander and gather for themselves,

To sooth their wounded hearts with balm from the amaranths of heaven.

Proverbial Philosophy.

(SECOND SERIES.)

Introductory.

Come again, and greet me as a friend, fellow pilgrim upon life's highway,
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter in the greenwood of Reflection.

Come, unto my cool dim grotto, that is watered by the rivulet of truth,
And over whose time-stained rock climb the fairy flowers of content;
Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy load of cares,
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour.

Behold, I would count thee for a brother, and commune with thy charitable soul;

Though wrapt within the mantle of a prophet, I stand mine own weak scholar.

Heed no disciple for a teacher, if knowledge be not found upon his tongue;

For vanity and folly were the lessons these lips untaught could give:
The precious staple of my merchandise cometh from a better country,
The harvest of my reaping sprang of foreign seed:

And this poor pensioner of mercy—should he boast of merit?

The grafted stock,—should that be proud of apples not its own?

Into the bubbling brook I dip my hermit shell;

Man receiveth as a cup, but wisdom is the river.

Moreover, for this fligree of fancy, this Oriental garnish of similitude,
Alas, the world is old,—and all things old within it:

I walk a trodden path, I love the good old ways;
Prophets, and priests, and kings have tuned the harp I faintly touch.
Truth, in a garment of the past, is my choice and simple theme;
No truth is new to-day: and the mantle was another's.

Still, there is an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of imagery,
Mote-like steaming on my sight, and thronging my reluctant mind;
The memories of studious culling, and multiplied analogies of nature,
Fresh feelings unrepressed, welling from the heart spontaneous,
Facts, and comparisons, and meditative atoms, gathered on the heap of
combination,

Mingle in the fashion of my speech with gossamer dreams of Reverie.
I need not beat the underwood for game; my pheasants flock upon the lawn,
And gambolling hares disport fearless in my dewy field;
I roam no heath-empurpled hills, wearily watching for a covey,
But thoughts fly swift to my decoy, eager to be caught:
I sit no quiet angler, lingering patiently for sport,
But spread my nets for a draught, and take the glittering shoal;
I chase no solitary stag, tracking it with breathless toil,
But hunt with Aureng-zebe, and spear-surrounded thousands.¹

What then,—count ye this a boast?—sweet charity, think it other,
For the dog-fish and poisonous ray are captured in the mullet-haul:
The crane and the kite are of my thoughts, alike with the partridge and
the quail,

And unclean meats as of the clean hang upon my Seric² shambles.
—How saith he? shall a man deceive, dressing up his jackal as a lion?
Or colour in staid hues of fact the changing vest of falsehood?—
Brother, unwittingly he may; doubtless, unwillingly he doth:
For men are full of fault, and how should he be righteous?
Carefully my garden hath been weeded, yet shall it be foul with thistle;
My grapery is diligently thinned, and yet many berries will be sour:
From my nets have I flung the bad away, to my small skill and caution;
Yet may some slimy snake have counted for an eel.
The rudder of Man's best hope cannot always steer himself from error;
The arrow of Man's straightest aim flieth short of truth.
Thus, the confession of sincerity visit not as if it were presumption;
Nor own me for a leader, where thy reason is not guide.

Of Cheerfulness.

Take courage, prisoner of time, for there be many comforts,
Cease thy labour in the pit, and bask awhile with truants in the sun;
Be cheerful, man of care, for great is the multitude of chances,
Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens of ease:
Wherefore dost thou doubt? if present good is round thee,
It may be well to look for change, but to trust in a continuance is better;
Whilst, at the crisis of adversity, to hope for some amends were wisdom,
And cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient strength is duty.
I speak of common troubles, and the petty plagues of life,
The phantom-spies of Unbelief, that lurk about his outposts:
Sharp suspicion, dull distrust, and sullen stern moroseness
Are captains in that locust swarm to lead the cloudy host.
Thou hast need of fortitude and faith, for the adversaries come on thickly,
And he that fled hath added wings to his pursuing foes;
Fight them, and the cravens flee; thy boldness is their panic;
Fear them, and thy treacherous heart hath lent the ranks a legion:
Among their shouts of victory resoundeth the wail of Heraclitus,
While Democrite, confident and cheerful, hath plucked up the standard
of their camp.

Not few nor light are the burdens of life; then load it not with heaviness of spirit;
Sicknesses, and penury, and travail,—there be real ills enow:
We are wandering benighted, with a waning moon; plunge not rashly
into jungles,
Where cold and poisonous damps will quench the torch of hope:
The tide is strong against us; good oarsmen, pull or perish,—
If your arms be slack for fear, ye shall not stem the torrent.
A wise traveller goeth on cheerily, through fair weather or foul;

He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carrieth his sunshine with him.

Calamities come not as a curse,—nor prosperity for other than a trial; Struggle,—thou art better for the strife, and the very energy shall hearten thee.

Good is taught in a Spartan school,—hard lessons and a rough discipline, But evil cometh idly of itself, in the luxury of Capuan holidays; And wisdom will go bravely forth to meet the chastening scourge, Enduring with a thankful heart that punishment of Love.

There be three chief rivers of despondency; sin, sorrow, fear; Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a noisy rapid: But even to the darkest holes in guilt's profoundest river Hope can pierce with quickening ray, and all those depths are lightened. So long as there is mercy in a God, hope is the privilege of creatures, And so soon as there is penitence in creatures, that hope is exalted into duty.

Verily, consider this for courage; that the fearful and the unbelieving Are classed with idolators and liars, because they trusted not in God: ' For it is no other than selfish sin, a hard and proud ingratitude, Where seeming repentance is herald of despair, instead of hope's fore-runner.

Moreover, in thy day of grief,—for friends, or fame, or fortune, Well I wot the heart shall ache, and mind be numbed in torpor: Let nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her sorrow must run off; And sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid floodings. Yet see that her license hath a limit; with the novelty her agony is over; Hasten in that earliest calm, to tie her in the leash with Reason. For regrets are an enervating folly, and the season for energy is come, Yea rather, that the future may repair with diligence the ruins of the past.

Again, for empty fears, the harassings of possible calamity; Pray, and thou shalt prosper; trust in God, and tread them down. Yield to the phantasy,—thou sinnest, resist it, He will aid thee: Out of Him there is no help, nor any sober courage. Feeble is the comfort of the faithless, a man without a God; Who dare counsel such an one to fling away his fears? Fear is the heritage of him, a portion wise and merciful,

To drive the trembler into safety, if haply he may turn and flee :
 Nevertheless, let him reckon an he will, that all he counteth casual
 May as well be for him as against him ; dice have many sides :
 And, even as in ailments of the body, diseases follow closely upon dreads,
 So, with infirmities of mind, is fear the pallid harbinger of failure.
 It were wise to walk undaunted even in an accidental chaos,
 For the brave man is at peace, and free to get the mastery of circumstance.

The stoutest armour of defence is that which is worn within the bosom,
 And the weapon that no enemy can parry, is a bold and cheerful spirit ;
 Catapults in old war worked like Titans, crushing foes with rocks ;
 So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every load on its assailants.

Æ went heavily for cares, and fell into the trance of sorrow ;
 And behold, a vision in my trance, and my ministering angel brought it.
 There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful Rock of Ages ;
 The sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep ravines at foot.
 And, as I looked, a dense black cloud, suddenly dropping from the
 thunder,

Filled, like a cataract with yeasty foam, a narrow smiling valley :
 Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the ground,
 And lamentable sounds came up, as of some that were smothering beneath.

Then, as I walked upon the mountain, clear in summer's noon,
 For charity I called aloud, Ho ! climb up hither to the sunshine.
 And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the mist ;
 I saw below two families of men, and knew their names of old :
 Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart and gladsome,
 Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of hope had made ;
 And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet-eyed helpmate with him,
 I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerfulness ;
 And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little prattler,
 The child of Cheerfulness and Courage,—could his name be other than
 Success ?

So, from his happy wife, when they both stood beside me on the mountain,
 The fond father took that babe, and set him on his shoulder in the sunshine.

Again I peered into the valley, for I heard a gasping moan,
 A desolate weak cry, as muffled in the vapours.

So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine
I sped for charity to seek and save,—and those I sought fled from me.
At length, I spied, far distant, a trembling withered dwarf
Who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral mourner :
Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them on in darkness,
Guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled cries,
Until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had perished,—
And lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epitaph of Failure.

So I saw that despondency was death, and flung my burdens from me,
And, lightened by that effort, I was raised above the world ;
Yea, in the strangeness of my vision, I seemed to soar on wings,
And the names they called my wings were Cheerfulness and Wisdom.

Of Yesterday.

Speak, poor almsman of to-day, whom none can assure of a to-morrow,
Tell out, with honest heart, the price thou settest upon yesterday.
Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of idleness,
Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for ever?
Is it as a furrow on the sand, fashioned by the toying waves,
Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the returning tide?
Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's hovel,
That melted into limpid air, before it topped the larches?
Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men soon forget?
Is it as the stranger of a night,—gone, we heed not whither?
Alas! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as these,
Alas! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of Yesterday.

For, behold,—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's rock-built shrine*
Behold—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth in vain,—
That stout old forest fir,—these waking verities of life,
This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but a son,—
Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a rainbow on the cloud,
Weighed against that solid fact, thine ill-remembered Yesterday.

Come, let me show thee an ensample, where Nature shall instruct us:
Luxuriantly the arguments for truth spring native in her gardens.
Seek we yonder woodman of the plain; he is measuring his axe to
the elm,

And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry air:
Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tightened rope,
Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the ground elastic;
The huge tree boweth like Sisera, boweth to its foes with faintness,—

Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling anguish of Goliath,
 The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart,—and lo, with
 solemn slowness,
 The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—toppled with a crash,
 —and is fallen!

Now, shall the mangled stump teach proud man a lesson;
 Now, can we from that elm-tree's sap distil the wine of Truth.
 Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,
 Eddying in various waves to the red-bark's shore-like rim?
 These be the gathering of yesterdays, present all to-day,
 This is the tree's judgment, self-history that cannot be gainsaid:
 Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh ring is nar-
 rowed;
 The fifth from hence was half a deluge,—the fifth is cellular and broad.
 Thus, Man, thou art a result, the growth of many yesterdays,
 That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe:
 Thou art an almanac of self, the living record of thy deeds;
 Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their season.
 Here is a knot,—it was a crime; there is a canker,—selfishness:
 Lo, here, the heart-wood rotten; lo, there, perchance, the sap-wood
 sound.
 Nature teacheth not in vain; thy works are in thee, of thee;
 Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors:
 And what if thou be walking now uprightly? Salve not thy wounds
 with poison,
 As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday:
 It is well, thou hast life and light; and the Hower showeth mercy,
 Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for thy tardy fruits;
 But, even here as thou standest, cheerful belike and careless,
 The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of thy wrong is in
 thee:
 For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yesterdays of sin,
 That, haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many morrows.

Shall then a man reckon nothing, but hurl mad defiance at his Judge,
 Knowing that less than an omnipotent cannot make the has been, not
 been?
 He ought,—so Satan spake; he must,—so Atheism urgeth;
 He may,—it was the libertine's thought; he doth,—the bad world said it.

But thou of humbler heart, thou student wiser for simplicity,
 While Nature warneth thee betimes, heed the loving counsel of Religion.
 True, this change is good, and penitence most precious ;
 But trust not thou thy change, nor rest upon repentance ;
 For all we are corrupted at the core, smooth as surface seemeth ;
 What health can bloom in a beautiful skin, when rottenness hath fed
 upon the bones ?

And guilt is parcel of us all ; not thou, sweet nursling of affection,
 Art spotless, though so passing fair,—nor thou, mild patriarch of virtue.

Behold then the better Tree of Life, free unto us all for grafting,
 Cut thee from the hollow root of self, to be budded on a richer Vine.
 Be desperate, O man, as of evil, so of good ; tear that tunic from thee ;
 The past can never be retrieved, be the present what it may.
 Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and vigil :
 The fencer's cautious skill to-day, can this erase his scars ?
 It is Man's to famish as a faquir, it is Man's to die a devotee,
 Light is the torture and the toil, balanced with the wages of Eternity :
 But it is God's to yearn in love, on the humblest, the poorest, and the
 worst,

For he giveth freely, as a king, asking only thanks for mercy.
 Look upon this noble-hearted Substitute ; seeing thy woes, he pitied thee,
 Bowed beneath the mountain of thy sin, and perished,—but for Godhead ;
 There stood the Atlas in his power, and Prometheus in his love is there,
 Emptying on wretched men the blessings earned from heaven :
 Put them not away, hide them in thy heart, poor and penitent receiver,
 Be gratitude thy counsellor to good, and wholesome fear unto obedience ;
 Remember, the pruning knife is keen, cutting cankers even from the vine ;
 Remember, twelve were chosen, and one among them liveth—in perdition.

Ææ,—for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the prairie,
 Hunted by those trooping wolves, the many sinful yesterdays :
 And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the pebble in his
 flight,

The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing ghosts.*
 O man, there is a storm behind should drive thy bark to haven ;
 The foe, the foe is on thy track, patient, certain, and avenging ;
 Day by day, solemnly, and silently, followeth the fearful past,—
 His step is lame, but sure ; for he catcheth the present in eternity :
 And how to escape that foe, the present-past in future ?

How to avert that fate, living consequence of causes unexistent?—
Boldly we must overleap his birth, and date above his memories,
Grafted on the living Tree, that was before a yesterday:

No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation
Can hide the child of time from still condemning yesterday.

There, is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of thine Avenger,
Close at hand, with the wicket on the latch; haste for thy life, poor
hunted one!

The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net and dagger;
Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the poignard of to-day;
Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt; fly, thy shield is shivered;
Leap the barriers, and baffle him: the arena of the past is his.
The bounds of Guilt are the cycles of Time: thou must be safe within
Eternity;

The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from Yesterday.

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Of To-day.

Now, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time,
Now, is the watchword of the wise, Now, is on the banner of the prudent.
Cherish thy to-day and prize it well, or ever it be gulphed into the past,
Husband it, for who can promise, if it shall have a morrow?
Behold, thou art,—it is enough; that present care be thine;
Leave thou the past to thy Redeemer, entrust the future to thy Friend;
But for to-day, child of man, tend thou charily the minutes,
The harvest of thy yesterday, the seed-corn of thy morrow.

Last night died its day; and the deeds thereof were judged:
Thou didst lay thee down as in a shroud, in darkness and deathlike
slumber:

But at the trumpet of this morn, waking the world to resurrection,
Thou didst arise, like others, to live a new day's life:
Fear, lest folly give thee cause to mourn its passing presence,
Fear, that to-morrow's sigh be not, would God it had not dawned!

For, To-day the lists are set, and thou must bear thee bravely,
Tilting for honour, duty, life, or death without reproach:
To-day, is the trial of thy fortitude, O dauntless Mandan chief;
To-day, is thy watch, O sentinel; to-day thy reprieve, O captive;
What more? to-day is the golden chance wherewith to snatch fruition,—
Be glad, grateful, temperate: there are asps among the figs.
For the potter's clay is in thy hands,—to mould it or to mar it at thy will,
Or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump, to harden.

O bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel,
I will not let thee go, except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day:
O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day:
O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;

I find none other place nor time, than where I am To-day,
 O living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge;
 I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day:
 O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna;
 I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day!

Behold, thou art pilot of the ship, and owner of that freighted galleon,
 Competent, with all thy weakness, to steer into safety or be lost:
 Compass and chart are in thy hand: roadstead and rocks thou knowest;
 Thou art warned of reefs and shallows; thou beholdest the harbour and
 its lights.

What? shall thy wantonness or sloth drive the gallant vessel on the
 breakers?

What? shall the helmsman's hand ware upon the black lee shore?

Vain is that excuse; thou canst escape: thy mind is responsible for
 wrong:

Vain that murmur; thou may'st live: thy soul is debtor for the right.

To-day, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time,

Stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole-star, and be safe;

To-day, passing near the sunken rocks, the quicksands and whirlpools
 of probation,

Leave awhile the rudder to swing round, give the wind its heading, and
 be wrecked.

The crisis of man's destiny is Now, a still recurring danger;

Who can tell the trials and temptations coming with the coming hour?

Thou standest a target-like Sebastian, and the arrows whistle near thee;

Who knoweth when he may be hit? for great is the company of archers.

Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute hath its
 mission;

For spirits, good and bad, cluster on the thickly-peopled air:

Sin may blast thee, grace may bless thee, good or ill this hour:

Chance, and change, and doubt, and fear, are parasites of all.

A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,

That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him:

No going back; the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present per-
 isheth;

But ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.

Our cares are all To-day; our joys are all To-day;

And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day?

Of To-morrow.

There is a floating island, forward, on the stream of time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the rapids;
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as she goeth,
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurements lurketh in her
cheeks;

Many lovers, vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning finger,
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of death.
To-morrow is that island, a vain and foolish heritage,
And, laughing with seductive lips, Delusion hideth there,
Often, the precious present is wasted in visions of the future,
And coy To-morrow cometh not with prophecies fulfilled.

There is a fairy skiff, plying on the sea of life,
And charitably toiling still to save the shipwrecked crews;
Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,
Piloting through surf and strait, the fragile barks of men:
How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth,
How nobly leading onward yet, defying even death!
To-morrow is that skiff, a wise and welcome rescue,
And, full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is Hope.
Often, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.

To-morrow, whispereth weakness; and To-morrow findeth him the
weaker;

To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no to-day for a fulfil-
ment.

O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the
dotard,

Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend,
 Fraud's loophole,—caution's hint,—and trap to catch the honest,—
 Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,
 Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,
 How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow.
 The hive of memory increaseth, to every day its cell;
 There is the labour stored, the honey or corruption;
 Each morn the bees fly forth, to fill the growing comb,
 And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers:
 To-morrow is their care; they toil for rest to-morrow;
 But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease to-day.

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth;
 To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance;
 To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners;
 To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
 Reconcile convictions with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie;
 Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth;
 I must, for I fear To-morrow; this is the Cassava's food;⁹
 Why should I? let me trust To-morrow,—this is the Cassava's poison

To, it is the even of To-day,—a day so lately a To-morrow;
 Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yester-night?
 O faint fond heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow,
 And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope?
 Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not
 stop it;
 But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its strength To-day:
 For its race may speedily be run, and this poor hut, thyself,
 Be whelmed in death and suffocating guilt, that dreary Alpine snow-
 wreath.

Pensioner of life, be wise, and heed a brother's counsel,
 I also am a beadsman, with scrip and staff as thou:
 Wouldest thou be bold against the past, and all its evil memories,
 Wouldest thou be safe amid the present, its dangers and temptations,
 Wouldest thou be hopeful of the future, vague though it be and end-
 less?
 Hasten thee, repent, believe, obey! thou standest in the courage of a
 legion.

Commend the Past to God, with all its irrevocable harm,
Humbly, but in cheerful trust, and banish vain regrets ;
Come to him, continually come, casting all the Present at his feet,
Boldly, but in prayerful love, and fling off selfish cares ;
Commit the Future to his will, the viewless fated Future ;
Zealously go forward with integrity, and God will bless thy faith.
For that, feeble as thou art, there is with thee a mighty Conqueror,
Thy friend, the same for ever, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow ;
That friend, changeless as eternity, himself shall make thee friends
Of those thy foes transformed, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

Of Authorship.

Great is the dignity of authorship : I magnify mine office ;
Albeit in much feebleness I hold it thus unworthily.
For it is to be one of a noble band, the welfare of the world,
Whose haunt is on the lips of men, whose dwelling in their hearts,
Who are precious in the retrospect of Memory, and walk among the
visions of Hope,
Who commune with the good for everlasting, and call the wisest, brother,
Whose voice hath burst the Silence, and whose light is flung upon the
Darkness,
—Flashing jewels on a robe of black, and harmony bounding out of
chaos,—
Who gladden empires with their wisdom, and bless to the farthest generation,
Doers of illimitable good, gainers of inestimable glory!—
We speak but of the Magnates, we heed none humbler than the highest,
We take no count of sorry scribes, nor waste one thought upon the
groundlings ;
Our eyes are lifted from the multitude, groping in the dark with candles,
To gaze upon that firmament of praise, the constellated lamps of learning,
Everduring witnesses of Mind, undisputed evidence of Power,
Goodly volumes, living stones, build up their author's temple ;
Though of low estate, his rank is above princes,—though needy, he hath
worship of the rich,
When Genius unfurleth on the winds his banner as a mighty leader.
Just in purpose, and self-possessed in soul, lord of many talents,
The mental Croesus goeth forth, rejoicing in his wealth ;
Keen and clear perception gloweth on his forehead like a sunbeam,
He readeth men at a glance, and mists roll away before him ;
The wise have set him as their captain, the foolish are rebuked at his
presence,

The excellent bless him with their prayers, and the wicked praise him by their curses ;

His voice, mighty in operation, stirreth up the world as a trumpet,
And kings account it honour to be numbered of his friends.

Rare is the worthiness of authorship : I justify mine office ;

Albeit fancies weak as mine credit not the calling.

For it addeth immortality to dying facts, that are ready to vanish away,

Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour ;

Shedding upon stocks and stones the tender light of interest,

And illumining dark places of the earth, with radiance of classic lustre.

It hath power to make past things present, and availeth for the present
in the future,

Delivering thoughts, and words, and deeds, from the outer darkness of oblivion.

Where are the sages and the heroes, giants of old time ?—

Where are the mighty kings, that reigned before Agamemnon ?—¹⁰

Alas, they lie unwept, unhonoured, hidden in the midnight :

Alas, for they died unchronicled : their memorial perished with them.

Where are the nobles of Nineveh, and mitred rulers of Babylon ?

Where are the lords of Edom, and the royal pontiffs of Thebais ?

The golden Satrap, and the Tetrarch,—the Hun, and the Druid, and the
Celt ?

The merchant princes of Phœnicia, and the minds that fashioned Elephanta ?

Alas, for the poet hath forgotten them ; and lo ! they are outcasts of
Memory ;

Alas, that they are withered leaves, sapless and fallen from the chaplet
of fame.

Speak, Etruria, whose bones be these, entombed with costly care,—

Tell out, Herculaneum, the titles that have sounded in those thy palaces,—

Lycian Xanthus, thy citadels are mute, and the honour of their architects
hath died ;

Copan and Palenque, dreamy ruins in the West, the forest hath swallowed
up your sculptures ;¹¹

Syracuse,—how silent of the past !—Carthage, thou art blotted from re-
membrance !¹²

Egypt, wondrous shores, ye are buried in the sand-hills of forgetfulness !

Alas,—for in your glorious youth, Time himself was young,

And none durst wrestle with that Angel, iron-sinewed bride-groom of
Space ;

So he flew by, strong upon the wing, nor dropped one failing feather,
 Wherewith some hoary scribe might register your honour and renown
 Beyond the broad Atlantic, in the regions of the setting sun,
 Ask of the plume-crowned Incas, that ruled in old Peru,—
 Ask of grand Caziques, and priests of the pyramids in Mexico,—
 Ask of a thousand painted tribes, high nobility of Nature,
 Who, once, could roam their own Elysian plains, free, generous, and
 happy,
 Who, now, degraded and in exile, having sold their fatherland for nought,
 Sink and are extinguished in the western seas, even as the sun they
 follow,—
 Where is the record of their deeds, their prowess worthy of Achilles,
 Nestor's wisdom, the chivalry of Manlius, the native eloquence of Cicero,
 The skill of Xenophon, the spirit of Alcibiades, the firmness of a Macca-
 bæan mother,
 Brotherly love that Antigone might envy, the honour and the fortitude
 of Regulus?
 Alas! their glory and their praise have vanished like a summer cloud;
 Alas! that they are dead indeed; they are not written down in the Book
 of the living.

Whig is the privilege of Authorship: I purify mine office;
 Albeit earthly stains pollute it in my hands.
 For it is to the world a teacher and a guide, Mentor of that gay Tele-
 machus;
 Warning, comforting, and helping,—a lover and friend of Man.
 Heaven's almoner, Earth's health, patient minister of goodness,
 With kind and zealous pen, the wise religious blesseth:
 Nature's worshipper, and neophyte of grace, rich in tender sympathies,
 With kindled soul and flashing eye, the poet poureth out his heartfelt:
 Priest of truth, champion of innocence, warder of the gates of praise,
 Carefully with sifting search laboureth the pale historian:
 Error's enemy, and acolyte of science, firm in sober argument,
 The calm philosopher marshalleth his facts, noting on his page their
 principles.
 These pour mercies upon men; and others, little less in honour,
 By cheerful wit and graphic tale refreshing the harassed spirit.
 But, there be other some beside, buyers and sellers in the temple,
 Who shame their high vocation, greedy of inglorious gain;
 There be, who fabricating books, heed of them meanly as of merchandise;

And seek nor use, nor truth, nor fame, but sell their minds for lucre:
 O false brethren! ye wot indeed the labour, but are witless of the love;
 O lying prophets, chilled in soul, unquickened by the life of inspiration!—
 And there be, who, frivolous and vain, seek to make others foolish,
 Snaring Youth by loose sweet Song, and Age by selfish maxim;
 Cleverly heartless, and wittily profane, they swell the river of corruption:
 Brilliant satellites of sin,—my soul, be not found among their company.
 And there be, who, haters of religion, toil to prove it priestcraft,
 Owning none other aim nor hope, but to confound the good:
 Woe unto them! for their works shall live; yea, to their utter condemnation:
 Woe! for their own handwriting shall testify against them for ever.

Pure is the happiness of Authorship: I glorify mine office;
 Albeit lightly having sipped the cup of its lower pleasures.
 For it is to feel with a father's heart, when he yearneth on the child
 of his affections;
 To rejoice in a man's own miniature world, gladdened by its rare arrangement.
 The poem, is it not a fabric of mind? we love what we create:
 That choice and musical order,—how pleasant is the toil of composition!
 Yea, when the volume of the universe was blazoned out in beauty by its
 Author,
 God was glad, and blessed his work; for it was very good.
 And shall not the image of his Maker be happy in his own mind's doing,
 Looking on the structure he hath reared, gratefully, with sweet complacency?
 Shall not the Minerva of his brain, panoplied and perfect in proportions,¹³
 Gladden the soul and give light unto the eyes, of him the travelling
 parent?
 Go to the sculptor, and ask him of his dreams,—wherefore are his nights
 so moonlit?
 Angel faces, and beautiful shapes, fascinate the pale Pygmalion:
 Go to the painter, and trace his reveries,—wherefore are his days so
 sunny?
 Choice design and skilful colouring charm the fitting hours of Par-
 rhasius:
 Even so walking in his buoyancy, intoxicate with fairy fancies,
 The young enthusiast of authorship goeth on his way rejoicing:

Behold,—he is gallantly attended; legions of thrilling thoughts
 Throng about the standard of his mind, and call his Will their captain;
 Behold,—his court is as a monarch's; ideas, and grand imaginations
 Swell, with gorgeous cavalcade, the splendour of his Spiritual State;
 Behold,—he is delicately served; for oftentimes, in solitary calmness,
 Some mental fair Egeria smileth on her Numa's worship;
 Behold,—he is happy; there is gladness in his eye, and his heart is a
 sealed fountain,
 Bounding secretly with joys unseen, and keeping down its ecstasy of
 pleasure!

Æta: how dignified, and worthy, full of privilege and happiness,
 Standeth in majestic independence the self-ennobled Author!
 For God hath blessed him with a mind, and cherished it in tenderness
 and purity,
 Hath taught it in the whisperings of wisdom, and added all the riches
 of content:
 Therefore, leaning on his God, a pensioner for soul and body,
 His spirit is the subject of none other, calling no man Master.
 His hopes are mighty and eternal, scorning small ambitions:
 He hideth from the pettiness of praise, and pitieth the feebleness of envy.
 If he meet honours, well; it may be his humility to take them:
 If he be rebuked, better; his veriest enemy shall teach him.
 For the master-mind hath a birthright of eminence; his cradle is an
 eagle's eyrie:
 Need but to wait till his wings are grown, and Genius soareth to the sun:
 To creeping things upon the mountain leaveth he the gradual ascent,
 Resting his swiftmess on the summit only for a higher flight.
 Glad in clear good-conscience, lightly doth he look for commendation;
 What, if the prophet lacketh honour? for he can spare that praise:
 The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by pigmies;
 Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humouredly: blame him,—thou
 tiltest at a pyramid:
 Yet, just censure of the good never can he hear without contrition;
 Neither would he miss one wise man's praise, for scarce is that jewel
 and costly:
 Only for the herd of common minds, and the vulgar trumpeting of fame,
 If aught he heedeth in the matter, his honour is sought in their neglect.
 Slender is the marvel, and little is the glory, when round his luscious
 fruits

The worm and the wasp and the multitude of flies are gathered as to
banquet;
Fashion's freak, and the critical sting, and the flood of flatteries he
scorneth;
Cheerfully asking of the crowd the favour to forget him:
The while his blooming fruits ripen in richer fragrance,
A feast for the few,—and the many yet unborn,—who still shall love
their savour.

So then, humbly with his God, and proudly independent of his fellows,
Walketh, in pleasures multitudinous, the man ennobled by his pen:
He hath built up, glorious architect, a monument more durable than
brass;
His children's children shall talk of him in love, and teach their sons his
honour:
His dignity hath set him among princes, the universe is debtor to his
worth,
His privilege is blessing for ever, his happiness shineth now,
For he standeth of that grand Election, each man one among a thousand,
Whose sound is gone out into all lands, and their words to the end of the
world!

Of Mystery.

All things being are in mystery; we expound mysteries by mysteries;
And yet the secret of them all is one in simple grandeur:
All intricate, yet each path plain, to those who know the way;
All unapproachable, yet easy of access, to them that hold the key:
We walk among labyrinths of wonder, but thread the mazes with a clue;
We sail in chartless seas, but behold! the pole-star is above us.
For, counting down from God's good will, thou meltest every riddle into
Him,
The axiom of reason is an undiscovered God, and all things live in his
ubiquity:
There is only one great secret; but that one hideth everywhere;
How should the infinite be understood in Time, when it stretcheth on
ungrasped forever?
Can a halting *Œdipus*¹⁴ of earth guess that enigma of the universe?
Not one: the sword of faith must cut the Gordian knot of nature.

God, pervading all, is in all things the mystery of each;
The wherefore of its character and essence, the fountain of its virtues
and its beauties.
The child asketh of its mother,—Wherefore is the violet so sweet?
The mother answereth her babe,—Darling, God hath willed it.
And sages, diving into science, have but a profundity of words,
They track for some few links the circling chain of consequence,
And then, after doubts and disputations, are left where they began,
At the bald conclusion of a clown, things are because they are.
Wherefore are the meadows green, is it not to gratify the eye?
But why should greenness charm the eye? such is God's good will.
Wherefore is the ear attuned to a pleasure in musical sounds,
And who set a number to those sounds, and fixed the laws of harmony?
Who taught the bird to build its nest, or lent the shrub its life,

Or poised in the balances of order the power to attract and to repel?
 Who continueth the worlds, and the sea, and the heart, in motion?
 Who commanded gravitation to tie down all upon its sphere?—
 For even as a limestone cliff is an aggregate of countless shells,
 One riddle concrete of many, a mystery compact of mysteries,
 So God, cloudcapped in immensity, standeth the cohesion of all things,
 And secrets, sublimely indistinct, permeate that Universe, Himself:
 As is the whole, so are the parts, whether they be mighty or minute,
 The sun is not more unexplained than the tissue of an emmet's wing.

Thus then, omnipresent Deity worketh his unbiassed mind,
 A mind, one in moral, but infinitely multiplied in means:
 And the uniform prudence of his will cometh to be counted law,
 Till mutable man fancieth volition stirring in the potter's clay:
 God, a wise father, showeth not his reasons to his babes;
 But willeth in secrecy and goodness; for causes generate dispute:
 Then we, his darkling children, watch that invariable purpose,
 And invest the passive creature with its Maker's energy and skill.
 Therefore, they of old time stopped short of God in idols,
 Therefore, in these latter days, we heed not the Jehovah in his works.
 Mystery is God's great name; He is the mystery of goodness:
 Some other, from the hierarchs of heaven, usurped the mystery of sin.
 God is the King, yea even of himself; he crowned himself with holiness;
 The burning circlet of iniquity another found and wore.
 God is separate, even from his attributes; but he willed eternally the good;
 Therefore freely, though unchangeably, is wise, righteous, and loving:
 But ambition, open unto angels, saw the evil flung aside from the beginning,
 It was Lucifer that saw, and nothing loathed those black unclaimed regalia,
 So he coveted and stole, to be counted for a king, antagonist of God,
 But when he touched the leprous robes, behold, a cheated traitor.

For self-existence, charactered with love, with power, wisdom, and ubiquity,
 Could not dwell alone, but willed and worked creation.
 Thus, in continual exhalation, darkening the void with matter,
 Sprang from prolific Deity the creatures of his skill;
 And beings, living on his breath, were needfully less perfect than himself,
 Therefore less capable of bliss, whereat His benevolence was bounded;

So to make the capability expand, intensely progressive to eternity.
 He suffered darkness to illustrate the light, and pain to heighten pleasure:
 To heap up happiness on souls he loved, allowed he sin and sorrow,
 And then to guilt and grief and shame, he brought unbidden amnesty:
 Sinless, none had been redeemed, nor wrapt again in God:
 Sorrowless, no conflict had been known, and heaven had been mulcted of
 its comfort:

Yea, with evil unexhibited, probationary toils unfelt,
 Men had not appreciated good, nor angels valued their security.
 Herein, to reason's eye, is revealed the mystery of goodness
 Blessing through permitted woe, and teaching by the mystery of sin.

Ⓢ Christian, whose chastened curiosity loveth things mysterious,
 Accounting them shadows and eclipses of Him the one great light,
 Look now, satisfied with faith, on minds that judge by sense,
 And, dull from contemplating matter, take small heed of spirit.
 Toiling feebly upward, their argument tracketh from below,
 They catch the latest consequent, and prove the nearest cause:
 What is this? that a seed produced a seed, and so for a thousand seasons;
 Ascend a thousand steps, thy ladder leaveth thee in air:
 Thou canst not climb to God, and short of Him is nothing;
 There is no cause for aught we see, but in his present will.
 Begin from the Maker, thou carriest down his attributes to reptiles,
 The sharded beetle and the lizard live and move in Him:
 Begin from the creature, corruption and infirmity mar thy foolish toil,
 Heap Ossa on Olympus,¹²—how much art thou nearer to the stars?
 It is easy running from a mountain's top down to the valleys at its foot,
 But difficult and steep the laborious ascent, and feebly shalt thou
 reach it:

Yet man, beginning from himself, that first deluding mystery,
 Hopeth from the pit of lies to struggle up to truth;
 So, taxing knowledge to its strength, he pusheth one step further,
 And fancieth complacently that much is done by reaching a remote
 effect:

Then he maketh answer to himself, as a silly nurse to her little one,
 Evading, in a mist of words, hard things he cannot solve;
 Till, like an ostrich in the desert, he burieth his head in atoms,
 Thinking that, if he is blind, no sun can shine in heaven.

Therefore, cometh it to pass, that an atheist is ever the most credulous,

Snatching at any foolish cause, that may dispel his doubts ;
 And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle to men and angels,
 The captious and cautious unbeliever is of all men weakest to believe :
 Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is a plaything of the billows ;
 The compass of his principle is broken, the rudder of his faith unshipped :
 Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism, govern all for him ;
 Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities, and the multitude of accidents
 hath bred design !

Where is the imposture so gross, that shall not entrap his curiosity ?
 What superstition is so abject, that it doth not blanch his cheek ?
 Whereof can he be sure, with whom Chaos is substitute for Order ?
 How should his silly structure stand, a pyramid built upon its apex ?—
 Yea, I have seen grey-headed men, the bastard slips of science,
 Go for light to glow-worms, while they scorn the sun at noon ;
 Men, who fear no God, trembling at a gipsy's curse,
 Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a madman's prophecy !

There is a pleasing dread in the fashion of all mysteries,
 For hope is mixed therein and fear ; who shall divine their issues ?
 Even the orphan, wandering by night, lost on dreary moors,
 Is sensible of some vague bliss amidst his shapeless terrors ;
 The buoyancy of instant expectation, spurring on the mind to venture,
 Overbeareth, in its energy, the cramp and the chill of apprehension.
 There is a solitary pride, when the heart, in new importance,
 Writeth gladly on its archives, the secrets none other men have seen :
 And there is a caged terror, evermore wrestling with the mind,
 When crime hath whispered his confession, and the secrets are written
 there in blood .

The village maiden is elated at a tenderly confided tale :
 The bandit's wife with sickening fear guessed the premeditated murder :
 The sage, with triumph on his brow, hideth up his deep discovery ;
 The idlest clown shall delve all day, to find a hidden treasure.

For mystery is man's life ; we wake to the whisperings of novelty :
 And what, though we lie down disappointed ? we sleep, to wake in hope.
 The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes, matters that may
 happen,
 Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of mystery.
 For we walk blindfold,—and a minute may be much,—a step may reach
 the precipice ;

What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this day produce?
 Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and ravines,
 How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty and sublimity!
 And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and fears,
 How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive foreknowledge.
 Praise God, creature of earth, for the mercies linked with secresy,
 That spices of uncertainty enrich the cup of life:
 Praise God, his hosts on high, for the mysteries that make all joy;
 What were intelligence, with nothing more to learn, or heaven, in eternity of sameness?

To number every mystery were to sum the sum of all things:
 None can exhaust a theme, whereof God is example and similitude.
 Nevertheless, take a garland from the garden, a handful from the harvest,
 Some scattered drops of spray from the ceaseless mighty cataract.
 Whence are we,—whither do we tend,—how do we feel, and reason?
 How strange a thing is man, a spirit saturating clay!
 When doth soul make embryos immortal,—how do they rank hereafter,—
 And will the unconscious idiot be quenched in death as nothing!
 In essence immaterial, are these minds, as it were, thinking machines?
 For, to understand may but rightly be to use a mechanism all possess,
 So that in reading or hearing of another, a man shall seem unto himself
 To be recollecting images or arguments, native and congenial to his mind:
 And yet, what shall we say,—who can arede the riddle?
 The brain may be clockwork, and mind its spring, mechanism quickened
 by a spirit.

Who so shrewd as rightly to divide life, instinct, reason;
 Trees, zoophytes, creatures of the plain, and savage men among them?
 Hath the mimosa instinct,—or the scallop more than life,—
 Or the dog less than reason,—or the brute-man more than instinct?
 What is the cause of health,—and the gendering of disease?
 Why should arsenic kill,—and whence is the potency of antidotes?
 Behold, a morsel,—eat and die: the term of thy probation is expired:
 Behold, a potion,—drink and be alive; the limit of thy trial is enlarged.
 Who can expound beauty? or explain the character of nations?
 Who will furnish a cause for the epidemic force of fashion?
 Is there a moral magnetism living in the light of example?
 Is practice electricity?—Yet all these are but names.
 Doth normal Art imprison, in its works, spirit translated into substance,

So that the statue, the picture, or the poem, are crystals of the mind?
And doth Philosophy with sublimating skill shred away the matter,
Till rarefied intelligence exudeth even out of stocks and stones?

Ⓞ mysteries, ye all are one, the mind of an inexplicable Architect
Dwelleth alike in each, quickening and moving in them all.
Fields, and forests, and cities of men, their woes and wealth and works,
And customs, and contrivances of life, with all we see and know,
For a little way, a little while, ye hang dependent on each other,
But all are held in one right-hand, and by His will ye are.
Here is answer unto mystery, an unintelligible God,
This is the end and the beginning, it is reason that He be not understood.
Therefore it were probable and just, even to a man's weak thinking,
To have one for God who always may be learnt, yet never fully known:
That He, from whom all mysteries spring, in whom they all converge,
Throned in his sublimity beyond the grovellings of lower intellect,
Should claim to be truer than man's truest, the boasted certainty of
numbers,
Should baffle his arithmetic, confound his demonstrations, and paralyse
the might of his necessity,
Standing supreme as the mystery of mysteries, everywhere, yet imper-
sonate,
Essential one in three, essential three in one!

Of Gifts.

I had a seeming friend ;—I gave him gifts, and he was gone :
I had an open enemy ;—I gave him gifts, and won him :
Common friendship standeth on equalities, and cannot bear a debt ;
But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's love :
Go to, then, thou that sayest,—I will give and rivet the links :
For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver from him.
The covetous spirit may rejoice, revelling in thy largess,
But chilling selfishness will mutter,—I must give again :
The vain heart may be glad, in this new proof of man's esteem,
But the same idolatry of self abhorreth thoughts of thanking.

Nevertheless, give ; for it shall be a discriminating test
Separating honesty from falsehood, weeding insincerity from friendship
Give, it is like God ; thou weariest the bad with benefits :
Give, it is like God ; thou gladdenest the good by gratitude.
Give to thy near of kin, for providence hath stationed thee his helper :
Yet see that he claim not as his right, thy freewill offering of duty.
Give to the young, they love it ; neither hath the poison of suspicion
Spoilt the flavour of their thanks, to look for latent motives.
Give to merit, largely give ; his conscious heart will bless thee :
It is not flattery, but love,—the sympathy of men his brethren
Give, for encouragement in good ; the weak desponding mind
Hath many foci, and much to do, and leaneth on its friends.
Yet heed thou wisely these ; give seldom to thy better ;
For such obtrusive boon shall savour of presumption ;
Or, if his courteous bearing greet thy proffered kindness,
Shall not thine independent honesty be vexed at the semblance of a bribe ?
Moreover, heed thou this ; give to thine equal charily,
The occasion fair and fitting, the gift well chosen and desired :
Hath he been prosperous and blest ? a flower may show thy gladness ;

Is he in need? with liberal love, tender him the well-filled purse:
 Disease shall welcome friendly care in grapes and precious unguents;
 And where a darling child hath died, give praise, and hope, and sympathy,
 Yet once more, heed thou this; give to the poor discreetly,
 Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm:
 To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit occasion;
 Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the casual lottery of gifts.
 The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liberality would palsy;
 Work and wages make a light heart; but the mendicant asked with a
 heavy spirit.

A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more than money,
 And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh man less happy.

There are who sow liberalities, to reap the like again;
 But men accept his boon, scorning the shallow usurer:
 I have known many such a fisherman lose his golden baits;
 And oftentimes the tame decoy escapeth with the flock.
 Yea, there are who give unto the poor, to gain large interest of God,—
 Fool,—to think His wealth is money, and not mind:
 And haply after thine alms, thy calculated givings,
 The hurricane shall blast thy crops, and sink the homeward ship;
 Then shall thy worldly soul murmur that the balances were false,
 Thy trader's mind shall think of God,—He stood not to his bargain?

Give, saith the preacher, be large in liberality, yield to the holy impulse,
 Tarry not for cold consideration, but cheerfully and freely scatter.
 So, for complacency of conscience, in a gush of counterfeited charity,
 He that hath not wherewith to be just, selfishly presumeth to be generous:
 The debtor, and the rich by wrong, are known among the band of the
 benevolent;

And men extol the noble hearts, who rob that they may give.
 Receivers are but little prone to challenge rights of giving,
 Nor stop to test, for conscience-sake, the righteousness of mammon:
 And a zealot in a cause is a receiver, at the hand which bettereth his
 cause;

And thus an unsuspected bribe shall blind the good man's judgment:
 It is easy to excuse greatness, and the rich are readily forgiven:
 What, if his gains were evil, sanctified by using them aright?
 O shallow flatterer, self-interest is thy thought,
 Hopeless of partaking in the like, thou too wouldest scorn the giver.

Money hath its value; and the scatterer thereof his thanks:
 Few men, drinking at a rivulet, stop to consider its source.
 The hand that closeth on an alm, be it for necessities or zeal,
 Hath small scruple whence it came: Vespasian rejoiceth in his tribute."
 Therefore have colleges and hospitals risen upon orphans' wrongs,
 Chapels and cathedrals have thriven on the welcome wages of iniquity,
 And fraud, in evil compensation, hath salved his guilty conscience,
 Not by restoring to the cheated, but by ostentatious giving to the
 grateful.

So, those who reap rejoice; and reaping, bless the sower:
 No one is eager to discover, where discovery tendeth unto loss:
 Yet, if knowledge of a theft make gainers thereby guilty,
 Can he be altogether innocent, who never asked the honesty of gain?
 Therefore, O preacher, zealous for charity, temper thy warm appeal,—
 Warning the debtor and unjustly rich, they may not dare to give:
 To do good is a privilege and guerdon: how shouldest thou rejoice
 If ill-got gifts of presumptuous fraud be offered on the altar?
 The question is not of degrees; unhallowed alms are evil;
 Discourage and reject alike the obolus, or talent of iniquity.

Yet more, be careful that, unworthily, thou gain not an advantage over
 weakness,
 Unstable souls, fervent and profuse, fluttered by the feeling of the mo-
 ment;
 For eloquence swayeth to its will the feeble and the conscious of defect:
 Rashly give they, and afterward are sad,—a gift that doubly erred.
 It was the worldliness of priestcraft that accounted alms-giving for
 charity;
 And many a father's penitence hath steeped his son in penury;
 Yet, considered he lightly the guilt of a deathbed selfishness
 That strove to take with him, for gain, the gold no longer his;
 So he died in a false peace, and dying robbed his kindred;
 The cunning friar at his side having cheated both the living and the dead.

Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near,
 But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly, on the violets around her:
 She gladdeneth indeed the maplike scene, stretching to the verge of the
 horizon,
 For her angel face is lustrous and beloved, even as the moon in heaven,

But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener concentration
The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home,—that hill-top where
she sitteth :

Therefore is she kind unto her kin, yearning in affection on her neigh-
bours,

Giving gifts to those around, who know and love her well.

But the counterfeit of charity, an hypocrite of earth, not a grace of
heaven,

Seeketh not to bless at home, for her nearer aspect is ill-favoured :

Therefore hideth she for shame, counting that pride humility,

And none of those around her hearth are gladdened by her gifts :

Rather, with an overreaching zeal, flingeth she her bounty to the stranger,
And scattered prodigalities abroad compensate for meanness in her
home :

For benefits showered on the distant shine in unmixed beauty,

So that even she may reap their undiscerning praise :

Therefore native want hath pined, where foreign need was fattened ;

Woman been crushed by the tyrannous hand that upheld the flag of lib-
erality ;

Poverty been prisoned up and starved, by hearts that are maudlin upon
crime ;

And freeborn babes been manacled by men, who liberate the sturdy slave

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,

And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts.

The lover, unsmiled upon before, is welcome for his jewelled bauble ;

The righteous cause without a fee, must yield to bounteous guilt :

How fair is a man in thine esteem, whose just discrimination seeketh thee,

And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts !

Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive clear and unsuspici-
cious,

As given unto one who cannot help, or proving honest thanks,

There liveth not one among a million, who is proof against the charm of
liberality,

And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with the wisest.

Man is of three natures, craving all for charity :

It is not enough to give him meats, withholding other comfort ;

For the mind starveth, and the soul is scorned, and so the human animal

Eateth his unsatisfying pittance, a thankless, heartless pauper:
Yet would he bless thee and be grateful, didst thou feed his spirit,
And teach him that thine almsgivings are charities, are loves:
—I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied him;
Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt happier:
Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and gaiety;
They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the gallants flung him
gold;
He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their givings with a curse,
And went—to share it with his brother, the beggar who had pitied him!

Of Beauty.

Thou mightier than Manoah's son,¹⁷ whence is thy great strength,
And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charming wisely?—
For thou art strong in weakness, and in artlessness well-skilled,
Constant in the multitudes of change, and simple amidst intricate complexity.

Folly's shallow lip can ask the deepest question,
And many wise in many words should answer, what is beauty?—
Who shall separate the hues that flicker on a dying dolphin,
Or analyse the jewelled lights that deck the peacock's train,
Or shrewdly mix upon a palette the tints of an iridescent spar,
Or set in rank the wandering shades about a watered silk?

For beauty is intangible, vague, ill to be defined;
She hath the coat of a chameleon, changing while we watch it.
Strangely woven is the web, disorderly yet harmonious,
A glistening robe of mingled mesh, that may not be unravelled.
It is shot with heaven's blue, the soul of summer skies,
And twisted strings of light, the mind of noonday suns,
And ruddy gleams of life, that roll along the veins,
A coat of many colours, running curiously together.
There is threefold beauty for man; twofold beauty for the animal;
And the beauty of inanimates is single: body, temper, spirit.
Multiplied in endless combination, issue the changeable results;
Each class verging on the other twain, with imperceptible gradation;
And every individual in each having his propriety of difference,
So that the meanest of creation bringeth in a tribute of the beautiful.
Yea, from the worst in favour shineth out a fitness of design,
The patent mark of beauty, its Maker's name imprest.
For the great Creator's seal is set to all his works;
Its quarterings are Attributes of praise, and all the shield is beauty:

So, that heraldic blazon is Creation's common signet;
 And the universal family of life goeth in the colours of its Lord:
 But each one, as a several son, shall bear those arms with a difference;
 Beauty, various in phase, and similar in seeming oppositions.
 The coins of old Rome were struck with a diversity for each,
 Barely two be found alike, in every Cæsar's image:
 So, note thou the seals, ranged around the charters of the Universe,
 The finger of God is the stamp upon them all, but each hath its separate
 variety.

Beauty, theme of innocence, how may guilt discourse thee?
 Let holy angels sing thy praise, for man hath marred thy visage.
 Still, the maimed torso of a Theseus¹⁸ can gladden taste with its propor-
 tions;
 Though sin hath shattered every limb, how comely are the fragments!
 And music leaveth on the ear a memory of sweet sounds;
 And broken arches charm the sight with hints of fair completeness.
 So, while humbled at the ruin, be thou grateful for the relics;
 Go forth, and look on all around with kind uncapitious eye:
 Freely let us wander through these unfrequented ways,
 And talk of glorious beauty, filling all the world.

For beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her,
 And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown.
 Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament with planets,
 She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth in the matins
 of the sun;
 The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her splendour blazeth
 in the lightning,
 She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams;
 Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent chamber,
 And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in time;
 With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the meadow,
 Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy Alps;
 She is rising, in her veil of mist, a Venus¹⁹ from the waters,—
 Men gaze upon the loveliness,—and lo, it is beautiful exceedingly;
 She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the clouds upon the
 mountain,—
 Men look upon the grandeur,—and lo, it is excellent in glory.
 For I judge that beauty and sublimity be but the lesser and the great,

Sublime, as magnified to giants, and beautiful, diminished into fairies.
 It were a false fancy to solve all beauty by desire,
 It were a lowering thought to expound sublimity by dread.
 Cowardly men with trembling hearts have feared the furious storm,
 Nor felt its thrilling beauty; but is it then not beautiful?
 And careless men, at summer's eve, have loved the dimpled waves;
 O that smile upon the seas,—hath it no sublimity?
 Dost thou nothing know of this,—to be awed at woman's beauty?
 Nor, with exhilarated heart, to hail the crashing thunder;
 Thou hast much to learn, that never found a fearfulness in flowers;
 Thou hast missed of joy, that never basked in beauties of the terrible

Show me an enthusiast in aught; he hath noted one thing narrowly,
 And lo, his keenness hath detected the one dear hiding-place of beauty.
 Then he boasteth, simple soul, flattered by discovery,
 Fancying that no science else can show so fair and precious:
 He hath found a ray of light, and cherisheth the treasure in his closet,
 Mocking at those larger minds, that bathe in floods of noon;
 Lo, what a jewel hath he gotten,—this is the monopolist of beauty,—
 And lightly heeding all beside, he poured his yearnings thitherward:
 Be it for love, or for learning, habit, art, or nature,
 Exclusive thought is all the cause of this particular zeal.
 But the like intensity of fitness, kind and skilful beauty,
 So pleasant to his mind in one thing, filleth all beside:
 From the waking minute of a chrysalis, to the perfect cycle of chro-
 nology,
 From the centipede's jointed armour to the mammoth's fossil ribs,
 From the kingfisher's shrill note, to the cataract's thundering bass,
 From the greensward's grateful hues, to the fascinating eye of woman,
 Beauty, various in all things, setteth up her home in each,
 Shedding graciously around an omnipresent smile.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle beach,
 In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric skies;
 There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy foliage,
 In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its lake;
 There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs, beauty in sun and
 shade,
 In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is drowned in beauty.

Beauty coileth with the water-snake, and is cradled in the shrewmouse's nest,

She flitteth out with evening bats, and the soft mole hid her in his tunnel;
The limpet is encamped upon the shore, and beauty not a stranger to his tent;

The silvery dace and golden carp thread the rushes with her:
She saileth into clouds with an eagle, she fluttereth into tulips with a humming-bird;

The pasturing kine are of her company, and she prowleth with the leopard in his jungle.

Moreover, for the reasonable world, its words, and acts, and speculation,
For frail and fallen manhood, in his every work and way,
Beauty, wrecked and stricken, lingereth still among us,
And morsels of that shattered sun are dropt upon the darkness.
Yea, with savages and boors, the mean, the cruel, and besotted,
Ever in extenuating grace hide some relics of the beautiful.
Gleams of kindness, deeds of courage, patience, justice, generosity,
Truth welcomed, knowledge prized, rebukes taken with contrition,
All, in various measure, have been blest with some of these,
And never yet hath lived the man, utterly beggared of the beautiful.

Beauty is as crystal in the torchlight, sparkling on the poet's page;
Virgin honey of Hymettus,²⁰ distilled from the lips of the orator;
A savour of sweet spikenard, anointing the hands of liberality;
A feast of angels' food set upon the tables of religion.
She is seen in the tear of sorrow, and heard in the exuberance of mirth;
She goeth out early with the huntsman, and watcheth at the pillow of disease.

Science in his secret laws hath found out latent beauty,
Sphere and square, and cone and curve, are fashioned by her rules:
Mechanism met her in his forces, fancy caught her in its flittings,
Day is lightened by her eyes, and her eyelids close upon the night.

Beauty is dependence in the babe, a toothless tender nursling;
Beauty is boldness in the boy, a curly rosy truant;
Beauty is modesty and grace in fair retiring girlhood,
Beauty is openness and strength in pure highminded youth;
Man, the noble and intelligent, gladdeneth earth in beauty,
And woman's beauty sunneth him, as with a smile from heaven.

There is none enchantment against beauty, Magician for all time,
 Whose potent spells of sympathy have charmed the passive world:
 Verily, she reigneth a Semiramis; there is no might against her;
 The lords of every land are harnessed to her triumph.
 Beauty is conqueror of all, nor ever yet was found among the nations
 That iron-moulded mind, full proof against her power.
 Beauty, like a summer's day, subdueth by sweet influences;
 Who can wrestle against Sleep?—yet is that giant, very gentleness.

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him single-handed;
 Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia:
 Light were the labour, and oftentold the tale, to count the victories of
 beauty,—

Helen, and Judith, and Omphale, and Thais, many a trophied name.
 At a glance the misanthrope was softened, and repented of his vows,
 When beauty asked, he gave, and banned her—with a blessing;
 The cold ascetic loved the smile that lit his dismal cell,
 And kindly stayed her step, and wept when she departed;
 The bigot abbess felt her heart gush with a mother's feeling,
 When looking on some lovely face beneath the cloister's shade;
 Usury freed her without ransom; the buccancer was gentle in her presence;

Madness kissed her on the cheek, and Idiocy brightened at her coming:
 Yea, the very cattle in the field, and hungry prowlers of the forest
 With fawning homage greeted her, as beauty glided by.
 A welcome guest unbidden, she is dear to every hearth;
 A glad spontaneous growth of friends is springing round her rest:
 Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboureth to please her,
 Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dullness gloweth;
 Prudence is rash in her defence; Frugality filleth her with riches;
 Despair came to her for counsel; and Bereavement was glad when she
 consoled;

Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating beauty,
 And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's sin.

For beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying every absence,
 The rich delirious cup to make all else forgotten:
 She also is the zest unto all things, enhancing every presence,
 The rare and precious ambergris, to quicken each perfume.
 O beauty, thou art eloquent; yea, though slow of tongue,

Thy breast, fair Phryne, pleaded well before the dazzled judge:
 O beauty, thou art wise; yea, though teaching falsely,
 Sages listen, sweet Corinna, to commend thy lips;²¹
 O beauty, thou art ruler; yea, though lowly as a slave,
 Myrrha, that imperial brow is monarch of thy lord;
 O beauty, thou art winner; yea, though halting in the race,
 Hippodame, Camilla, Atalanta,²²—in gracefulness ye fascinate your
 umpires;
 O beauty, thou art rich; yea, though clad in russet,
 Attalus cannot boast his gold against the wealth of beauty;
 O beauty, thou art noble; yea, though Esther be an exile,
 Set her up on high, ye kings, and bow before the majesty of beauty!

*F*riend and scholar, who, in charity, hast walked with me thus far,
 We have wandered in a wilderness of sweets, tracking beauty's footsteps.
 And ever as we rambled on among the tangled thicket,
 Many a startled thought hath tempted further roaming:
 Passion, sympathetic influence, might of imaginary haloes,—
 Many the like would lure aside, to hunt their wayward themes.
 And, look you!—from his ferny bed in yonder hazel coppice,
 A dappled hart hath flung aside the boughs and broke away;
 He is fleet and capricious as the zephyr, and with exulting bounds
 Hieth down a turfy lane between the sounding woods;
 His neck is garlanded with flowers, his antlers hung with chaplets,
 And rainbow-coloured ribbons stream adown his mottled flanks:
 Should we follow?—foolish hunters, thus to chase afoot,—
 Who can track the airy speed and doubling wiles of Taste?

*F*or the estimates of human beauty, dependent upon time and clime,
 Manifold and changeable, are multiplied the more by strange gregarious
 fashion:

And notable ensamples in the great turn to epidemics in the lower,
 So that a nation's taste shall vary with its rulers.
 Stern Egypt, humbled to the Greek, fancied softer idols,
 Greece, the Roman province, nigh forgot her classic sculpture,
 Rome, crushed beneath the Goth, loved his barbarian habits,
 And Alarie, with his ruffian horde, is tamed by silken Rome.
 Columbia's flattened head, and China's crumpled feet,—
 The civilised tapering waist,—and the pendulous ears of the savage,—

The swollen throat among the mountains, and an ebon skin beneath the tropics,—

These shall all be reckoned beauty: and for weighty cause.

First, for the latter; Providence in mercy tempereth taste by circumstance,

So that Nature's must shall hit her creature's liking;

Second, for the middle; though the foolishness of vanity seek to mar proportion,

Still, defects in those we love shall soon be counted praise;

Third, for the first; a chief, and a princess, maimed or distorted from the cradle,

Shall coax the flattery of slaves to imitate the great in their deformity:

Hence groweth habit; and habits make a taste,

And so shall servile zeal deface the types of beauty.

Whiles Alexander conquered, crookedness was comely:

And followers learn to praise the scars upon their leader's brow.

Youth hath sought to flatter age by mimicking grey hairs;

Age plastereth her wrinkles, and is painted in the ruddiness of Youth.

Fashion, the parasite of Rank, apeth faults and failings,

Until the general Taste depraved hath warped its sense of beauty.

Each man hath a measure for himself, yet all shall coincide in much;

A perfect form of human grace would captivate the world;

Be it manhood's lustre, or the loveliness of woman, all would own its beauty,

The Caffre and Circassian, Russians and Hindoos, the Briton, the Turk and Japanese.

Not all alike, nor all at once, but each in proportion to intelligence,

His purer state in morals, and a lesser grade in guilt:

For the high-standard of the beautiful is fixed in Reason's forum,

And sins, and customs, and caprice, have failed to break it down:

And reason's standard for the creature pointeth three perfections,

Frame, knowledge, and the feeling heart, well and kindly mingled:

A fair dwelling, furnished wisely, with a gentle tenant in it,—

This is the glory of humanity: thou hast seen it seldom.

There is a beauty for the body: the superficial polish of a statue,

The symmetry of form and feature, delicately carved and painted.

How bright in early bloom the Georgian sitteth at her lattice,

How softened off in graceful curves her young and gentle shape:

Those dark eyes, lit by curiosity, flash beneath the lashes,
 And still her velvet cheek is dimpled with a smile.
 Dost thou count her beautiful?—even as a mere fair figure,
 A plastic image, little more,—the outer garb of woman:
 Yea,—and thus far it is well; but Reason's hopes are higher,—
 Can he sate his soul on a scantling third of beauty?

Yet is this the pleasing trickery, that cheateth half the world,
 Nature's wise deceit, to make up waste in life;
 And few be they that rest uncaught, for many a twig is limed;
 Where is the wise among a million, that took not form for beauty?
 But watch it well; for vanity and sin, malice, hate, suspicion,
 Lowering as clouds upon the countenance, will disenchant its charms.
 The needful complexity of beauty claimeth mind and soul,
 Though many coins of foul alloy pass current for the true:
 And albeit fairness in the creature shall often co-exist with excellence,
 Yet hath many an angel shape been tenanted by fiends.
 A man, spiritually keen, shall detect in surface beauty
 Those marring specks of evil, which the sensual cannot see;
 Therefore is he proof against a face, unlovely to his likings,
 And common minds shall scorn the taste, that shrunk from sin's distortion.

There is a beauty for the reason; grandly independent of externals,
 It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man triumphant.
 I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf
 Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind:
 Who then imagined him deformed? intelligence is blazing on his forehead,
 There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his brown cheek
 glittereth with beauty:
 And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished paragon of
 chamberers,²⁷
 Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the master-piece of Phidias,—
 Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the dwarf,
 Whilst his lovers scorn the fool, whose beauty hath departed!

And there is a beauty for the spirit; mind in its perfect flowering,
 Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of love and blessed.
 Go to some squalid couch, some famishing death-bed of the poor,
 He is shrunken, cadaverous, diseased;—there is here no beauty of the
 body:

Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the streams of science,
He is of the common herd, illiterate;—there is here no beauty of the
reason:

But lo! his filming eye is bright with love from heaven,
In every look it beameth praise, as worshipping with seraphs;
What honeycomb is hived upon his lips, eloquent of gratitude and
prayer,—

What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow,
What glory flickering transparent under those thin cheeks,—
What beauty in his face!—Is it not the face of an angel?

Now, of these three, infinitely mingled and combined,
Consisteth human beauty, in all the marvels of its mightiness:
And forth from human beauty springeth the intensity of Love;
Feeling, thought, desire, the three deep fountains of affection.
Son of Adam, or daughter of Eve, art thou trapped by nature,
And is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of beauty?
This is but a lower love; still it hath its honour;
What God hath made and meant to charm, let not man despise.
Nevertheless, as reason's child, look thou wisely farther,
For age, disease, and care, and sin, shall tarnish all the surface:
Reach a loftier love; be lured by the comeliness of mind,—
Gentle, kind, and calm, or lustrous in the livery of knowledge:
And more, there is a higher grade; force the mind to its perfection,—
Win those golden trophies of consummate love:
Add unto riches of the reason, and a beauty moulded to thy liking,
The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a soul;
Thus, be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and heaven,
Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.

So then, draw we to an end; with feeble step and faltering,
I follow beauty through the universe, and find her home Ubiquity:
In all that God hath made, in all that man hath marred,
Lingereth beauty, or its wreck, a broken mould and castings.
And now, having wandered long time, freely and with desultory feet,
To gather in the garden of the world a few fair sample flowers,
With patient scrutinizing care let us cull the conclusion of their essence,
And answer to the riddle of Zorobabel, Whence the might of beauty?"

Ugliness is native unto nothing, but an attribute of concrete evil;

In everything created, at its worst, lurk the dregs of loveliness.
 We be fallen into utter depths, yet once we stood sublime,
 For man was made in perfect praise, his Maker's comely image:
 And so his new-born ill is spiced with older good,
 He carrieth with him, yea to crime, the withered limbs of beauty.
 Passions may be crooked generousities; the robber stealeth for his children;
 Murder was avenger of the innocent, or wiped out shame with blood.
 Many virtues, weighted by excess, sink among the vices;
 Many vices, amicably buoyed, float among the virtues.
 For, albeit sin is hate, a foul and bitter turpitude,
 As hurling back against the Giver all his gifts with insult,
 Still when conerete in the sinner, it will seem to partake of his attractions,
 And in seductive masquerade shall cloak its leprous skin;
 His broken lights of beauty shall illumine its utter black,
 And those refracted rays glitter on the hunch of its deformity.

Verily the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,
 (As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating
 licence,)

That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,
 When guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
 Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
 And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god, to satisfy its longing;
 As if the sucking babe, tenderly mindful of his mother,
 Should pull a dragon's dugs, and drain the teats of poison.
 Our primal source was beauty, and we pant for it ever and again;
 But sin hath stopped the way with thorns; we turn aside, wander, and
 are lost.

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,
 And every child of reason drew his essence from that stem.
 Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home,
 A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit flowed,
 That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls
 In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty,
 And, even like as exiles of idolatry, should quaff from the cisterns of
 creation

Stagnant draughts, for those fresh springs that rise in the Creator.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite is warped,
 And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pollutions:

Impulse is left, but indiscriminate ; his hunger feasteth upon carrion ;
His natural love of beauty doateth over beauty in decay.
He still thirsteth for the beautiful ; but his delicate ideal hath grown
gross,
And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from affection into passion.
He remembereth the blessedness of light, but it is with an old man's
memory,
A blind old man from infancy, that once hath seen the sun,
Whom long experience of night hath darkened in his cradle recollections,
Until his brightest thought of noon is but a shade of black.

Th^{is}s then is thy charm, O beauty all pervading ;
And this thy wondrous strength, O beauty, conqueror of all :
The outline of our shadowy best, the pure and comely creature,
That winneth on the conscience with a saddening admiration :
And some untutored thirst for God, the root of every pleasure,
Native to creatures, yea in ruin, and dating from the birthday of the soul.
For God sealeth up the sum, confirmed exemplar of proportions,
Rich in love, full of wisdom, and perfect in the plenitude of Beauty.²⁴

Of Fame.

Blow the trumpet, spread the wing, fling thy scroll upon the sky,
Rouse the slumbering world, O Fame, and fill the sphere with echo!
—Beneath thy blast they wake, and murmurs come hoarsely on the wind,
And flashing eyes and bristling hands proclaim they hear thy message:
Rolling and surging as a sea, that upturned flood of faces
Hasteneth with its million tongues to spread the wondrous tale;
The hum of added voices groweth to the roaring of a cataract,
And rapidly from wave to wave is tossed that exaggerated story,
Until those stunning clamours, gradually diluted in the distance,
Sink ashamed, and shrink afraid of noise, and die away.
Then brooding Silence, forth from his hollow caverns,
Cloaked and cowed, and gliding along, a cold and stealthy shadow,
Once more is mingled with the multitude, whispering as he walketh,
And hushing all their eager ears, to hear some newer Fame.

So all is still again; but nothing of the past hath been forgotten;
A stirring recollection of the trumpet ringeth in the hearts of men:
And each one, either envious or admiring, hath wished the chance
were his

To fill as thus the startled world with fame, or fear, or wonder.
This lit thy torch of sacrilege, Ephesian Eratostratus;²⁸
This dug thy living grave, Pythagoras, the traveller from Hades;
For this, dived Empedocles into Etna's fiery whirlpool;
For this conquerors, regicides, and rebels, have dared their perilous
crimes.

In all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh lust of fame;
The savage and the sage alike regard their labours proudly:
Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumined by the hope of reputation,
And the stricken warrior is glad, that his wounds are salved with glory.

For fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to the idol,
A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food for mind,
A pregnant evidence to all of an after immaterial existence,
A proof that soul is scatheless, when its dwelling is dissolved.
And the manifold pleasures of fame are sought by the guilty and the
good:

Pleasures, various in kind, and spiced to every palate:
The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality,
The industrious and deserving, as a symbol of just appreciation,
The selfish, as a promise of advancement, at least to a man's own kin,
And common minds, as a flattering fact that men have been told of their
existence.

There is a blameless love of fame, springing from desire of justice,
When a man hath featly won and fairly claimed his honours:
And then fame cometh as encouragement to the inward consciousness of
merit,
Gladdening by the kindliness and thanks, wherewithal his labours are
rewarded.

But there is a sordid imitation, a feverish thirst for notoriety,
Waiting upon vanity and sloth, and utterly regardless of deserving:
And then fame cometh as a curse; the fire-damp is gathered in the mine:
The soul is swelled with poisonous air, and a spark of temptation shall
explode it.

Idle causes, noised awhile, shall yield most active consequents,
And therefore it were ill upon occasion, to scorn the voice of rumour.
Ye have seen the chemist in his art mingle invisible gases;
And lo, the product is a substance, a heavy dark precipitate:
Even so fame, hurtling on the quiet with many meeting tongues,
Can out of nothing bring forth fruits, and blossom on a nourishment
of air.

For many have earned honour, and thereby rank and riches,
From false and fleeting tales, some casual mere mistake;
And many have been wrecked upon disgrace, and have struggled with
poverty and scorn,
From envious hints and ill reports, the slanders cast on innocence.
Whom may not scandal hit? those shafts are shot at a venture:
Who standeth not in danger of suspicion? that net hath caught the
noblest.

Cæsar's wife was spotless, but a martyr to false fame;²⁷
 And Rumour, in temporary things, is gigantic as a ruin or a remedy:
 Many poor and many rich have testified its popular omnipotence,
 And many a panic-stricken army hath perished with the host of the
 Assyrians.

Nevertheless, if opportunity be nought, let a man bide his time;
 So the matter be not merchandize nor conquest, fear thou less for character.

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer;
 Yea, rather give him license for awhile; it shall help thine honour afterward:

Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men speedily discerned it,
 And innocence hath burst from its injustice, as the green world rolling
 out of Chaos.

What, though still the wicked scoff,—this also turneth to his praise;
 Did ye never hear that censure of the bad, is buttress to a good man's
 glory?

What, if the ignorant still hold out, obstinate in unkind judgment,—
 Ignorance and calumny are paired; we affirm by two negations:
 Let them stand round about, pushing at the column in a circle,
 For all their toil and wasted strength, the foolish do but prop it.
 And note thou this; in the secret of their hearts, they feel the taunt is
 false,

And cannot help but reverence the courage, that walketh amid calumnies
 unanswering:

He standeth as a gallant chief, unheeding shot or shell;
 He trusted in God his Judge; neither arrows nor the pestilence shall
 harm him.

A high heart is a sacrifice to heaven: should it stoop among the creepers
 in the dust,

To tell them that what God approved, is worthy of their praise?
 Never shall it heed the thought; but flaming on in triumph to the skies,
 And quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a trophy.

A great mind is an altar on a hill: should the priest descend from his
 altitude,

To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?
 Rather, with majestic perseverance will he minister in solitary grandeur,

Confident the time will come, when pilgrims shall be flocking to the shrine.

For fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not how long it be delayed;

The heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he knoweth that his tenure is eternal.

The careless poet of Avon,²⁸ was he troubled for his fame,
Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the suffrage of his equals?

Mæonides took no thought, committing all his honours to the future,
And Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the praise of ages.²⁹

Smoking flax will breed a flame, and the flame may illuminate a world;
Where is he who scorned that smoke as foul and murky vapour?

The village stream swelled to a river, and the river was a kingdom's wealth,

Where is he who boasted he could step across that stream?

Such are the beginnings of the famous: little in the judgment of their peers,

The juster verdict of posterity shall fix them in the orbits of the Great.

Therefore dull Zoilus, clamouring ascendant of the hour,

Will soon be fain to hide his hate, and bury up his bitterness for shame:

Therefore mocking Momus, offended at the steps of Beauty,³⁰

Shall win the prize of his presumption, and be hooted from his throne among the stars.

For, as the shadow of a mountain lengtheneth before the setting sun,

Until that screening Alp have darkened all the canton,—

So, Fame groweth to its great ones; their images loom larger in departing;

But the shadow of mind is light, and earth is filled with its glory.

And thou, student of the truth, commended to the praise of God,

Wouldst thou find applause with men?—seek it not, nor shun it.

Ancient fame is roofed in cedar, and her walls are marble;

Modern fame lodgeth in a hut, a slight and temporary dwelling:

Lay not up the treasures of thy soul within so damp a chamber,

For the moth of detraction shall fret thy robe, and drop its eggs upon thy motive:

Or the rust of disheartening reserve shall spoil the lustre of thy gold,

Until its burnished beauty shall be dim as tarnished brass;

Or thieves, breaking through to steal, shall claim thy jewelled thoughts,
And turn to charge the theft on thee, a pilferer from them !

There is a magnanimity in recklessness of fame, so fame be well deserving,
That rusheth on in fearless might, the conscious sense of merit :
And there is a littleness in jealousy of fame, looking as aware of weakness,

That creepeth cautiously along, afraid that its title will be challenged.
The wild boar, full of beechmast, flingeth him down among the brambles ;
Secure in bristly strength, without a watch, he sleepeth :
But the hare, afraid to feed, croucheth in its own soft form ;
Wakefully with timid eyes, and quivering ears, he listeneth.
Even so, a giant's might is bound up in the soul of Genius,
His neck is strong with confidence, and he goeth tasked with power :
Sturdily he roameth in the forest, or sunneth him in fen and field,
And scareth from his marshy lair a host of fearful foes.
But there is a mimic Talent, whose safety lieth in its quickness,
A timorous thing of doubling guile, that scarce can face a friend :
This one is captious of reproof, provident to snatch occasion,
Greedy of applause, and vexed to lose one tittle of the glory.
He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever on the watch to keep it
spotless ;

Such care argueth debility, a garrison relying on its sentinel.
Passive strength shall scorn excuses, patiently waiting a reaction,
He wotteth well that truth is great, and must prevail at last :
But fretful weakness hasteth to explain, anxiously dreading prejudice,
And ignorant that perishable falsehood dieth as a branch cut off.

Purity of motive and nobility of mind shall rarely condescend
To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, or evidence its worth to others.
And it shall be small care to the high and happy conscience
What jealous friends, or envious foes, or common fools may judge.
Should the lion turn and rend every snarling jackal,
Or an eagle be stopt in his career to punish the petulance of sparrows ?
Should the palm-tree bend his crown to chide the briar at his feet,
Nor kindly help its climbing, if it hope, and be ambitious ?
Should the nightingale account it worth her pains to vindicate her music,
Before some sorry finches, that affect to judge of song ?
No : many an injustice, many a sneer, and slur,
Is passed aside with noble scorn by lovers of true fame :

For well they wot that glory shall be tinctured good or evil,
By the character of those who give it, as wine is flavoured by the wine-skin :

So that worthy fame floweth only from a worthy fountain,
But from an ill-conditioned troop the best report is worthless.
And if the sensibility of genius count his injuries in secret,
Wisely will he hide the pains a hardened herd would mock :
For the great mind well may be sad to note such littleness in brethren,
The while he is comforted and happy in the firmest assurance of desert.

Cease awhile, gentle scholar ;—seek other thoughts and themes ;
Or dazzling Fame with wildfire light will lure us on for ever.
For look, all subjects of the mind may range beneath its banner,
And time would fail and patience droop, to count that numerous host.
The mine is deep, and branching wide,—and who can work it out ?
Years of thought would leave untold the boundless topic, Fame.
Every matter in the universe is linked in suchwise unto others,
That a deep full treatise upon one thing might reach to the history of all things :

And before some single thesis had been followed out in all its branches,
The wandering thinker would be lost in the pathless forest of existence.
What were the matter or the spirit, that hath no part in Fame ?
Where were the fact irrelevant, or the fancy out of place ?
For the handling of that mighty theme should stretch from past to future,
Catching up the present on its way, as a traveller burdened with time.
All manner of men, their deeds, hopes, fortunes, and ambitions,
All manner of events and things, climate, circumstance, and custom,
Wealth and war, fear and hope, contentment, jealousy, devotion,
Skill and learning, truth, falsehood, knowledge of things gone and things to come,
Pride and praise, honour and dishonour, warnings, ensamples, emulations,
The excellent in virtues, and the reprobate in vice, with the cloud of in-different spectators,—

Wave on wave with flooding force throng the shoals of thought,
Filling that immeasurable theme, the height and depth of Fame.
With soul unsatisfied and mind dismayed, my feet have touched the threshold,

Fain to pour these flowers and fruits an offering on that altar :
Lo, how vast the temple,—there are clouds within the dome !
Yet might the huge expanse be filled, with volumes writ on Fame.

Of Flattery.

Music is commended of the deaf;—but is that praise despised?
I trow not: with flattered soul the musician heard him gladly.
Beauty is commended of the blind:—but is that compliment misliking?
I trow not: though false and insincere, woman listened greedily.
Vacant Folly talketh high of Learning's deepest reason;
Is she hated for her hollowness?—learning held her wiser for the nonce.
The worldly and the sensual, to gain some end, did homage to religion:
And the good man gave thanks as for a convert, where others saw the hypocrite.

Yet none of these were cheated at the heart, nor steadily believed those flatteries;

They feared the core was rotten, while they hoped the skin was sound:
But the fruits have so sweet fragrance, and are verily so pleasant to the eyes,

It were an ungracious disenchantment to find them apples of Sodom.
So they laboured to think all honest, winking hard with both their eyes;
And hushed up every whisper that could prove that praise absurd:
They willingly regard not the infirmities that make such worship vain,
And palliate to their own fond hearts the faults they will not see.
For the idol rejoiceth in his incense, and loveth not to shame his sup-
pliants,

Should he seek to find them false, his honours die with theirs:
An offering is welcome for its own sake, set aside the giver,
And praise is precious to a man, though uttered by the parrot or the
mocking-bird.

The world is full of fools; and sycophancy liveth on the foolish:
So he groweth great and rich, that fawning supple parasite.
Sometimes he boweth like a reed, cringing to the pompousness of pride,

Sometimes he strutteth as a gallant, pampering the fickleness of vanity ;
 I have known him listen with the humble, enacting silent marveller,
 To hear some purse-proud dunce expound his poverty of mind :
 I have heard him wrangle with the obstinate, vowing that he will not be
 convinced,

When some weak youth hath wisely feared the chance of ill success :
 Now, he will barely be a winner,—to magnify thy triumphs afterward ;
 Now, he will hardly be a loser,—but cannot cease to wonder at thy skill :
 He laudeth his own worth, that the leader may have glory in his follower ;
 He meekly confesseth his unworthiness, that the leader may have glory
 in himself.

Many wiles hath he, and many modes of catching,
 But every trap is selfishness, and every bait is praise.

Come, I would forewarn thee and forearm thee ; for keen are the weapons of his warfare ;
 And, while my soul hath scorned him, I have watched his skill from far.
 His thoughts are full of guile, deceitfully combining contrarieties,
 And when he doeth battle in a man, he is leagued with traitorous Self-love.

Strange things have I noted, and opposite to common fancy ;
 We leave the open surface, and would plumb the secret depths.
 For he will magnify a lover, even to disparaging his mistress :
 So much wisdom, goodness, grace,—and all to be enslaved ?
 Till the Narcissus,³¹ self-enamoured, whelmed in floods of flattery,
 Is cheated from the constancy and fervency of love by friendship's subtle praise.

Moreover, he will glorify a parent, even to the censure of his child,—
 O degenerate scion, of a stock so excellent and noble !
 Scant will be in well-earned praise of a son before his father ;
 And rarely commendeth to a mother her daughter's budding beauty :
 Yet shall he extol the daughter to her father, and be warm about the
 son before his mother ;

Knowing that self-love entereth not, to resist applause with jealousies.
 Wisely is he sparing of hyperbole where vehemence of praise would
 humble,

For many a father liketh ill to be counted second to his son :
 And shrewdly the flatterer hath reckoned on a self still lurking in the
 mother,
 When his tongue was slow to speak of graces in the daughter.

But, if he descend a generation, to the grandsire his talk is of the grandson,

Because in such high praise he hideth the honours of the son;
And the daughter of a daughter may well exceed, in beauty, love, and learning,

For unconsciously old age perceived — she cannot be my rival.
These are of the deep things of flattery: and many a shallow sycophant
Hath marvelled ill that praise of children seldom won their parents.
This therefore note, unto detection: flattery can sneer as well as smile;
And a master in the craft wotteth well, that his oblique thrust is surest.

Flattery sticketh like a burr, holding to the soil with anchors,
A vital, natural, subtle seed, everywhere hardy and indigenous.
Go to the storehouse of thy memory, and take what is readiest to thy hand,—

The noble deed, the clever phrase, for which thy pride was flattered:
Oh, it hath been dwelt upon in solitude, and comforted thy heart in crowds,

It hath made thee walk as in a dream, and lifted up the head above thy fellows;

It hath compensated months of gloom, that minute of sweet sunshine,
Drying up the pools of apathy, and kindling the fire of ambition:
Yea, the flavour of that spice, mingled in the cup of life,
Shall linger even to the dregs, and still be tasted with a welcome;
The dame shall tell her grandchild of her coy and courted youth,
And the greybeard prateth of a stranger, who praised his task at school.

Ofttimes to the sluggard and the dull, flattery hath done good service,
Quickening the mind to emulation, and encouraging the heart that failed.
Even so, a stimulating poison, wisely tendered by the leech,
Shall speed the pulse, and rally life, and cheat astonished death.

For, as a timid swimmer ventureth afloat with bladders,
Until self-confidence and growth of skill have made him spurn their aid,
Thus commendation may be prudent, where a child hath ill deserved it;
But praise unmerited is flattery, and the cure will bring its cares:
For thy son may find thee out, and thou shalt rue the remedy:
Yea, rather, where thou canst not praise, be honest in rebuke.

I have seen the objects of a flatterer mirrored clearly on the surface,
Where self-love scattereth praise, to gather praise again.

This is a commodity of merchandise, words put out at interest :
 A scheme for canvassing opinions, and tinging them all with partiality.
 He is but a harmless fool ; humour him with pitiful good nature :
 If a poetaster quote thy song, be thou tender to his poem :
 Did the painter praise thy sketch ? be kind, commend his picture ;
 He looketh for a like return ; then thank him with thy praise.
 In these small things with these small minds count thou the sycophant a
 courtier,
 And pay back, as blindly as ye may, the too transparent honour.

Also, where the flattery is delicate, coming unobtrusive and in season,
 Though thou be suspicious of its truth, be generous at least to its gen-
 tility.

The skilful thief of Lacedæmon²² had praise before his judges,
 And many caitiffs win applause for genius in their callings.
 Moreover, his meaning may be kind,—and thou art a debtor to his
 tongue ;

Hasten well to pay the debt, with charity and shrewdness :
 He must not think thee caught, nor feel himself discovered,
 Nor find thine answering compliment as hollow as his own.
 Though he be a smiling enemy, let him heed thee as the fearless and the
 friendly ;

A searching look, a poignant word, may prove thou art aware :
 Still, with compassion to the frail, though keen to see his soul,
 Let him not fear for thy discretion : see thou keep his secret, and thine
 own.

However, where the flattery is gross, a falsehood clear and fulsome,
 Crush the venomous toad, and spare not for a jewel in his head.
 Tell the presumptuous in flattery, that or ever he bespatter thee with
 praise,

It might be well to stop and ask how little it were worth :
 Thou hast not solicited his suffrage,—let him not force thee to refuse it ;
 Look to it, man, thy fence is foiled,—and thus we spoil the plot.
 Self-knowledge goeth armed, girt with many weapons,
 But carrieth whips for flattery, to lash it like a slave :
 But the dunce in that great science goeth as a greedy tunny,
 To gorge both bait and hook, unheeding all but appetite :
 He smelleth praise and swalloweth,—yea, though it be palpable and plain,
 Say unto him, Folly, thou art Wisdom,—he will bless thee for thy lie.

Flatterer, thou shalt rue thy trade, though it have many present gains;
 Those varnished wares may sell apace, yet shall they spoil thy credit.
 Thine is the intoxicating cup, which whoso drinketh it shall nauseate:
 Thine is trickery and cheating; but deception never pleased for long.
 And though while fresh thy fragrance seemed even as the dews of charity,
 Yet afterwards it fouled thy censer, as with savour of stale smoke.
 For the great mind detected thee at once, answering thine emptiness
 with pity,

He saw thy self-interested zeal, and was not cozened by vain-glory:
 And the little mind is bloated with the praise, scorning him who gave it,
 A fool shall turn to be thy tyrant, an thou hast dubbed him great:
 And the medium mind of common men, loving first thy music,
 After, when the harmonies are done, shall feel small comfort in their
 echoes;

For either he shall know thee false, conscious of contrary deservings,
 And, hating thee for falsehood, soon will scorn himself for truth,
 Or, if in aught to toilsome merit honest praise be due,
 Though for a season, belike, his weakness hath been raptured at thy
 witching,

Shall he not speedily perceive, to the vexing of his disappointed spirit,
 That thine exaggerative tongue hath robbed him of fair fame?
 Thou hast paid in forger's coins, and he had earned true money:
 For the substance of just praise, thou hast put him off with shadows
 of the sycophant:

Thou art all things to all men, for ends false and selfish,
 Therefore shalt be nothing unto any one, when those thine ends are seen.

Turn aside, young scholar, turn from the song of Flattery!
 She hath the Siren's musical voice, to ravish and betray.
 Her tongue droppeth honey, but it is the honey of Anticyra;³³
 Her face is a mask of fascination, but there hideth deformity behind;
 Her coming is the presence of a queen, heralded by courtesy and beauty,
 But, going away, her train is held by the hideous dwarf, Disgust.

Know thyself, thine evil as thy good, and flattery shall not harm thee:
 Yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling and a guide.
 For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the sycophant com-
 mend thee,
 And then most warmly will congratulate, when a man hath least
 deserved.

Behold, she is doubly a traitor; and will underrate her victim's best,
That, to the comforting of conscience, she may plead his worse for better.

Therefore, is she dangerous,—as every lie is dangerous:
Believe her tales, and perish: if thou act upon such counsel.
Her aims are thine not thee, thy wealth and not thy welfare,
Thy suffrage not thy safety, thine aid and not thine honour.
Moreover, with those aims insured, ceaseth all her glozing;
She hath used thee as a handle,—but her hand was wise to turn it:
Thus will she glorify her skill, that it deftly caught thy kindness,
Thus will she scorn thy kindness, so pliable and easy to her skill.
And then, the flatterer will turn to be thy foe, the bitterest and hottest,
Because he oweth thee much hate to pay off many humblings.
Thinkest thou now that he is high, he loveth the remembrance of his
lowliness,

The servile manner, the dependent smile, the conscience self-abased?
No, this hour is his own, and the flatterer will be found a busy mocker;
He that hath salved thee with his tongue, shall now gnash upon thee with
his teeth,

Yea, he will be leader in the laugh,—silly one, to listen to thy loss,
We scarce had hoped to lime and take another of the fools of flattery.

At the last; have charity, young scholar,—yea, to the sycophant convicted;
Be not a Brutus to thyself, nor stern in thine own cause.

Pardon exaggerated praise; for there is a natural impulse,
Spurring on the nobler mind, to colour facts by feelings:
Take an indulgent view of each man's interest in self,
Be large and liberal in excuses; is not that infirmity thine own?
Search thy soul and be humble; and mercy abideth with humility;
So that, yea, the insincere may find thee pitiful, and love thee.
Mildly put aside, without rudeness of repulse, the pampering hand of
flattery,

For courtesy and kindness have gone beneath its guise, and ill shouldst
thou rebuke them.

Thou art incapable of theft; but flowers in the garden of a friend
Are thine to pluck with confidence, and it were unfriendliness to hesitate:
Thou abhorrest flattery: but a generous excess in praise
Is thine to yield with honest heart, and false were the charity to doubt it;
The difference lieth in thine aim; kindliness and good are of charity,
But selfish, harmful, vile, and bad, is flattery's evil end,

Of Neglect.

Generous and righteous is thy grief, slighted child of sensibility;
For kindliness enkindleth love, but the waters of indifference quench it:
Thy soul is athirst for sympathy, and hungereth to find affection,
The tender scions of thy heart yearn for the sunshine of good feeling;
And it is an evil thing and bitter, when the cheerful face of Charity,
Going forth gaily in the morning to woo the world with smiles,
Is met by those wayfaring men with coldness, suspicion, and repulse,
And turneth into hard dead stone at the Gorgon³⁴ visage of Neglect.
O brother, warm and young, covetous of others' favour,
I see thee checked and chilled, sorrowing for censure or forgetfulness:
Let coarse and common minds despise—that wounding of thy vanity,
Alas, I note a sorer cause, the blighting of thy love;
Let the callous sensual deride thee,—disappointed of thy praise,
Alas, thou hast a juster grief, defrauded of their kindness:
It is a theme for tears to feel the soft heart hardening,
The frozen breath of apathy sealing up the fountain of affection;
It is a pang, keen only to the best, to be injured well-deserving,
And slumbering Neglect is injury,—Could ye not watch one hour?
When God himself complained, it was that none regarded,
And indifference bowed to the rebuke, Thou gavest Me no kiss when I
came in.

Moreover, praise is good; honour is a treasure to be hoarded;
A good man's praise foreshadoweth God's, and in His smile is heaven:
But men walk on in hardihood, steeling their sinfulness to censure,
And when rebuke is ridiculed, the love of praise were an infirmity;
The judge thou heedest not in fear, cannot have deep homage of thy hope,
And who then is the wise of this world, that will own he trembleth at his
fellows?

Calm, careless, and insensible, he mocketh blame or calumny,
Neither should his dignity be humbled to some pittance of their praise:
The rather, let false pride affect to trample on the treasure

Which evermore in secret strength unconquered Nature prizeth;
 Rather, shall he stifle now the rising bliss of triumph,
 Lest after, in the world's Neglect, he must acknowledge bitterness.

For lo, that world is wide, a huge and crowded continent,
 Its brazen sun is mammon, and its iron soil is care :
 A world full of men, where each man clingeth to his idol;
 A world full of men, where each man cherisheth his sorrow;
 A world full of men, multitude shoaling upon multitude;
 A surging sea, where every wave is burdened with an argosy of self;
 A boundless beach, where every stone is a separate microscopic world;
 A forest of innumerable trees, where every root is independent.

What then is the marvel or the shame, if units be lost among the million?
 Canst thou reasonably murmur, if a leaf drop off unnoticed?
 Wondrous in architecture, intricate and beautiful, delicately tinged and
 scented,
 Exquisite of feeling and mysterious in life, none cared for its growth, or
 its decay:

None? yea,—no one of its fellows,—nor cedar, palm, nor bramble,—
 None? its twinborn brother scarcely missed it from the spray:
 None?—if none indeed, then man's neglect were bitterness;
 And Life a land without a sun, a globe without a God!
 Yea, flowers in the desert, there be that love your beauty;
 Yea, jewels in the sea, there be that prize your brightness;
 Children of unmerited oblivion, there be that watch and woo you,
 And many tend your sweets, with gentle ministering care:
 Thronging spirits of the happy, and the ever-present Good One
 Yearning seek those precious things, man hath not heart to love,
 Gems of the humblest or the highest, pure and patient in their kind,
 The souls unhardened by ill usage, and uncorrupt by luxury.

And ye, poor desolates unsunned, toilers in the dark damp mine,
 Wearied daughters of oppression, crushed beneath the car of avarice,
 There be that count your tears,—He hath numbered the hairs of ~~thy~~
 head,—
 There be that can forgive your ill, with kind considerate pity:
 Count ye this for comfort, Justice hath her balances,
 And yet another world can compensate for all:
 The daily martyrdom of patience shall not be wanting of reward;
 Duty is a prickly shrub, but its flower will be happiness and glory.

Yet too, the friendless, yet dependent, that find nor home nor lover,
 Sad imprisoned hearts, captive to the net of circumstance,—
 And ye, too harshly judged, noble unappreciated intellects,
 Who, capable of highest, lowlier fix your just ambition in content,—
 And chiefest, ye, famished infants of the poor, toiling for your parents'
 bread,

Tired, and sore, and uncomforted the while, for want of love and learning,
 Who struggle with the pitiless machine in dull continuous conflict,
 Tasked by iron men, who care for nothing but your labour,—
 Be ye long-suffering and courageous: abide the will of Heaven;
 God is on your side; all things are tenderly remembered:
 His servants here shall help you; and where those fail you through

Neglect,

His kingdom still hath time and space for ample discriminative Justice:
 Yea, though utterly on this bad earth ye lose both right and mercy,
 The tears that we forgot to note, our God shall wipe away.

Nevertheless, kind spirit, susceptible and guileless, -
 Meek uncherished dove, in a carrion flock of fowls,
 Sensitive mimosa, shrinking from the winds that help to root the fir,
 Fragile nautilus, shipwrecked in the gale whereat the conch is glad,
 Thy sharp peculiar grief is uncomforted by hope of compensation,
 For it is a delicate and spiritual wound, which the probe of pity bruises:
 Yet hear how many thoughts extenuate its pain;
 Even while a kindred heart can sorrow for its presence.
 For the sting of neglect is in this,—that such as we are all, forget us,
 That men and women, kith and kin, so lightly heed of other:
 Sympathy is lacking from the guilty such as we, even where angels
 minister,

And souls of fine accord must prize a fellow-sinner's love;
 For the worst love those who love them, and the best claim heart for
 heart,

And it is a holy thirst to long for love's requital:
 Hard it will be, hard and sad, to love and be unloved,
 And many a thorn is thrust into the side of him that is forgotten.
 The oppressive silence of reserve, the frost of failing friendship,
 Affection blighted by repulse, or chilled by shallow courtesy,
 The unaided struggle, the unconsidered grief, the unesteemed self-
 sacrifice,

The gift, dear evidence of kindness, long due, but never offered,

The glance estranged, the letter flung aside, the greeting ill received,
 The services of unobtrusive care unthanked, perchance unheeded,
 These things, which hard men mock at, rend the feelings of the tender,
 For the delicate tissue of a spiritual mind is torn by those sharp barbs;
 The coldness of a trusted friend, a plenitude ending in vacuity,
 Is as if the stable world had burst a hollow bubble.

But consider, child of sensibility; the lot of men is labour,
 Labour for the mouth, or labour in the spirit, labour stern and individual
 Worldly cares and worldly hopes exact the thoughts of all,
 And there is a necessary selfishness, rooted in each mortal breast.
 The plans of prudence, or the whisperings of pride, or all-absorbing
 reveries of love,
 Ambition, grief, or fear, or joy, set each man for himself:
 Therefore, the centre of a cycle, whereunto all the universe convergeth,
 Is seen in fallen solitude, the naked selfish heart:
 Stripped of conventional deceptions, untrammelled from the harness of
 society,

We all may read one little word engraved on all we do;
 Other men, what are they unto us? the age, the mass, the million,—
 We segregate, distinct from generalities, that isolated particle, a self:
 It is the very law of our life, a law for soul and body,
 An earthly law for earthly men, toiling in responsible probation.
 For each is the all unto himself, disguise it as we may,
 Each infinite, each most precious; yet even as a nothing to his neighbour.
 O consider, we be crowding up an avenue, trapped in the decoy of time,
 Behind us the irrevocable past, before us the illimitable future:
 What wonder is there, if the traveller, wayworn, hopeful, fearful,
 Burdened himself, so lightly heed the burden of his brother?
 How shouldst thou marvel and be sad, that the pilgrims trouble not to
 learn thee,

When each hath to master for himself the lessons of life and immortality?

Moreover, what art thou,—so vainly impatient of Neglect,
 Where then is thy worthiness, that so thou claimest honour?
 Let the true judgment of humility reckon up thine ill deserts,
 How little is there to be loved, how much to stir up scorn!
 The double heart, the bitter tongue, the rash and erring spirit,
 Be these, ye purest among men, your passports unto favour?
 It is mercy in the Merciful, and justice in the Just, to be jealous of his
 creature's love,

But how should evil or duplicity arrogate affection to itself?
Where love is happiness and duty, to be jealous of that love is godlike,
But who can reverence the guilty? who findeth pleasure in the mean?
Check the presumption of thy hopes: thankfully take refuge in obscurity,
Or, if thou claimest merit, thy sin shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.

Yet again: consider them of old, the good, the great, the learned,
Who have blessed the world by wisdom, and glorified their God by purity.
Did those speed in favour? were they the loved and the admired?
Was every prophet had in honour? and every deserving one remembered
to his praise?

What shall I say of yonder band, a glorious cloud of witnesses,
The scorned, defamed, insulted,—but the excellent of earth?
It were weariness to count up noble names, neglected in their lives,
Whom none esteemed, nor cared to love, till death had sealed them his.
For good men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth,
Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.
Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the poison of an
asthma struck him?

Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till spasm or paralysis
have stopped them?

Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and wisdom,
When no more here, had worship of a world, whose penitence atoned for
its neglect.

And living genius is seen among infirmities, wherefrom the commoner
are free;

And other rival men of mind crowd this arena of contention;
And there be many cares; and a man knoweth little of his brother;
Feebly we appreciate a motive, and slowly keep pace with a feeling:
And social difference is much; and experience teacheth sadly,
How great the treachery of friends, how dangerous the courtesy of ene-
mies.

So, the sum of all these things operateth largely upon all men,
Hedging us about with thorns, to cramp our yearning sympathies,
And we grow materialized in mind, forgetting what we see not,
But, immersed in perceptions of the present, keep things absent out of
thought:

Thus, where ingratitude, and guilt, and labour, and selfishness would
harden,

Humbly will the good man bow, unmurmuring, to Neglect.

Yet once more, griever at neglect, hear me to thy comfort, or rebuke :
For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of love
O heart of childhood, tender, trusting, and affectionate,
O youth, warm youth, full of generous attentions,
O woman, self-forgetting woman, poetry of human life,
And not less thou, O man, so often the disinterested brother,
Many a smile of love, many a tear of pity,
Many a word of comfort, many a deed of magnanimity,
Many a stream of milk and honey pour ye freely on the earth,
And many a rosebud of love rejoiceth in the dew of your affection.
Neglect? O liberal world, for thine are many prizes :
Neglect? O charitable world; where thousands feed on bounty ;
Neglect? O just world, for thy judgments err not often ;
Neglect? O libel on a world where half that world is woman !
Where is the afflicted, whose voice, once heard, stirreth not a host of
comforters ?
Where is the sick untended, or in prison, and they visited him not ?
The hungry is fed, and the thirsty satisfied, till ability set limits to the
will,
And those who did it unto them, have done it unto God !
For human benevolence is large, though many matters dwarf it,
Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of circumstance
and time.
And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are generous ;
Their estimate who know us best, is seldom seen to err ;
Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or vanity,
If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming merit :
No man yet deserved, who found not some to love him ;
And he, that never kept a friend, need only blame himself :
Many for unworthiness will droop and die, but all are not unworthy ;
It must indeed be cold clay soil, that killeth every seed.
Therefore, examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of Neglect,
It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof a furlong ;
But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that men thy fellows
For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neglect thee,—
Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high deservings ;
Let it suffice thee to be worthy ; faint not thou for praise ;
For that thou art, be grateful ; go humbly even in thy confidence ;
And set thy foot upon the neck of an enemy so harmless as Neglect.

Of Contentment.

Godliness with Contentment,—these be the pillars of felicity,
Jachin, wherewithal it is established, and Boaz, in the which is strength;²¹
And upon their capitals is lily-work, the lotus fruit and flower,
Those fair and fragrant types of holiness, innocence, and beauty;
Great gain pertaineth to the pillars, nets and chains of wreathen gold,
And they stand up straight in the temple porch, the house where Glory
dwelleth.

The body craveth meats, and the spirit is athirst for peacefulness;
He that hath these, hath enough; for all beyond is vanity.
Surfeit vaulteth over pleasure, to light upon the hither side of pain;
And great store is great care, the rather if it mightily increaseth.
Albeit too little is a trouble, yet too much shall swell into an evil,
If wisdom stand not nigh to moderate the wishes:
For covetousness never had enough, but moaneth at its wants for ever,
And rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than
the poor.

That hungry chasm in their market-place gapeth still unsatisfied,
Yea, fling in all the wealth of Rome,—it asketh higher victims;
So, when the miser's gold cannot fill the measure of his lust,
Curtius must leap into the pit, and avarice shall close upon his life.²²

Behold Independence in his rags, all too easily contented,
Careful for nothing, thankful for much, and uncomplaining in his poverty:
Such an one have I sometime seen earn his crust with gladness;
He is a gatherer of simples, culling wild herbs upon the hills;
And now, as he sitteth on the beach, with his motherless child beside him,
To rest them in the cheerful sun, and sort their mints and horehound,—
Tell me, can ye find upon his forehead the cloud of covetous anxiety,
Or note the dull unkindled eyes of sated sons of pleasure?—

For there is more joy of life with that poor picker of the ditches,
Than among the multitude of wealthy who wed their gains to discontent.

I have seen many rich, burdened with the fear of poverty,
I have seen many poor, buoyed with all the carelessness of wealth:
For the rich had the spirit of a pauper, and the moneyless a liberal heart,
The first enjoyeth not for having, and the latter hath nothing but enjoyment.

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the weak, and unbelieveing;

None is wealthy but the affluent in soul, who is satisfied and floweth over.
The poor-rich is attenuate for fears, the rich-poor is fattened upon hopes;
Cheerfulness is one man's welcome, and the other warneth from him by his gloom.

Many poor have the pleasures of the rich, even in their own possessions;
And many rich miss the poor man's comforts, and yet feel all his cares.
Liberty is affluence, and the Helots³⁷ of anxiety never can be counted wealthy;

But he that is disenthralled from fear, goeth for the time a king;
He is royal, great, and opulent, living free of fortune,
And looking on the world as owner of its good, the Maker's child and heir:

Whereas, the covetous is slavish, a very Midas in his avarice,
Full of dismal dreams, and starved amongst his treasures:
The ceaseless spur of discontent goaded him with instant apprehension,
And his thirst for gold could never be quenched, for he drank with the throat of Crassus.³⁸

Vanity, and dreary disappointment, care, and weariness, and envy;
Vanity is graven upon all things; wisely spake the preacher.
For ambition is a burning mountain, thrown up amid the turbid sea,
A Stromboli in sullen pride above the hissing waves;
And the statesman climbing there, forgetful of his patriot intentions,
Shall hate the strife of each rough step, or ever he hath toiled midway:
And every truant from his home, the happy home of duty,
Shall live to loathe his eminence of cares, that seething smoke and lava.
Contentment is the temperate repast, flowing with milk and honey;
Ambition is the drunken orgy, fed by liquid flames:
A black and bitter frown is stamped upon the forehead of Ambition,
But fair Contentment's angel-face is rayed with winning smiles.

There was in Tyre a merchant, the favourite child of fortune,
An opulent man with many ships, to trade in many climes;
And he rose up early to his merchandize, after feverish dreaming,
And lay down late to his hot unrest, overwhelmed with calculated cares.
So, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, he gained;
And grew grey, and waxed great; for money brought him all things.
All things?—verily, not all; the kernel of the nut is lacking,—
His mind was a stranger to content, and as for Peace, he knew her not:
Luxuries palled upon his palate, and his eyes were satiate with purple;
He could coin much gold, but buy no happiness with it.
And on a day, a day of dread, in the heat of inordinate ambition,
When he threw with a gambler's hand, to lose or to double his possessions,
The chance hit him,—he had speculated ill,—and men began to whisper:—
Those he trusted, failed; and their usuries had bribed him deeply,
One ship foundered out at sea,—and another met the pirate,—
And so, with broken fortunes, men discreetly shunned him.
He was a stricken stag, and went to hide away in solitude,
And there in humility, he thought,—he resolved, and promptly acted:
From the wreck of all his splendours, from the dregs of the goblet of
affluence,
He saved with management a morsel and a drop, for his daily cup and
platter:
And lo, that little was enough, and in enough was competence;
His cares were gone,—he slept by night, and lived at peace by day;
Cured of his guilty selfishness,—money's love, envy, competition,—
He lived to be thankful in a cottage that he had lost a palace:
For he found in his abasement, what he vainly had sought in high estate,
Both mind and body well at ease, though robed in the russet of the lowly.

Once more; a certain priest, happy in his high vocation,
With faith, and hope, and charity, well served his village altar;
As men count riches, he was poor; but great were his treasures in
heaven,
And great his joys on earth, for God's sake doing good:
He had few cares and many consolations, one of the welcome everywhere;
The labourer accounted him his friend, and magnates did him honour at
their table:
With a large heart and little means he still made many grateful,
And felt as the centre of a circle, of comfort, calmness, and content.
But on a weaker sabbath,—for he preached both well and wisely,—

Some casual hearer loudly praised his great neglected talents:
Why should he be buried in obscurity, and throw these pearls to swine?
Could he not still be doing good,—the whilst he pushed his fortunes?
Then came temptation, even on the spark of discontent:
The neighbouring town had a pulpit to be filled; hotly did he canvass,
and won it:

Now was he popular and courted, and listened to the spell of admiration,
And toiled to please the taste, rather than to pierce the conscience.
Greedily he sought, and seeking found, the patronizing notice of the
great;

He thirsted for emoluments and honours, and counted rich men happy:
So he flattered, so he preached; and gold and fame flowed in,
They flowed in,—he was reaping his reward,—and felt himself a fool.
Alas, what a shadow was he following,—how precious was the substance
he had left!

Man for God, gold for good, this was his miserable bargain.
The village church, its humble flock, and humbler parish priest,
Zeal, devotion, and approving heaven,—his books, and simple life,
His little farm and flower-beds,—his recreative rambles with a friend,
And haply at eventide the leaping trouts, to help their humble fare,
All these wretchedly exchanged for what the world called fortune,
With the harrowing conscience of a state relapsed to vain ambitions.
Then,—for God was gracious to his soul,—his better thoughts returned,
And better aims with better thoughts, his holy walk of old.
Sickened of style, and ostentation, and the dissipative fashions of society,
He deserted from the ranks of Mammon, and renewed his allegiance to
God:

For he found that the praises of men, and all that gold can give,
Are not worthy to be named, against godliness and calm contentment.

Of Life.

A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy fancies;
His kite was floating in the sunshine,—but he tied the string to a twig
And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly;
His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant hid it,
Buried up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-thyme;
He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, then wayward turned aside,
To twine some vagrant jessamines about the dripping marble:
So, in various pastime shadowing the schemes of manhood,
That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:
And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little child,
As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clapping his hands for joyfulness:
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and hope,
Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition
of thy gift.

A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,
For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm:
Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of love was in their
eyes,
Their twin young hearts had not a thought un vowed to love and beauty:
The stars, and the sleeping world, and the guardian eye of God,
The murmur of the distant waterfall, and nightingales warbling in the
thicket,
Sweet speech of years to come, and promises of fondest hope,
And more, a present gladness in each other's trust,
All these fed their souls with the hidden manna of affection,
While their faces shone beatified in the radiance of reflected Eden:
I gazed on that fond youth, and coveted his heart,

Attuned to holiest symphonies, with music in its strings:
 For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is love and beauty,
 Thy joys are full, thy looks most fair, thy feelings pure and sensitive.

A man sat beside his merchandize, a careworn altered man,
 His waking hope, his nightly fear, were money, and its losses:
 Rarely was the laugh upon his cheek, except in bitter scorn
 For his foolishness of heart, and the lie of its romance, counting Love a
 treasure.

His talk is of stern Reality, chilling unimaginative facts,
 The dull material accidents of this sensual body;
 Lucreless honour were contemptible, impoverished affection but a pau-
 per's riches,

Duty, struggling unrewarded, the bargain of a cheated fool;
 The market value of a fancy must be measured by the gain it bringeth,
 No man is fed or clothed by fame, or love, or duty:—
 So toiled he day by day, that cold and joyless man;
 I gazed upon his haggard face, and sorrowed for the change:
 For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is care and weariness,
 Thy soil is parched, thy winds are fierce, and the suns above thee
 hardening.

A withered elder lay upon his bed, a desolate man and feeble:
 His thoughts were of the past, the early past, the by-gone days of youth:
 Bitterly repented he the years stolen by the God of this world:
 Remembering the maiden of his love, and the heart-stricken wife of his
 selfishness.

For the sunshiny morning of life came again to him a vivid truth,
 But the years of toil as a long dim dream, a cloudy blighted noon:
 He saw the nutting schoolboy, but forgot the speculative merchant;
 The callous calculating husband was shamed by the generous lover:
 He knew that the weeds of worldliness, and the smoky breath of Mammon
 Had choked and killed those tender shoots, his yearnings after honour
 and affection:

So was he sick at heart, and my pity strove to cheer him,
 But a deep and dismal gulph lay between comfort and his soul.
 Then I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is vanity and sorrow,
 Thy storms at noon are many, and thine eventide is clouded by remorse.

Now, when I thought upon these things, my heart was grieved within me:
 I wept, with bitterness of speech, and these were the words of my com-
 plaining;

“Wherefore then must happiness and love wither into care and vanity,—
Wherefore is the bud so beautiful, but flower and fruit so blighted?
Hard is the lot of man; to be lured by the meteor of romance,
Only to be snared, and to sink in the turbid mudpool of reality.”

Suddenly, a light,—and a rushing presence,—and a consciousness of
Something near me,—

I trembled, and listened, and prayed: then I knew the Angel of Life:
Vague, and dimly visible, mine eye could not behold him,
As, calmly unimpassioned, he looked upon an erring creature;
Unseen, my spirit apprehended him; though he spake not, yet I heard:
For a sympathetic communing with Him flashed upon my mind electric.

Pensioner of God, be grateful; the gift of Life is good:
The Life of heart, and life of soul, mingled with life for the body.
Gladness and beauty are its just inheritance,—the beauty thou hast
counted for romance:

And guardian spirits weep that selfishness and sorrow should destroy it.
Thou hast seen the natural blessing marred into a curse by man;
Come then, in favour will I show thee the proper excellence of life.
Keep thou purity, and watch against suspicion,—love shall never perish;
Guard thine innocency spotless, and the buoyancy of childhood shall remain.

Sweet ideals feed the soul, thoughts of loveliness delight it,
The chivalrous affection of uncalculating youth lacketh not honourable
wisdom.

Charge not folly on invisibles, that render thee happier and purer,
The fair frail visions of Romance have a use beyond the maxims of the
Real.

Behold, a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of religion;
His heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting fount of generosity;
He, playful in his wisdom, is gladdened in his children's gladness,
He, pure in his experience, loveth in his son's first love:
Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes are his delight;
His abhorrence is to strip from Life its charitable garment of Idea.
The cold and callous sneerer, who heedeth of the merely practical,
And mocketh at good uses in imaginary things, that man is his scorn:
The hard unsympathizing modern, filled with facts and figures,
Cautious, and coarse, and materialized in mind, that man is his pity.

Passionate thirst for gain never hath burnt within his bosom,
 The leaden chains of that dull lust have not bound him prisoner:
 The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty, the vain world mouthed
 at him for honour,
 The false world hated him for truth, the cold world despised him for af-
 fection:

Still, he kept his treasure, the warm and noble heart,
 And in that happy wise old man survive the child and lover.
 For human Life is as Chian wine,³⁹ flavoured unto him who drinketh it,
 Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful substance for the body:
 Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless; so shall thy Realities of Life
 Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the wholesome spirit of
 Romance.

Dost thou live, man, dost thou live,—or only breathe and labour?
 Art thou free, or enslaved to a routine, the daily machinery of habit?
 For one man is quickened into Life, where thousands exist as in a torpor,
 Feeding, toiling, sleeping, an insensate weary round:
 The plough, or the ledger, or the trade, with animal cares and indolence,
 Make the mass of vital years a heavy lump unleavened.
 Drowsily lie down in thy dullness, fettered with the irons of circumstance,
 Thou wilt not wake to think and feel a minute in a month.
 The epitome of common life is seen in the common epitaph,
 Born on such a day, and dead on such another, with an interval of
 threescore years.
 For time hath been wasted on the senses, to the hourly diminishing of
 spirit;

Lean is the soul and pineth, in the midst of abundance for the body:
 He forgot the worlds to which he tended, and a creature's true nobility,
 Nor wished that hope and wholesome fear should stir him from his har-
 dened satisfaction.

And this is death in life; to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual,
 Without one feebly-struggling sense of an airier spiritual realm:
 Affection, fancy, feeling—dead; imagination, conscience, faith,
 All wilfully expunged, till they leave the man mere carcase.
 See thou livest, whiles thou art: for heart must live, and soul,
 But care and sloth and sin and self, combine to kill that life.
 A man will grow to an automaton, an appendage to the counter or the
 desk,
 If mind and spirit be not roused to raise the plodding groveller.

Then praise God for sabbaths, for books, and dreams, and pains,
For the recreative face of nature, and the kindling charities of home;
And remember, thou that labourest,—thy leisure is not loss,
If it help to expose and undermine that solid falsehood, the Material.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in a distant massy
portal.

It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and primrose,
A little path of lawn grass, and soft to tiny feet:
Soon, spring thistles in the way, those early griefs of school,
And fruit-trees ranged on either hand show holiday delights:
Anon, the rose and the mimosa hint at sensitive affection,
And vipers hide among the grass, and briars are woven in the hedges:
Shortly, staked along in order, stand the tender saplings,
While hollow hemlock and tall ferns fill the frequent interval:
So advancing, quaintly mixed, majestic line the way
Sturdy oaks, and vigorous elms, the beech and forest-pine:
And here the road is rough with rocks, wide, and scant of herbage,
The sun is hot in heaven, and the ground is cleft and parched:
And many-times a hollow trunk, decayed, or lightning-scathed,
Or in its deadly solitude, the melancholy upas:
But soon, with closer ranks, are set the sentinel trees,
And darker shadows hover amongst Autumn's mellow tints;
Ever and anon, a holly,—junipers, and cypresses, and yews;
The soil is damp; the air is chill; night cometh on apace:
Speed to the portal, traveller,—lo, there is a moon,
With smiling light to guide thee safely through the dreadful shade:
Hark,—that hollow knock,—behold, the warder openeth,
The gate is gaping, and for thee;—those are the jaws of Death!

Of Death.

Keep silence, laughter of frivolity,—for Death is in that chamber!
Startle not with echoing sound the strangely solemn peace.
Death is here in spirit, watcher of a marble corpse,—
That eye is fixed, that heart is still,—how dreadful in its stillness!
Death, new tenant of the house, pervadeth all the fabric;
He waiteth at the head, and he standeth at the feet, and hideth in the
caverns of the breast:

Death, subtle leech, hath anatomized soul from body,
Dissecting well in every nerve its spirit from its substance:
Death, rigid lord, hath claimed the heriot clay,
While joyously the youthful soul hath gone to take his heritage:
Death, cold usurer, hath seized his bonded debtor;
Death, savage despot, hath caught his forfeit serf;
Death, blind foe, wreaketh petty vengeance on the flesh;
Death, fell cannibal, gloateth on his victim,
And carrieth it with him to the grave, that dismal banquet-hall,
Where in foul state the Royal Goul holdeth secret orgies.

Hide it up, hide it up, draw the decent curtain:
Hence! curious fool, and pry not on corruption:
For the fearful mysteries of change are being there enacted,
And many actors play their part on that small stage, the tomb.
Leave the clay, that leprous thing, touch not the fleshly garment:
Dust to dust, it mingleth well among the sacred soil:
It is scattered by the winds, it is wafted by the waves, it mixeth with
herbs and cattle,
But God hath watched those morsels, and hath guided them in care:
Each waiting soul must claim his own, when the archangel soundeth,
And all the fields, and all the hills, shall move a mass of life;
Bodies numberless crowding on the land, and covering the trampled sea,
Darkening the air precipitate, and gathered scatheless from the fire;

The Himalayan peaks shall yield their charge, and the desolate steppes
of Sibéria,

The Maelström disgulph its spoil, and the iceberg manumit its captive :
All shall teem with life, the converging fragments of humanity,
Till every conscious essence greet his individual frame ;
For in some dignified similitude, alike, yet different in glory,
This body shall be shaped anew, fit dwelling for the soul :
The hovel hath grown to a palace, the bulb hath burst into the flower,
Matter hath put on incorruption, and is at peace with spirit.

Amen,—and so it shall be :—but now, the scene is drear,—
Yea, though promises and hope strive to cheat its sadness ;
Full of grief, though faith herself is strong to speed the soul,
For the partner of its toil is left behind to endure an ordeal of change.
Dear partner, dear and frail, my loved though humble home,—
Should I cast thee off without a pang, as a garment flung aside ?
Many years, for joy and sorrow, have I dwelt in thee,
How shall I be reckless of thy weal, nor hope for thy perfection ?—
This also, He that lent thee for my uses in mortality,
Shall well fulfil with boundless praise on that returning day :
Behold, thou shalt be glorified : thou, mine abject friend,—
And should I meanly scorn thy state, until it rise to greatness ?
Far be it, O my soul, from thine expectant essence,
To be heedless, if indignity or folly desecrate those thine ashes :
Keep them safe with careful love ; and let the mound be holy ;
And, thou that passest by, revere the waiting dead.

Naples sitteth by the sea, keystone of an arch of azure,
Crowned by consenting nations peerless queen of gaiety :
She laugheth at the wrath of Ocean, she mocketh the fury of Vesuvius,
She spurneth disease and misery and famine, that crowd her sunny
streets :

The giddy dance, the merry song, the festal glad procession,
The noonday slumber and the midnight serenade,—all these make up
her Life :

Her Life ?—and what her Death ?—look we to the end of life,—
Solon, and Tellus the Athenian, wisely have ye pointed to the grave.
For behold yon dreary precinct,—those hundreds of stone wells,⁴⁰
A pit for a day, a pit for a day,—a pit to be sealed for a year :
And in the gloom of night, they raise the year-closed lid,—
Look in,—for gnawing lime hath half consumed the carcases ;

Thus, they hurl the daily dead into that horrible pit,
 The dead that only died this day,—as unconsidered offal!
 There, a stark white heap, unwept, unloved, uncared for,
 Old men and maidens, young men and infants, mingle in hideous corruption;

Fling in the gnawing lime,—seal up the charnel for a year
 For lo, a morrow's dawn hath tinged the mountain summit.
 O fair false city, thou gay and gilded harlot,
 Woe, for thy wanton heart, woe, for thy wicked hardness:
 Woe unto thee, that the lightsomeness of Life, beneath Italian suns,
 Should meet the solemnity of Death, in a sepulchre so foul and fearful.

For that, even to the best, the wise and pure and pious,
 Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible:
 Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kindred,
 With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear old country church,
 Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful,
 The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse thy coming.
 Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath added fears;
 The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential vault,
 With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans and flaky footfalls,
 And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.
 We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,
 Nor of solaces, and merciful pardon: we heed but the inevitable grave;
 The grave, that wage of guilt, that due return to dust,
 The grave, that goal of earth, and starting-post for Heaven.

Plant it with laurels, sprinkle it with lilies, set it upon yonder dewy hill
 Midst holy prayers, and generous grief, and consecrating blessings:
 Let Sophocles sleep among his ivy, green perennial garlands,
 Let olives shade their Virgil, and roses bloom above Corinne;
 To his foster-mother, Ocean, entrust the mariner in hope;
 The warrior's spirit, let it rise on high from the flaming fragrant pyre.
 But heap not coffins and corruption to infect the mass of living,
 Nor steal from odious realities the charitable poetry of Death:
 It is wise to gild uncomeliness, it is wise to mask necessity,
 It is wise from cheerful sights and sounds to draw their gentle uses:
 Hide the facts, the bitter facts, the foul, and fearful facts,
 Tend the body well in hope, this were praise and wisdom:
 But to plunge in gloom the parting soul, that hath loved its clay tenement so long,

This were vanity and folly, the counsel of moroseness and despair.
 Not thus, the Scythian of old time welcomed Death with songs :
 Not thus, the shrewd Egyptian decorated Death with braveries ;
 Not thus on his funeral tower sleepeth the sun-worshipping Parsee :
 Not thus the Moslem saint lieth in his arabesque mausoleum ;
 *Not thus, the wild red Indian, hunter of the far Missouri,
 In flowering trees hath nested up his forest-loving ancestry ;⁴²
 Not thus, the Switzer mountaineer scattereth ribboned garlands
 About the rustic cross that halloweth the bed of his beloved ;
 Not thus, the village maiden wisheth she may die in spring,
 With store of violets and cowslips to be sprinkled on her snow-white
 shroud ;
 Not thus, the dying poet asketh a cheerful grave,—
 Lay him in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath de-
 parted !

Ξεα ; it is the poetry of Death, an Orpheus gladdening Hades,⁴³
 To care with mindful love for all so dear—and dead ;
 To think of them in hope, to look for them in joy, and—but for its
 simple vanity,—
 To pray with all the earnestness of nature for souls who cannot change.
 For the tree is felled, and boughed, and bare, and the Measurer standeth
 with his line ;
 The chance is gone for ever, and is past the reach of prayer :
 For men and angels, good and ill, have rendered all their witness ;
 The trial is over, the jury are gone in, and none can now be heard ;
 Well are they agreed upon the verdict, just, and fixt, and final,
 And the sentence showeth clear, before the Judge hath spoken :
 Now,—while resting matter is at peace within the tomb,
 The conscious spirit watcheth in unspeakable suspense ;
 Racked with a fearful looking-forward, or blissfully feeding on the fore-
 taste,
 Waiting souls in eager expectation pass the solemn interval :
 They slumber not at death, but awaken, quickened to the terrors of the
 judgment ;
 They lie not insensate among darkness, but exult, looking forward to
 the light.
 Idiocy, brightening on the instant, when that veil is torn,
 Is grateful that his torpor here hath left him as an innocent :
 The young child, stricken as he played, and guileless babes unborn,

Freed from fetters of the flesh, burst into mind immediate :
 Madness judgeth wisely, and the visions of the lunatic are gone,
 And each hasteneth to praise the mercy that made him irresponsible.
 For soul is one, though manifold in act, working the machinery of brain,
 Reason, fancy, conscience, passion, are but varying phases ;
 If, in God's wise purpose, the machine were shattered or confused,
 Still is soul the same, though it exhibit with a difference :
 Therefore, dissipate the brain, and set its inmate free,
 Behold, the maniacs and embryos stand in their place intelligent.
 That solvent eateth away all dross, leaving the gold intact :
 Matter lingereth in the retort, spirit hath flown to the receiver :
 And lo, that recipient of the spirits, it is some aerial world,
 An oasis midway on the desert space, separating earth from heaven,
 A prison-house for essences incorporate, a limbus vague and wide,
 Tartarus for evil, and Paradise for good, that intermediate Hadēs.

Ⓢ Death, what art thou ? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
 Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become established :

O Death, what art thou ? a stern and silent usher,
 Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial scene of Time :
 O Death, what art thou ? an Husbandman, that reapeth always,
 Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand :
 O Death, what art thou ? the shadow unto every substance,
 In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day :
 O Death, what art thou ? Nurse of dreamless slumbers
 Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal :
 O Death, what art thou ? strange and solemn Alchymist,
 Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles :
 O Death, what art thou ? Antitype of Nature's marvels,
 The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory.
 Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men,—
 Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed desert,—
 Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children,—
 How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable Death :
 Of dread, for all have sinned ; of hope, for One hath saved ;
 The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality !
 —Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,
 The terrors are but shadows now, that haunt the vale of Death.

Of Immortality.

Gift up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of earth;
Tenant of a hovel for a day,—thou art heir of the universe for ever!
For, neither congealing of the grave, nor gulphing waters of the firmament,
Nor expansive airs of heaven, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna,
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,
Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee!

Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay-tree of Existence;
A word from wisdom's mouth, that cannot be unspoken;
A ray of Love's own light; a drop in Mercy's sea;
A creature, marvellous and fearful, begotten by the fiat of Omnipotence.
I, that speak in weakness, and ye, that hear in charity,
Shall not cease to live and feel, though flesh must see corruption;
For the prison gates of matter shall be broken, and the shackled soul go free,
Free, for good or ill, to satisfy its appetence for ever:
For ever,—dreadful doom, to be hurried on eternally to evil,—
For ever,—happy fate, to ripen into perfectness—for ever!

And is there a thought within thy heart, O slave of sin and fear,
A black and harmful hope, that erring spirit dieth?
That primal disobedience hath ensured the death of soul,
And separate evil sealed it thine—thy curse, Annihilation?
Heed thou this; there is a Sacrifice; the Maker is Redeemer of his creature;
Freely unto each, universally to all, is restored the privilege of essence:
Whether unto grace or guilt, all must live through Him,
Live in vital joy, or live in dying woe:
Death in Adam, Life in Christ; the curse hung upon the cross:

Who art thou that heedest of Redemption, as narrower than the fall?
 All were dead,—He died for all; that living, they might love;
 If living souls withhold their love,—still, He hath died for them.
 Eve stole the knowledge; Christ gave the life:
 Knowledge and life are the perquisites of soul, the privilege of **Man**:
 Mercy stepped between, and stayed the double theft;
 God gave; and giving, bought; and buying, asketh love:
 And in such asking rendereth bliss, to all that hear and answer,
 For love with life is heaven; and life unloving, hell.

Creature of God, his will is for thy weal, eternally progressing;
 Fear not to trust a Maker's love, nor a Saviour's ransom:
 He drank for all,—for thee, and me,—the poison of our deeds;
 We shall not die, but live,—and, of his grace, we love.
 For, in the mysteries of Mercy, the One fore-knowing Spirit
 Outstrippeth reason's halting choice, and winneth men to Him:
 Who shall sound the depths? who shall reach the heights?
 Freedom, in the gyves of fate; and sovereignty, reconciled with justice.

If then, as annihilate by sin, the soul was ever forfeit,
 Godhead paid the mighty price, the pledge hath been redeemed:
 He, from the waters of Oblivion raised the drowning race,
 Lifting them even to Himself, the baseless Rock of Ages.
 None can escape from Adam's guilt, or second Adam's guerdon:
 Sin and death are thine; thine also is interminable being:
 Let it be even as thou wilt, still are we ransomed from nonentity,
 The worlds of bliss and woe are peopled with immortals:
 And ruin is thy blame; for thou, the worst, art free
 To take from Heaven the grace of love, as the gift of life:
 Yet is not remedy thy praise; for thou, the best, art bound
 In self, and sin, and darkling sloth, until He break the chain:
 None can tell, without a struggle, if that chain be broken;
 Strive to-day,—one effort more may prove that thou art free!
 Here is faith and prayer, here is the Grace and the Atonement,
 Here is the creature feeling for its God, and the prodigal returning to his
 Father.
 But, behold, His reasonable children, standing in just probation,
 With ears to hear, neglect; with eyes to see, refuse:
 They will not have the blessing with the life, the blessing that enricheth
 immortality;

And look for pleasures out of God, for heaven in life alone :
 So, they snatch that awful prize, existence void of love,
 And in their darkening exile make a needful hell of self.

Therefore fear, thou sinner, lest the huge blessing, Immortality,
 Be blighted in thine evil to a curse,—it were better he had not been born ;
 Therefore hope, thou saint, for the gift of immortality is free ;
 Take and live, and live in love ; fear not, thou art redeemed !
 The happy life, that height of hope, the knowledge of all good,
 This is the blessing on obedience, obedience the child of faith :
 The miserable life, that depth of all despair, the knowledge of all evil,
 This is the curse upon impenitence, impenitence that sprung of unbelief.
 God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love in all He doeth,
 Love, a brilliant fire, to gladden or consume :
 The wicked work their woe by looking upon love, and hating it :
 The righteous find their joys in yearning on its loveliness for ever.

Who shall imagine Immortality, or picture its illimitable prospect ?
 How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea !
 For consider the primæval woods that bristle over broad Australia,
 And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by millions ;
 Thence look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping isle of the Ægæan,⁴
 And add to those leaves yon starry host, sparkling on the midnight num-
 berless ;
 Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of eddying sand,
 Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the leaves and to the stars ;
 Afterward gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an Atlantic,
 Take drop by drop, and add their sum, to the grains, and leaves, and
 stars ;
 The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves, and stars innumerable,
 (Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit were an age,)
 All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of Time,
 Compared with this intolerable blaze, the measureless enduring of
 Eternity !

© grandest gift of the Creator,—O largess worthy of a God,—
 Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy for ever ?
 For the sun in heaven's heaven is Love that cannot change,
 And the shining of that sun is life, to all beneath its beams :
 Who shall arrest it in the firmament,—or drag it from its sphere ?
 Or bid its beauty smile no more, but be extinct for ever ?

Yea, where God hath given, none shall take away,
 Nor build up limits to his love, nor bid his bounty cease;
 Wide, as space is peopled, endless as the empire of heaven,
 The river of the water of life floweth on in majesty for ever!

Why should it seem a thing impossible to thee, O man of many doubts,
 That God shall wake the dead, and give this mortal immortality?
 Is it that such riches are unsearchable, the bounty too profuse?
 And yet, what gift, to cease or change, is worthy of the King Almighty?
 For remember the moment thou art not, thou mightest as well not have
 been;

A millennium and an hour are equal in the gulph of that desolate abyss,
 annihilation:

If Adam had existed till to-day, and to-day had perished utterly,
 What were his gain in length of a life, that hath passed away for ever?
 No tribute of thanks can exhale from the empty censer of nonentity:
 The Giver, with his gift reclaimed, is mulet of all praise.

Tell me, ye that strive in vain to cramp and dwarf the soul,
 Wherefore should it cease to be, and when shall essence die?
 It is,—and therefore shall be,—till just obstacle opposeth:
 Show no cause for change, and reason leaneth to continuance.
 The body verily shall change; this curious house we live in
 Never had continuing stay, but changeth every instant:
 But the spiritual tenant of the house abideth in unalterable consciousness,
 He may fly to many lands, but cannot flee himself:
 The soil wherein ye drop the seed, by suns or rains may vary;
 But the seed is the same; and soul is the seed; and flesh but its anchor-
 age to earth.

The machine may be broken, and rust corrode the springs: but can rust
 feed on motion?

Worms may batten on the brain: but can worms gnaw the mind?
 Dynamics are, and dwell apart, though matter be not made;
 Spirit is, and can be separate, though a body were not:
 Power is one, be it lever, screw, or wedge: but it needeth these for illus-
 tration:

Mind is one, be it casual or ideal; but it is shown in these.
 The creature is constructed individual, for trial of his reasonable will,
 Clay and soul, commingled wisely, mingled not confused:

As power is not in the spring, till somewhat give it action,
So, until spirit be infused, the organism lieth inergetic.

Or shalt thou say that mind is the delicate offspring of matter,
The bright consummate flower that must perish with its leaf?
Go to: doth weight breed lightness? is freedom the atmosphere of
prisons?

When did the body elevate, expand, and bud the mind?
Lo, a red-hot cinder flung from the furnaces of Ætna,—
There is fire in that ash; but did the pumice make it?
Nay, cold clod, never canst thou generate a flame,
Nay, most exquisite machinery, nevermore elaborate a mind:
Rather do ye battle and contend, opposite the one to the other;
Till God shall stop the strife, and call the body colleague.

Garment of flesh, and art thou then a vest, so tinged with subtle poison,
(Maddening tunic of the centaur,) as to kill the soul?
Not so: fruit of disobedience, rot in dissolution, as thou must,—
The seed is in the core, its germ is safe, and life is in that germ;
Moreover, Marah⁴⁶ shall be sweetened; and a Good Physician
Yet shall heal those gangrene wounds, the spotted plague of sin:
He, through worldly trials, and the separative cleansing of the grave,
Shall change its corruptible to glory, and wash that garment white.

Still, is the whisper in thy heart, that oftenest the bed of death
Seemeth but a sluggish ebb, of sinking soul and body?
Mind dwelling, long-time, sensual in the chambers of the flesh,
May slumber on in conscious sloth, and wilfully be dulled:
But is it therefore nigh to dissolution, even as the body of this death?
Ask the stricken conscience, gasping out its terrors;
Ask the dying miser, loth to leave his gold;
Ask the widowed poor, confiding her fatherless to strangers;
Ask the martyr-maid, a broken reed so strong,
That weak and tortured frame, with triumph on its brow!—
O thou gainsayer, the finger of disease may seem to reach the soul,
But it is a spiritual touch, sympathy with that which aileth:
Pain or fear may dislocate and shatter this delicate machinery of nerves,
But madness proveth mind: the fault is in the engine, not the impetus:
Dissipate the mists of matter, lo, the soul is clear:
Timour's cage bowed it in the dust; but now it goeth forth a freedman.

Yet more, there is reason in moralities, that the soul must live;
 If God be king in heaven, or have care for earth.
 Can wickedness have triumphed with impunity, or virtue toiled unseen?
 Shall cruelty torture unavenged, and the innocent complain unheard?
 Is there no recompense for woe,—must there be no other world for
 justice,—

No hope in setting suns of good, nor terror for the evil at its zenith?
 How shall ye make answer unto this; a just God prospering iniquity,
 Wisdom encouraging the foolish, and Goodness abetting the depraved!

Yet again; mine erring brother, pardon this abundance of my speech,
 Yield me thy candour and thy charity, listening with a welcome:
 For, even now, a thousand thoughts are trooping to my theme;
 O mighty theme, O feeble thoughts! Alas, who is sufficient?
 Judge not so high a cause by these poor words alone,
 For lo, the advocate hath little skill: pardon, and pass on:
 Certify thyself with surer proofs; fledge thine own mind for flight;
 Think, and pray; those better proofs shall follow on with holy aspiration.
 Yet in my humbler grade to help thy weal and comfort,
 Thy weal for this and higher worlds, and comfort in thy sickness,
 Suffer the multitude of fancies, walking with me still in love;
 But tread in fear, it is holy ground,—remember, Immortality!

Wilt thou argue from infirmities, thine abject evil state,
 As how should stricken wretched man indeed exist for ever:
 The brutal and besotted, the savage and the slave, the sucking infant and
 the idiot,

The mass of mean and common minds, and all to be immortal?—
 Consider every beginning, how small it is and feeble:
 Ganges, and the rolling Mississippi sprung of brooks among the moun-
 tains;

The Yew-tree of a thousand years was once a little seed;
 And Nero's marble Rome, a shepherd's mudbuilt hovel:
 A speck is on the tropic sky, and it groweth to the terrible tornado;
 An apple, all too fair to see, destroyed a world of souls:
 A tender babe is born,—it is Attila, "scourge of the nations!"
 A seeming malefactor dieth,—it is Jesus, the Saviour of men!

And hie not in thy thoughts the vain and wordy notion
 That nothing which was born in Time can tire out the footsteps of Infinity:

Reckon up a sum in numbers ; where shall progression stop ?
The starting-post is definite and fixed, but what is the goal of nume-
ration ?

So, begin upon a moment, and when shall being end ?
Souls emanate from God, to travel with Him equally for ever.
Moreover, thou that objectest the unenterable circle of eternity,
That none but He from everlasting can endure, as to a future everlasting,
Consider, may it be impossible that creatures were counted in their
Maker,

And so, that the confines of Eternity are filled by God alone ?
Trust not thy soul upon a fancy : who would freight a bubble with a
diamond,

And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of a cataract ?

If then we perish not at death, but walk in spirit through the darkness,
Waiting for a mansion incorruptible, whereof this body is the seed,
Tell me, when shall be the period ? time and its ordeals are done :
The storms are passed, the night is at end, behold the Sabbath morning.
Is death to be conqueror again, and claim once more the victory,—
Can the enemy's corpse awaken into life, and bruise the Champion's head ?
Evil, terrible ensample, that foil to the attributes of Good,
Is banished to its own black world, weeded out of earth and heaven :
Shall that great gulf be passed, and sin be sown again ?—
We know but this, the book of truth proclaimeth gladly, Never !

There remaineth the will of our God : when He repenteth of his crea-
ture,

Made by self-suggested mercy, ransomed by self-sacrificing justice,—
When Truth, that swore unto his neighbour, disappointeth him, and clea-
veth to a lie,—

When the counsels of Wisdom are confounded, and Love warreth with
itself,—

When the Unchangeable is changed, and the arm of Omnipotence is
broken,—

Then,—thy quenchless soul shall have reached the goal of its existence.

But it seemeth to thy notions of the merciful and just, a false and
fearful thing,

To lay such a burden upon time, that eternity be built on its foundation :
As if so casual good or ill should colour all the future,

And the vanity of accident, or sternness of necessity, save or wreck a soul.

Were it casual, vain, or stern, this might pass for truth :

But all things are marshalled by Design, and carefully tended by Benevolence.

O man, thy Judge is righteous,—noting, remembering, and weighing:—
Want, ignorance, diversities of state, are cast into the balance of advantage :

The poisonous example of a parent asketh for allowance in the child ;
Care, diseases, toils, and frailties,—all things are considered.

And again, a mysterious Omniscience knoweth the spirits that are His,
While the delicate tissues of Event are woven by the fingers of Ubiquity.
Should Providence be taken by surprise from the possible impinging of
an accident,

One fortuitous grain might dislocate the banded universe :
The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning light ;
And He that rideth on the hurricane, is pilot of the bubble on the breaker.

Once more, consider Matter, how small a thing is father to the greatest ;
Thou that lightly hast regarded the results of so called accident.

A blade of grass took fire in the sun,—and the prairies are burnt to the horizon :

A grain of sand may blind the eye, and madden the brain to murder :
A careful fly deposited its egg in the swelling bud of an acorn,—
The sapling grew,—cankrous and gnarled,—it is yonder hollow oak :
A child touched a spring, and the spring closed a valve, and the labouring
engine burst,—

A thousand lives were in that ship,—wrecked by an infant's finger !
Shall nature preach in vain ? thy casualty, guided in its orbit,
Though less than a mote upon the sunbeam, saileth in a fleet of worlds ;
That trivial cause, watered and observed of the Husbandman day by day,
In calm undeviating strength doth work its large effect.
Thus, in the pettiness of life note thou seeds of grandeur,
And watch the hour-glass of Time with the eyes of an heir of Immortality.

There still be clouds of witnesses,—if thou art not weary of my speech,
Flocks of thought adding lustre to the light, and pointing on to Life.
For reflect how Truth and Goodness, well and wisely put,
Commend themselves to every mind with wondrous intuition :

What is this? the recognition of a standard, unwritten, natural, **uniform**;
 Telling of one common source, the root of Good and True.
 And if thus present soul can trace descent from Deity,
 Being, as it standeth, individual, a separate reasonable thing,
 What should hinder that its hope may not trace gladly forward,
 And, in astounding parallel, like Enoch walk with God?⁴⁸
 Yea, the genealogy of soul, that vivifying breath of a Creator,
 Breath, no transient air, but essence, energy, and reason,
 Is looming on the past, and shadowing the future, sublimely as Melchisedek of old,
 Having not beginning, nor end of days, but present in the majesty of
 Peace!

❶ false scholar, credulous in vanities, and only sceptical of truth,
 Wherefore toil to cheat thy soul of its birthright, Immortality?
 Is it for thy guilt? He pardoneth: Is it for thy frailty? He will help:
 Though thou fearest, He is love; and Mercy shall be deeper than Despair:
 Even for thy full-blown pride, is it much to be receiver of a God?
 And lo, thy rights, He made thee; thy claims, He hath redeemed.
 Hath the fair aspect of affection, no beauty that thou shouldst desire it?
 And are those sorrows nothing, to thee that passest by?
 For it is Fact, immutable, that God hath dwelt in Man;
 With gentle generous love ennobling while He bought us.
 What, though thou art false, ignorant, weak and daring,—
 Can the sun be quenched in heaven—or only Belisarius be blind?

But, even stooping to thy folly, grant all these hopes are vain;
 Stultify reason, wrestle against conscience, and wither up the heart:
 Where is thy vast advantage?—I have all that thou hast,
 The buoyancy of life as strong, and term of days no shorter;
 My cup is full with gladness, my griefs are not more galling:
 And thus, we walk together, even to the gates of death:
 There, (if not also on my journey, blessing every step,
 Gladdening with light, and quickening with love, and killing all my
 cares,)
 There,—while thou art quailing, or sullenly expecting to be nothing,—
 There,—is found my gain,—I triumph, where thou tremblest.
 Grant all my solace is a lie, yet it is a fountain of delight,
 A spice in every pleasure, and a balm for every pain:
 O precious wise delusion, scattering both misery and sin,—
 O vile and silly truth, depraving while it curseth?

Darkling child of knowledge, commune with Socrates and Cicero,
 They had no prejudice of birth, no dull parental warpings;
 See, those lustrous minds anticipate the dawning day,—
 Whilst thou, poor mole, art burrowing back to darkness from the light.
 I will not urge a revelation, mercies, miracles, and martyrs,
 But, after twice a thousand years, go, learn thou of the pagan:
 It were happier and wiser even among fools, to cling to the shadow of a
 hope,
 Than, in the company of sages, to win the substance of despair;
 But here, the sages hope; despair is with the fools,
 The base bad hearts, the stolid heads, the sensual and the selfish.

And wilt thou, sorry scorner, mock the phrase, despair?
 Despair for those who die and live,—for me, I live and die:
 What have I to do with dread?—my taper must go out;—
 I nurse no silly hopes, and therefore feel no fears:
 I am hastening to an End.—O false and feeble answer:
 For hope is in thee still, and fear, a racking deep anxiety.
 Erring brother, listen: and take thine answer from the ancients:
 Consider every end, that it is but the end of a beginning.
 All things work in circles; weariness induceth unto rest,
 Rest invigorateth labour, and labour causeth weariness:
 War produceth peace, and peace is wanton unto war:
 Light dieth into darkness, and night dawneth into day:
 The rotting jungle reeds scatter fertility around;
 The buffalo's dead carcass hath quickened life in millions:
 The end of toil is gain, the end of gain is pleasure,
 Pleasure tendeth unto waste, and waste commandeth toil.

So, is death an end,—but it breedeth an infinite beginning;
 Limits are for time, and death killed time; Eternity's beginning is for
 ever.

Ambition, hath it any goal indeed? is not all fruition, disappointment?
 A step upon the ladder, and another, and another,—we start from every
 end:

Look to the eras of mortality: babe, student, man,
 The husband, the father, the deathbed of a saint,—and is it then an end?
 That common climax, Death, shall it lead to nothing?
 How strong a root of causes, flowering a consequence of vapour:
 That solid chain of facts, is it snapped for ever?
 How stout a show of figures, weakly summing to nonentity.

Or haply, Death, in the doublings of thy thought, shall seem continuous ending;

A dull eternal slumber, not an end abrupt.

O most futile chrysalis, wherefore dost thou sleep?

Dreamless, unconscious, never to awake,—what object in such slumber?

If thou art still to live, it may as well be wakefully as sleeping:

How grovelling must that spirit be, to need eternal sleep;

Or was indeed the toil of life so heavy and so long,

That nevermore can rest refresh thine overburdened soul?—

Sleep is a recreance to body, but when was mind asleep?

Even in a swoon it dreameth, though all be forgotten afterward:

The muscles seek relaxing, and the irritable nerves ask peace;

But life is a constant force, spirit an unquietable impetus:

The eye may wear out as a telescope, and the brain work slow as a machine,

But soul, unwearied, and for ever, is capable of effort unimpaired.

I live, move, am conscious: what shall bar my being?

Where is the rude hand, to rend this tissue of existence?

Not thine, shadowy Death, what art thou but a phantom?

Not thine, foul Corruption, what art thou but a fear?

For death is merely absent life, as darkness absent light;

Not even a suspension, for the life hath sailed away, steering gladly somewhere.

And corruption, closely noted, is but a dissolving of the parts,

The parts remain, and nothing lost, to build a better whole:

Moreover, mind is unity, however versatile and rapid;

Thou canst not entertain two coincident ideas, although they quickly follow:

And Unity hath no parts, so that there is nothing to dissolve;

The element is still unchanged in every searching solvent.

Who then shall bid me be annulled,—He that gave me being?

Amen, if God so will; I know that will is love:

But love hath promised life, and therefore I shall live;

So long as He is God, I shall be his Creature!

And here, shrewd reasoner, so eager to prove that thou must perish,

I note a sneer upon thy lip, and ridicule is haply on thy tongue:

How, said he,—creature of a God, and are not all his creatures,—

The lion, and the gnat,—yea, the mushroom, and the crystal,—have all these a soul?

Thy fancies tend to prove too much, and overshoot the mark :
 If I die not with brutes, then brutes must live with me?—
 I dare not tell thee that they will, for the word is not in my commission ;
 But of the twain it is the likelier ; continuance is the chance :
 Men, dying in their sins, are likened unto beasts that perish ;
 They are dark, animal, insensate, but have they not a lurking soul ?
 The spirit of a man goeth upward, reasonable, apprehending God ;
 The spirit of a beast goeth downward, sensual, doting on the creature :
 Who told thee they die at dissolution ? boldly think it out,—
 The multitude of flies, and the multitude of herbs, the world with all its
 beings :
 Is Infinity too narrow, Omnipotence too weak, and Love so anxious to
 destroy,
 Doth Wisdom change its plan, and a Maker cancel his created ?
 God's will may compass all things, to fashion and to nullify at pleasure :
 Yet are there many thoughts of hope, that all which are shall live.
 True, there is no conscience in the brute, beyond some educated habit,
 They lay them down without a fear, and wake without a hope :
 Hunger and pain is of the animal : but when did they reckon or compare ?
 They live, idealless, in instinct ; and while they breathe they gain :
 The master is an idol to his dog, who cannot rise beyond him ;
 And void of capability for God, there would seem small cause for an in-
 finity.

Therefore, caviller, my poor thoughts dare not grant they live :
 But is it not a great thing to assume their annihilation—and thine own ?
 Would it be much if a speck on space, this globe with all its millions,
 Verily, after its pollution, were suffered to exist in purity ?
 Or much, if guiltless creatures, that were cruelly entreated upon earth,
 Found some commensurate reward in lower joys hereafter ?
 Or much, if a Creator, prodigal of life, and filled with the profundity of
 love,
 Rejoice in all creatures of his skill, and lead them to perfection in their
 kind ?

O man, there are many marvels ; yet life is more a mystery than death :
 For death may be some stagnant life,—but life is present God !

Many are the lurking-holes of evil ; who shall search them out ?
 Who so skilled to cut away the cancer with its fibres ?
 For wily minds with sinuous ease escape from lie to lie ;
 And cowards driven from the trench steal back to hide again.

Vain were the battle, if a warrior, having slain his foes,
 Shall turn and find them vital still, unharmed, yea, unashamed.
 For Error, dark magician, daily cast out killed,
 Quickeneth animate anew beneath the midnight moon:
 Once and again, once and again, hath reason answered wisely;
 But not the less with brazen front doth folly urge her questions.
 It were but unprofitable toil, a stand-up fight with unbelief:
 When was there candour in a caviller, and who can satisfy the faithless?
 Too long, O truant from the fold, have I tracked thy devious paths;
 Too long, treacherous deserter, fought thee as a noble foeman:
 Haply, my small art, and an arm too weakly for its weapon,
 Hath failed to pierce thine iron coat, and reach thy stricken soul:
 Haply, the fervour of my speech, and too patient sifting of thy fancies,
 Shall tend to make thee prize them more, as worthier and wiser:
 Go to: be mine the gain: we measure swords no more:
 Go,—and a word go with thee, Man, thou ART Immortal!

Child of light, and student in the truth, too long have I forgotten thee;
 Lo, after parley with an alien, let me hold sweet converse with a brother.
 Glorious hopes, and ineffable imaginings, crowd our holy theme,
 Fear hath been slaughtered on the portal, and doubt driven back to darkness:

For Christ hath died, and we in Him; by faith His All is ours;
 Cross and crown, and love, and life; and we shall reign in Him!
 Yea, there is a fitness and a beauty in ascribing immortality to mind,
 That its energies and lofty aspirations may have scope for indefinite expansion.

To learn all things is privilege of reason, and that with a growing capability,

But in this age of toil and time we scarce attain to alphabets:
 How hardly in the midst of our hurry, and jostled by the cares of life,
 Shall a man turn and stop to consider mighty secrets;
 With barely hours, and barely powers, to fill up daily duties,
 How small the glimpse of knowledge, his wondering eye can catch!
 And knowledge is a noting of the order wherein God's attributes evolve,
 Therefore worthy of the creature, worthy of an angel's seeking;
 Yea, and human knowledge, meagre though the harvest,
 Hath its roots, both deep and strong; but the plants are exotic to the climate;

All we seem to know demand a longer learning,

History, and science, and prophecy, and art, are workings all of God:
 And there are galaxies of globes, millions of unimagined beings,
 Other senses, wondrous sounds, and thoughts of thrilling fire,
 Powers of strange might, quickening unknown elements,
 And attributes and energies of God which man may never guess.

Not in vain, O brother, hath soul the spurs of enterprize,
 Nor aimlessly panteth for adventure, waiting at the cave of mystery:
 Not in vain the cup of curiosity, sweet and richly spiced,
 Is ruby to the sight, and ambrosia to the taste, and redolent with all fragrance:

Thou shalt drink, and deeply, filling the mind with marvels;
 Thou shalt watch no more, lingering, disappointed of thy hope;
 Thou shalt roam where road is none, a traveller untrammelled,
 Speeding at a wish, emancipate, to where the stars are suns!

Count, count your hopes, heirs of immortality and love;
 And hear my kindred faith, and turn again to bless me.
 For lo, my trust is strong to dwell in many worlds,
 And cull of many brethren there, sweet knowledge ever new:
 I yearn for realms where fancy shall be filled, and the ecstasies of freedom shall be felt,

And the soul reign gloriously, risen to its royal destinies:
 I look to recognize again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection,
 The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth:
 I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils past,
 And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steered us through the rapids:
 He shall be the focus of it all, the very heart of gladness,—
 My soul is athirst for God, the God who dwelt in man!
 Prophet, priest, and king, the sacrifice, the substitute, the Saviour,
 Rapture of the blessed in the hunted one of earth, the Pardoner in the victim:

How many centuries of joy concentrate in that theme,
 How often a Methusalem might count his thousand years, and leave it unexhausted!

And lo, the heavenly Jerusalem, with all its gates one pearl,
 That pearl of countless price, the door by which we entered,—
 Come, tread the golden streets, and join that glorious throng,
 The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand times ten thousand;
 Hark, they sing that song,—and cast their crowns before him;

Their souls alight with love,—Glory, and Praise, and Immortality!—
Veil thine eyes: no son of time may see that holy vision,
And even the seraph at thy side hath covered his face with wings.

Doth he not speak parables?—each one goeth on his way,
Ye that hear, and I that counsel, go on our ways forgetful.
For the terrible realities whereto we tend, are hidden from our eyes,
We know, but heed them not, and walk as if the temporal were all things.
Vanities, buzzing on the ear, fill its drowsy chambers,
Slow to dread those coming fears, the thunder and the trumpet;
Motes, steaming on the sight, dim our purblind eyes,
Dark to see the ponderous orb of nearing Immortality:
Hemmed in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an epigram;⁴³
The dull ox, driven to slaughter, careth but for pasture by the way.
Alas, that the precious things of truth, and the everlasting hills,
The mighty hopes we spake of, and the consciousness we feel,—
Alas, that all the future, and its adamantine facts,
Clouded by the present with intoxicating fumes,—
Should seem even to us, the great expectant heirs,
To us, the responsible and free, fearful sons of reason,
Only as a lovely song, sweet sounds of solemn music,
A pleasant voice, and nothing more,—doth he not speak parables?

Look to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his brother:
Behold, for heaven—or for hell,—thou canst not escape from Immortality!

Of Ideas.

Mind is like a volatile essence, sitting hither and thither,
A solitary sentinel of the fortress body, to show himself everywhere by
turns:

Mind is indivisible and instant, with neither parts nor organs,
That it doeth, it doth quickly, but the whole mind doth it:
An active versatile agent, untiring in the principle of energy,
Nor space, nor time, nor rest, nor toil, can affect the tenant of the brain;
His dwelling may verily be shattered, and the furniture thereof be
disarranged,

But the particle of Deity in man slumbereth not, neither can be wearied:
However swift to change, even as the field of a kaleidoscope,
It taketh in but one idea at once, moulded for the moment to its likeness:
Mind is as the quicksilver, which, poured from vessel to vessel,
Instantly seizeth on a shape, and as instantly again discardeth it;
For it is an apprehensive power, closing on the properties of Matter,
Expanding to enwrap a world, collapsing to prison up an atom:
As, by night, thine irritable eyes may have seen strange changing figures;
Now a wheel, now suddenly a point, a line, a curve, a zigzag,
A maze ever altering, as the dance of gnats upon a sunbeam,
Swift, intricate, neither to be prophesied, nor to be remembered in
succession,

So, the mind of a man, single, and perpetually moving,
Flickereth about from thought to thought, changed with each idea;
For the passing second metamorphosed to the image of that within
its ken,

And throwing its immediate perceptions into each cause of contemplation.
It shall regard a tree; and unconsciously, in separate review,
Embrace its colour, shape, and use, whole and individual conceptions;
It shall read or hear of crime, and cast itself into the commission;
It shall note a generous deed, and glow for a moment as the doer;

It shall imagine pride or pleasure, treading on the edges of temptation;
Or heed of God and of his Christ, and grow transformed to glory.

Therefore, it is wise and well to guide the mind aright,
That its aptness may be sensitive to good, and shrink with antipathy
from evil:

For use will mould and mark it, or nonusage dull and blunt it;—
So to talk of spirit by analogy with substance;
And analogy is a truer guide, than many teachers tell of,
Similitudes are scattered round, to help us, not to hurt us;
Moses, in his every type, and the Greater than Moses, in his parables,
Preach, in terms that all may learn, the philosophic lessons of analogy:
And here, in a topic immaterial, the likeness of analogy is just;
By habits, knit the nerves of mind, and train the gladiator shrewdly:
For thought shall strengthen thinking, and imagery speed imagination,
Until thy spiritual inmate shall have swelled to the giant of Otranto.

Nevertheless, heed well, that this Athlete, growing in thy brain,
Be a wholesome Genius, not a cursed Afrite:
And see thou discipline his strength, and point his aim discreetly;
Feed him on humility and holy things, weaned from covetous desires;
Hour by hour and day by day, ply him with ideas of excellence,
Dragging forth the evil but to loathe, as a Spartan's drunken Helot;
And win, by gradual allurements, the still expanding soul,
To rise from a contemplated universe, even to the Hand that made it.

A common mind perceiveth not beyond his eyes and ears:
The palings of the park of sense enthrall this captured roebuck:
And still, though fettered in the flesh, he doth not feel his chains,
Externals are the world to him, and circumstance his atmosphere.
Therefore tangible pleasures are enough for the animal-man;
He is swift to speak and slow to think, dreading his own dim conscience;
And solitude is terrible, and exile worse than death,
He cannot dwell apart, nor breathe at a distance from the crowd,
But minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint-marked of heaven,
Walk independent by themselves, freely manumitted of externals:
They carry viands with them, and need no refreshment by the way,
Nor drink of other wells than their own inner fountain.
Strange shall it seem how little such a man will lean upon the accidents
of life,

He is winged and needeth not a staff; if it break,—he shall not fall:
And lightly perchance doth he remember the stale trivialities around him,
He liveth in the realm of thought, beyond the world of things:
These are but transient Matter, and himself enduring Spirit:
And worldliness will laugh to scorn that sublimated wisdom.
His eyes may open on a prison-cell, but the bare walls glow with imagery;
His ears may be filled with execration, but are listening to the music
 of sweet thoughts;
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy his penury
 with peace,
For mind is a kingdom to the man, who gathereth his pleasure from
Ideas.

Of Names.

Adam gave the name, when the Lord had made his creature.
For God led them in review, to see what man would call them.
As they struck his senses, he proclaimed their sounds,
A name for the distinguishing of each, a numeral by which it should be
known:
He specified the partridge by her cry,^{so} and the forest prowler by his
roaring,
The tree by its use, and the flower by its beauty, and everything accord-
ing to its truth.

There is an arbitrary name; whereunto the idea attacheth;
And there is a reasonable name, linking its fitness to idea:
Yet shall these twain run in parallel courses,
Neither shalt thou readily discern the habit from the nature.
For mind is apt, and quick to wed ideas and names together,
Nor stoppeth its perception to be curious of priorities;
And there is but little in the sound, as some have vainly fancied,
The same tone in different tongues shall be suitable to opposite ideas:
Yea, take an ensample in thine own; consider similar words:
How various and contrary the thoughts those kindred names produce:
A house shall seem a fitting word to call a roomy dwelling,
Yet there is a like propriety in the small smooth sound, a mouse:
Mountain, as if of a necessity, is a word both mighty and majestic,—
What heed ye then of Fountain?—flowing silver in the sun.

Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives,
Which the wiser simplicity of rustics entitled by its beauties;
And often the conceit of science, loving to be thought cosmopolite,
Shall mingle names of every clime, alike obscure to each.
There is wisdom in calling a thing fitly; name should note particulars

Through a character obvious to all men, and worthy of their instant
acceptation.

The herbalist had a simple cause for every word upon his catalogue,
But now the mouth of Botany is filled with empty sound;
And many a peasant hath an answer on his tongue, concerning some
vexed flower,
Shrewder than the centipede phrase, wherewithal philosophers invest it.

For that, the foolishness of pride, and flatteries of cringing homage,
Strew with chaff the threshing-floors of science; names perplex them all:
The entomologist, who hath pried upon an insect, straightway shall
endow it with his name;

It had many qualities and marks of note,—but in chief, a vain observer;
The geographer shall journey to the pole, through biting frost and deso-
lation,

And, for some simple patron's sake, shall name that land, the happy:
The fossilist hath found a bone, the rib of some huge lizard,
And forthwith standeth to it sponsor, to tack himself on reptile immor-
talities:

The sportsman, hunting at the Cape, found some strange-horned antelope,
The spots are new, the fame is cheap, and so his name is added.
Thus, obscurities encumber knowledge, even by the vanity of men
Who play into each other's hand the game of giving names.

Various are the names of men, and drawn from different wells;
Aspects of body, or characters of mind, the creature's first idea:
And some have sprung of trades, and some of dignities or office;
Other some added to a father's, and yet more growing from a place:
Animal creation, with sciences, and things,—their composites, and near
associations,

Contributed their symbolings of old, wherewith to title men:
And heraldry set upon its cresture the figured attributes as ensigns
By which, as by a name concrete, its bearer should be known.

Egypt opened on the theme, dressing up her gods in qualities;
Horns of power, feathers of the swift, mitres of catholic dominion,
The sovereign asp, the circle everlasting, the crook and thong of justice,
By many mystic shapes and sounds displayed the idol's name.
Thereafter, high plumed warriors, the chieftains of Etruria and Troy,"
And Xerxes, urging on his millions to the tomb of pride, Thermopylæ,

And Hiero with his bounding ships, all figured at the prow,
 And Rome's Prætorian standards, piled with strange devices,
 And stout crusaders pressing to the battle, locked in shining steel;
 These all in their speaking symbols, earned, or wore, a name.
 Eve, the mother of all living, and Abraham, father of a multitude,
 Jacob, the supplanter, and David, the beloved, and all the worthies of
 old time,
 Noah, who came for consolation, and Benoni, son of sorrow,
 Kings and prophets, children of the East, owned each his title of signi-
 ficance.

There be names of high descent, and thereby storied honours;
 Names of fair renown, and therein characters of merit:
 But to lend the lowborn noble names, is to shed upon them ridicule and
 evil;
 Yea, many weeds run rank in pride, if men have dubbed them cedars.
 And to herald common mediocrity with the noisy notes of fame,
 Tendeth to its deeper scorn; as if it were to call the mole a mammoth.
 Yet shall ye find the trader's babe dignified with sounding titles,
 And little hath the father guessed the harm he did his child:
 For either may they breed him discontent, a peevish repining at his
 station,
 Or point the finger of despite at the mule in the trappings of an ele-
 phant:
 And it is a kind of theft to filch appellations from the famous,
 A soiling of the shrines of praise with folly's vulgar herd.
 Prudence hath often gone ashamed for the name they added to his father's,
 If minds of mark and great achievements bore it well before;
 For he walketh as the jay in the fable, though not by his own folly,
 Another's fault hath compassed his misfortune, making him a martyr to
 his name.

Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch, Orion?
 Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his nurseling.
 Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole tenant of a name,
 For it were a sore hindrance to hold it in common with a hundred;
 In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,
 The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the sage share ho-
 nours with the simple:
 Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arrogant assumption,

Steering from caprice and affectations; and for all thou doest, have a reason.

He that is ambitious for his son, should give him untried names,
For those that have served other men, haply may injure by their evils;
Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; therefore, set him by himself,
To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.

There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song; but where is any
record of the eight?

One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his brethren:¹²
Who knoweth? more distinctly titled, those dead eight had lived;
But the censers were ranged in a circle, to mingle their sweets without
a difference.

Art thou named of a common crowd, and sensible of high aspirings?
It is hard for thee to rise,—yet strive: thou mayest be among them a
Museus.

Art thou named of a family, the same in successive generations?
It is open to thee still to earn for epithets, such an one, the good or great.
Art thou named foolishly? show that thou art wiser than thy fathers,
Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to thy sphere.
Art thou named discreetly? It is well, the course is free;
No competitor shall claim thy colours, neither fix his faults upon thee:
Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,
And win a blessing from the world, that men may love thy name;
Yea, that the unction of its praise, in fragrance well deserving,
May float adown the stream of time, like ambergris at sea;
So thy sons may tell their sons, and those may teach their children,
He died in goodness, as he lived;—and left us his good name.
And more than these: there is a roll whereon thy name is written;
See that, in the Book of Doom, that name is fixed in light:
Then, safe within a better home, where time and its titles are not found,
God will give thee his new Name, and write it on thy heart:
A Name, better than of sons, a Name dearer than of daughters,
A Name of union, peace, and praise, as numbered in thy God.

Of Things.

Abstracted from all substance, and flying with the feathered flock of thoughts,

The idea of a thing hath the nature of its Soul, a separate seeming essence :

Intimately linked to the idea, suggesting many qualities,

The name of a thing hath the nature of its Mind, an intellectual recorder ;

And the matter of a thing, concrete, is a Body to the perfect creature,

Compacted three in one, as all things else within the universe.

Nothing canst thou add to them, and nothing take away, for all have these proportions,

The thought, the word, the form, combining in the Thing :

All separate, yet harmonizing well, and mingled each with other,

One whole in several parts, yet each part spreading to a whole :

The idea is a whole, and the meaning phrase that spake idea, a whole,

And the matter, as ye see it, is a whole ; the mystery of true tri-unity :

Yea, there is even a deeper mystery,— which none, I wot, can fathom,

Matter, different from properties whereby the solid substance is described.

For, size and weight, cohesion, and the like, live distinct from matter,

Yet who can imagine matter, unendowed with size and weight ?

As in the spiritual, so in the material, man must rest with patience,

And wait for other eyes wherewith to read the books of God.

Men have talked learnedly of atoms, as if matter could be ever indivisible,

They talk, but ill are skilled to teach, and darken truth by fancies :

An atom by our grosser sense was never yet conceived,

And nothing can be thought so small, as not to be divided :

For an atom runneth to infinity, and never shall be caught in space,

And a molecule is no more indivisible than Saturn's belted orb.

Things intangible, multiplied by multitudes, never will amass to substance,

Neither can a thing which may be touched, be made of impalpable proportions;

The sum of indivisibles must needs be indivisible, as adding many nothings,

And the building up of atoms into matter is but a silly sophism;

Lucretius,⁵³ and keen Anaximander, and many that have followed in their thoughts,

(For error hath a long black shadow, dimming light for ages,)

In the foolishness of men without a God fancied to fashion matter

Of intangibles, and therefore uncohering, indivisibles, and therefore Spirit.

Things breed thoughts; therefore at Thebes and Heliopolis,

In hieroglyphic sculptures are the priestly secrets written;

Things breed thoughts; therefore was the Athens of idolatry

Set with carved images, frequent as the trees of Academus:

Things breed thoughts; therefore the Brahmin and the Burman

With mythologic shapes adorn their coarse pantheon:

Things breed thoughts; therefore the statue and the picture,

Relicts, rosaries, and miracles in act, quicken the Papist in his worship:

Things breed thoughts; therefore the lovers at their parting

Interchanged with tearful smiles the dear reminding tokens:

Things breed thoughts; therefore when the clansman met his foe,

The bloodstained claymore in his hand revived the memories of vengeance.

Things teach with double force; through the animal eye, and through the mind,

And the eye catcheth in an instant, what the ear shall not learn within an hour.

Thence is the potency of travel, the precious might of its advantages

To compensate its dissipative harm, its toil and cost and danger.

Ulysses, wandering to many shores, lived in many cities,⁵⁴

And thereby learnt the minds of men, and stored his own more richly:

Herodotus, the accurate and kindly, spake of that he saw,

And reaped his knowledge on the spot, in fertile fields of Egypt:

Lycurgus culled from every clime the golden fruits of justice;

And Plato roamed through foreign lands, to feed on truth in all.

For travel, conversant with Things, bringeth them in contact with the
mind ;

We breathe the wholesome atmosphere about ungarbled truth :

Pictures of fact are painted on the eye, to decorate the house of intellect,
Rather than visions of fancy, filling all the chambers with a vapour.

For, in Ideas, the great mind will exaggerate, and the lesser extenuate
truth ;

But in Things the one is chastened, and the other quickened, to equality
And in Names,—though a property be told, rather than some arbitrary
accident,

Still shall the thought be vague or false, if none have seen the Thing :

For in Things the property with accident standeth in a mass concrete,

These cannot cheat the sense, nor elude the vigilance of spirit.

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,

But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou add not thoughts to
things :

Yet, aided by the varnish of society, things may serve for thoughts,

Till many dullards that have seen the world shall pass for scholars :

Because one single glance will conquer all descriptions,

Though graphic, these left some unsaid, though true, these tended to
some error ;

And the most witless eye that saw, had a juster notion of its object,

Than the shrewdest mind that heard and shaped its gathered thoughts
of Things.

Of Faith.

Confidence was bearer of the palm ; for it looked like conviction of desert ;
And where the strong is well assured, the weaker soon allow it.
Majesty and beauty are commingled, in moving with immutable decision,
And well may charm the coward hearts that turn and hide for fear.
Faith, firmness, confidence, consistency,—these are well allied ;
Yea, let a man press on in aught, he shall not lack of honour :
For such an one seemeth as superior to the native instability of creatures ;
That he doeth, he doeth as a god, and men will marvel at his courage.
Even in crimes, a partial praise cannot be denied to daring,
And many fearless chiefs have won the friendship of a foe.

Confidence is conqueror of men ; victorious both over them and in them ;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail :
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled ;
The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame the man to danger,
And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had vanquished fear.
Boldness is akin to power : yea, because ignorance is weakness,
Knowledge with unshrinking might will nerve the vigorous hand :
Boldness hath a startling strength ; the mouse may fright a lion,
And oftentimes the horned herd is scared by some brave cur.
Courage hath analogy with faith, for it standeth both in animal and
moral ;
The true is mindful of a God, the false is stout in self :
But true or false, the twain are faith ; and faith worketh wonders :
Never was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had sprung of faith :
Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the root of the achieve-
ment ;
Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith.
Leonidas⁴⁴ fought in human faith, as Joshua in divine :

Xenophon trusted to his skill, and the sons of Mattathias to their cause :
 In faith Columbus found a path across those untried waters ;
 The heroines of Are and Saragossa fought in earthly faith :
 Tell was strong, and Alfred great, and Luther wise, by faith ;
 Margaret by faith was valiant for her son, and Wallace mighty for his
 people :

Faith in his reason made Socrates sublime, as faith in his science, Galileo :
 Ambassadors in faith are bold, and unproved for boldness :
 Faith urged Fabius to delays, and sent forth Hannibal to Cannæ :
 Cæsar at the Rubicon, Miltiades at Marathon ; both were sped by faith.
 I set not all in equal spheres : I number not the martyr with the patriot ;
 I class not the hero with his horse, because the twain have courage ;
 But only for ensample and instruction, that all things stand by faith ;
 Albeit faith of divers kinds, and varying in degree.
 There is a faith towards men, and there is a faith towards God ;
 The latter is the gold and the former is the brass ; but both are sturdy
 metal :

And the brass mingled with the gold floweth into rich Corinthian ;
 A substance bright and hard and keen, to point Achilles' spear :
 So shalt thou stop the way against the foes that hem thee ;
 Trust in God, to strengthen man ;—be bold, for He doth help.

Yet more : for confidence in man, even to the worst and meanest,
 Hath power to overcome his ill, by charitable good.
 Fling thine unreserving trust even on the conscience of a culprit,
 Soon wilt thou shame him by thy faith, and he will melt and mend :
 The nest of thieves will harm thee not, if thou dost bear thee boldly ;
 Boldly, yea and kindly, as relying on their honour :
 For the hand so stout against aggression, is quite disarmed by charity ;
 And that warm sun will thaw the heart casehardened by long frost.
 Treat men gently, trust them strongly, if thou wish their weal ;
 Or cautious doubt and bitter thoughts will tempt the best to foil thee.
 Believe the well in sanguine hope, and thou shalt reap the better ;
 But if thou deal with men so ill, thy dealings make them worse.
 Despair not of some gleams of good still lingering in the darkest,
 And among veterans in crime, plead thou as with their children :
 So astonished at humanities, the bad heart long estranged,
 Shall even weep to feel himself so little worth thy love ;
 In wholesome sorrow will he bless thee ; yea, and in that spirit may
 repent ;
 Thus, wilt thou gain a soul, in mercy given to thy faith.

Look aside to lack of faith, the mass of ills it bringeth :
 All things treacherous, base, and vile, dissolving the brotherhood of men.
 Bonds break ; the cement hath lost its hold ; and each is separate from
 other ;

That which should be neighbourly and good, is cankered into bitterness
 and evil.

O thou serpent, fell Suspicion, coiling coldly round the heart,—

O thou asp of subtle Jealousy, stinging hotly to the soul,—

O distrust, reserve, and doubt,—what reptile shapes are here,

Poisoning the garden of a world with death among its flowers !

No need of many words, the tale is easy to be told :

A point will touch the truth, a line suggest the picture.

For if, in thine own home, a cautious man and captious,

Thou hintest at suspicion of a servant, thou soon wilt make a thief ;

Or if, too keen in care, thou dost evidently disbelieve thy child,

Thou hast injured the texture of his honour, and smoothed to him the
 way of lying ;

Or if thou observest upon friends, as seeking thee selfishly for interest,

Thou hast hurt their kindness to thee, and shalt be paid with scorn :

Or if, O silly ones of marriage, your foul and foolish thoughts,

Harshly misinterpreting in each the levity of innocence for sin,

Shall pour upon the lap of home pain where once was pleasure,

And mix contentions in the cup, that mantled once with comforts,

Bitterly and justly shall ye rue the punishment due to unbelief ;

Ye trust not each the other, nor the mutual vows of God ;

Take heed, for the pit may now be near, a pit of your own digging,

Faith abused tempteth unto crime, and doubt may make its monster.

Man verily is vile, but more in capability than action ;

His sinfulness is deep, but his transgressions may be few, even from the
 absence of temptation :

He is hanging in a gulph midway, but the air is breathable about him :

Thrust him not from that slight hold, to perish in the vapours underneath.

For, God pleadeth with the deaf, as having ears to hear,

Christ speaketh to the dead, as those that are capable of living ;

And an evil teacher is that man, a tempter to much sin,

Who looketh on his hearers with distrust, and hath no confidence in
 brethren.

All may mend ; and sympathies are healing : and reason hath its influ-
 ence with the worst ;

And in those worst is ample hope, if only thou hast charity, and faith.

Sometimes have I watched a man exchanging the sobriety of faith,
 Old lamps for new,—even for fanatical excitements.
 He gained surface, but lost solidity; heat, in lieu of health;
 And still with swelling words and thoughts he scorned his ancient cold-
 ness:

But, his strength was shorn as Samson's;" he walked he knew not
 whither;

Doubt was on his daily path; and duties showed not certain.
 Until, in an hour of enthusiasm, stung with secret fears,
 He pinned the safety of his soul on some false prophet's sleeve.
 And then, that sure word failed; and with it, failed his faith;
 It failed, and fell; O deep and dreadful was his fall in faith.
 He could not stop, with reason's rein, his coursers on the slope,
 And so they dashed him down the cliff of hardened unbelief.
 With overreaching grasp he had strained for visionary treasures,
 But a fiend had cheated his presumption, and hurled him to despair.
 So he lay in his blood, the victim of a credulous false faith,
 And many nights, and night-like days, he dwelt in outer darkness.
 But, within a while, his variable mind caught a new impression,
 A new impression of the good old stamp, that sealed him when a child:
 He was softened, and abjured his infidelity; he was wiser, and despised
 his credulity;

And turned again to simple faith more simply than before.
 Experience had declared too well his mind was built of water,
 And so renouncing strength in self, he fixed his faith in God.

It is not for me to stipulate for creeds; Bible, Church, and Reason,
 These three shall lead the mind, if any can, to truth.
 But I must stipulate for faith; both God and man demand it:
 Trust is great in either world, if any would be well.
 Verily, the sceptical propensity is an universal foe;
 Sneering Pyrrho never found, nor cared to find, a friend:
 How could he trust another? and himself, whom would he not deceive?
 His proper gains were all his aim, and interests clash with kindness.
 So, the Bedouin goeth armed, an enemy to all,
 The spear is stuck beside his couch, the dagger hid beneath his pillow.
 For society, void of mutual trust, of credit, and of faith,
 Would fall asunder as a waterspout, snapped from the cloud's attraction.

Faith may rise into miracles of might, as some few wise have shown:
 Faith may sink into credulities of weakness, as the mass of fools have
 witnessed.

Therefore, in the first, saints and martyrs have fulfilled their mission,
Conquering dangers, courting deaths, and triumphing in all.

Therefore, in the last, the magician and the witch, victims of their own
delusion,

Have gained the bitter wages of impracticable sins.

They believed in allegiance with Satan; they worked in that belief,

And thereby earned the loss and harm of guilt that might not be.

For, faith hath two hands; with the one it addeth virtue to indifferents;

Yea, it sanctified a Judith and a Jael, for what otherwise were treachery
and murder:

With the other hand it heapeth crime even on impossibles or simples,

And many a wizard well deserved the faggot for his faith:

He trusted in his intercourse with evil, he sacrificed heartily to fiends,

He withered up with curses to the limit of his will, and was vile, be-
cause he thought himself a villain.

A great mind is ready to believe, for he hungereth to feed on facts,
And the gnawing stomach of his ignorance craveth unceasing to be filled:
A little mind is boastful and incredulous, for he fancieth all knowledge
is his own,

So will he cavil at a truth; how should it be true, and he not know it?—

There is an easy scheme, to solve all riddles by the sensual,

And thus, despising mysteries, to feel the more sufficient:

For it comforteth the foul hard heart, to reject the pure unseen,

And relieveth the dull soft head, to hinder one from gazing upon vacancy.

True wisdom, labouring to expound, heareth others readily;

False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind to argument.

The sum of certainties is found so small, their field so wide an universe,

That many things may truly be, which man hath not conceived:

The characters revealed of God are a strong mind's sole assurance

That any strangeness may not stand a sober theme for faith.

Ignorance being light denied, this ought to show the stronger in its view,

But ignorance is commonly a double negative, both of light and morals:

So, adding vanity to blindness, for ease, it taketh refuge in a doubt,

And aching soon with ceaseless doubt, it finisheth the strife by misbe-
lieving.

Faith, by its very nature, shall embrace both credence and obedience:

Yea, the word for both is one, and cannot be divided.²⁸

For, work void of faith, wherein can it be counted for a duty;

And faith not seen in work,—whereby can the doctrine be discovered?
Faith in religion is an instrument; a handle, and the hand to turn it:
Less a condition than a mean, and more an operation than a virtue.
A moral sickness, like to sin, must have a moral cure;
And faith alone can heal the mind, whose malady is sense.
Ye are told of God's deep love: they that believe will love him:
They that love him, will obey: and obedience hath its blessing.
Ye are taught of the soul's great price; they that believe will prize it,
And, prizing soul, will cherish well the hopes that make it happy.
Effects spring from feelings; and feelings grow of faith:
If a man conceive himself insulted, will not his anger smite?
Thus, let a soul believe his state, his danger, destiny, redemption,
Will he not feel eager to be safe, like him that kept the prison at Philippi?"

A mother had an only son, and sent him out to sea:
She was a widow, and in penury; and he must seek his fortunes.
How often in the wintry nights, when waves and winds were howling,
Her heart was torn with sickening dread, and bled to see her boy.
And on one sunny morn, when all around was comfort,
News came, that weeks ago, the vessel had been wrecked;
Yea, wrecked, and he was dead! they had seen him perish in his agony:
Oh then, what agony was like to her's,—for she believed the tale.
She was bowed and broken down with sorrow, and uncomforted in prayer;
Many nights she mourned, and pined, and had no hope but death.
But on a day, while sorely she was weeping, a stranger broke upon her
loneliness,—
He had news to tell, that weather-beaten man, and must not be denied:
And what were the wonder-working words that made this mourner joyous,
That swept her heaviness away, and filled her world with praise?
Her son was saved,—is alive,—is near!—O did she stop to question?
No, rushing in the force of faith, she met him at the door!

Of Honesty.

Ill is vanity which is not honesty ; — thus is it graven on the tomb :
And there is no wisdom but in piety : — so the dead man preacheth :
For, in a simple village church, among those classic shades
Which sylvan Evelyn^{es} loved to rear, (his praise, and my delight,)
These, the words of truth, are writ upon his sepulchre
Who learnt much lore, and knew all trees, from the cedar to the hyssop
on the wall.

A just conjunction, godliness and honesty, ministering to both worlds,
Well wed, and ill to be divided, a pair that God hath joined together.
I touch not now the vulgar thought, as of tricks and cheateries in trade,
I speak of honest purpose, character, speech and action :
For an honest man hath special need of charity, and prudence,
Of a deep and humbling self-acquaintance, and of blessed commerce
with his God,

So that the keennesses of truth may be freed from asperities of censure,
And the just but vacillating mind be not made the pendulum of arguments :

For a false reason, shrewdly put, can often not be answered on the
instant,

And prudence looketh unto faith, content to wait solutions ;
Yea, it looketh, yea, it waiteth, still holding honesty in leash,
Lest, as a hot young hound, it track not game, but vermin.
Many a man of honest heart, but ignorant of self and God,
Hath followed the marsh-fires of pestilence, esteeming them the lights
of truth ;

He heard a cause, which he had not skill to solve,—and so received it
gladly,

And that cause brought its consequence, of harm to an unstable soul.
Prudence, for a man's own sake, never should be separate from honesty ;
And charity, for others' good, and his, must still be joined therewith ;

For the harshly chiding tongue hath neither pleasuring nor profit,
 And the cold unsympathizing heart never gained a good.
 Sin is a sore, and folly is a fever; touch them tenderly for healing;
 The bad chironurgeon's awkward knife harmeth, spite of honesty.
 Still, a rough diamond is better than the polished paste,—
 That courteous flattering fool, who spake of vice as virtue:
 And honesty, even by itself, though making many adversaries
 Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have softened,
 Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great honour
 By giving others many goods, to his own cost and hindrance.

Freedom is father of the honest, and sturdy Independence is his brother;
 These three, with heart and hand, dwell together in unity.
 The blunt yeoman, stout and true, will speak unto princes unabashed:
 His mind is loyal, just and free, a crystal in its plain integrity;
 What should make such an one ashamed? where courtiers kneel, he
 standeth;—

I will indeed bow before the king, but knees were knit for God
 And many such there be, of a high and noble conscience,
 Honourable, generous, and kind, though blest with little light:
 What should he barter for his Freedom? some petty gain of gold?
 Free of speech, and free in act, magnates honour him for boldness:
 Long may he flourish in his peace, and a stalwarth race around him,
 Rooted in the soil like oaks, and hardy as the pine upon the mountains!

Yet, there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling honesty for interest:
 And do they gain?—they gain but loss; a little cash, with scorn.
 Behold, the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen nature:
 He hath lost his own esteem, and other men's respect;
 For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in the heaviness of
 cringing;

For plain truth where none could err, he hath chosen tortuous paths;
 In lieu of his majesty of countenance—the timorous glances of servility;
 Instead of Freedom's honest pride,—the spirit of a slave.

Nevertheless, there is something to be pleaded, even for a necessary guile,
 Whilst the world, and all that is therein, lieth deep in evil.
 Who can be altogether honest,—a champion never out of mail,
 Ready to break a lance for truth with every crowding error?
 Who can be altogether honest,—dragging out the seceresies of life,

And risking to be lashed and loathed for each unkind disclosure?
 Who can be altogether honest,—living in perpetual contentions,
 And prying out the petty cheats that swell the social scheme?
 For he must speak his instant mind,—a mind corrupt and sinful,
 Exhibiting to other men's disgust its undisguised deformities:
 He must utter all the hatred of his heart, and add to it the venom of his
 tongue;

Shall he feel, and hide his feelings? that were the meanness of a hypocrite.—

Still, O man, such hypocrisy is better, than this bold honesty to sin:
 Kill the feeling, or conceal it: let shame at least do the work of charity.

☉ charity, thou livest not in warnings, meddling among men,
 Rebuking every foolish word, and censuring small sins;
 This is not thy secret,—rather wilt thou hide their multitude,
 And silence the condemning tongue, and wearisome exhortation.
 But for thee, thy strength and zeal shine in encouragement to good,
 Lifting up the lantern of ensample, that wanderers may find the way:
 That lantern is not lit to gaze on all the hatefulness of evil,
 But set on high for life and light, the loveliness of good.
 The hard censorious mind sitteth as a keen anatomist
 Tracking up the fibres in corruption, and prying on a fearful corpse.
 But the charitable soul is a young lover, enamoured little wisely,
 That saw no fault in her he loved, and sought to see one less,
 So, in his kind and genial light, she grew more worthy of his love;
 Won to good by gentle suns, and not by frowning tempest.

Verily, infirm thyself,—be slow to elide a brother's imperfections;
 For many times the decent veil must hang on faults of nature;
 And the rude hands, that rend it, offend against the modesty of right,
 While seeming zeal, and its effort to do good, is only feigned self-praise:
 Often will the meannesses of life, hidden away in corners,
 Prove wisdom; and the generous is glad to leave them unregarded in
 the shade.

The follies none are found to praise, let them die unblamed;
 Thine honest strife will only tend to make some think them wise:
 And small conventional deceits, let them live uncensured:
 Or if thou war with pigmies, thou shalt haply help the cranes.
 Where to be blind was safety, Ovid had been wise for winking:
 And when a tell-tale might do harm, be sure it is prudent to be dumb:

That which is just and fit is often found combating with honesty :
In the cause of good, be wise ; and in a case indifferent, keep silence.

Let honesty's unblushing face be shaded by the mantle of humility,
So shall it shine a lamp of love, and not the torch of strife :
Otherwise the lantern of Diogenes, presumptuously thrust before the face,
If it never find an honest man, shall often make an angered.
Let honesty be accompanied by charity of heart, lest it walk unwelcome ;
Or the mouthing censor of others and himself, soon shall sink to scorn.
Let honesty be added unto innocence of life : then a man may only be
its martyr ;
But if openness of speech be found with secresy of guilt, the martyr
will be seen a malefactor.

There is a cunning scheme, to put on surface bluntness,
And cover still deep water, with the clamorous ripples of a shallow.
For a man, to gain his selfish ends, will make a stalking-horse of honesty ;
And hide his poaching limbs behind, that he may cheat the quicker.
Such an one is loud and ostentatious, full of oaths for argument,
Boastful of honour and sincerity, and not to be put down by facts :
He is obstinate, and showeth it for firmness : he is rude, displaying it
for truth ;
And glorieth in doggedness of temper, as if it were uncompromising
justice.
Be aware of such a man ; his brawling covereth designs ;
This specious show of honesty cometh as the herald of a thief :
His feint is made with awkward clashing on the buckler's boss,
But meanwhile doth his secret skill ensure its fatal aim.
This is the hypocrite of honesty ; ye may know him by an overacted part ;
Taking pains to turn and twist, where other men walk straight ;
Or walking straight, he will not step aside to let another pass,
But roughly pusheth on, provoking opposition on the way ;
He is full of disquietude for calmness, full of intriguing for simplicity,
Valorous with those who cannot fight, and humble to the brave :
Where brotherly advice were good, this man rudely blameth,
And on some small occasion, flattereth with coarse praise.
The craven in a lion's skin hath conquered by his character for courage ;
Sheep's clothing helped the wolf, till he slew by his character for kindness.

For honesty hath many gains, and well the wise have known
This will prosper to the end, and fill their house with gold.
The phosphorus of cheatery will fade, and all its profits perish,
While honesty with growing light endureth as the moon.
Yea, it would be wise in a world of thieves, where cheating were a
virtue,

To dare the vice of honesty, if any would be rich.
For that which by the laws of God is heightened into duty,
Ever, in the practice of a man, will be seen both policy and privilege.
Thank God, ye toilers for your bread, in that, daily labouring,
He hath suffered the bubbles of self-interest to float upon the stream of
duty :

For honesty, of every kind, approved by God and man,
Of wealth and better weal is found the richest cornucopia.
Tempered by humbleness and charity, honesty of speech hath honour;
And mingled well with prudence, honesty of purpose hath its praise :
Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of action :
And all men love to lean on him, who never failed nor fainted.
Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and Nobleness of nature at his heart,
And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head :
So, he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels, and to men :
Yea, -- when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes of dissolution,
Still, will he stand in his integrity, sublime — an honest man.

Of Society.

Better is the mass of men, Suspicion, than thy fears,
Kinder than thy thoughts, O chilling heart of Prudence,
Purer than thy judgments, ascetic tongue of Censure,
In all things worthier to love, if not also wiser to esteem.
Yea, let the moralist condemn, there be large extenuations of his verdict,
Let the misanthrope shun men and abjure, the most are rather loveable
than hateful.

How many pleasant faces shed their light on every side,
How many angels unawares have crossed thy casual way!
How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made thee instant friends,
Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet no more;
Friends of happy reminiscence, although so transient in their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly traits.
I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much people,
But never yet could find a spot, unsunned by human kindness;
Some more, and some less,—but truly all can claim a little;
And a man may travel through the world, and sow it thick with friend-
ships.

There be indeed, to say it in all sorrow, bad apostate souls,
Deserted of their ministering angels, and given up to liberty of sin,—
And other some, the miserly and mean, whose eyes are keen and greedy,
With stony hearts, and iron fists, to flieh and scrape and clutch,—
And others yet again, the coarse in mind, selfish, sensual, brutish,
Seeming as incapable of softer thoughts, and dead to better deeds,
Such, no lover of the good, no follower of the generous and gentle,
Can nearer grow to love, than may consist with pity.
Few verily are these among the mass, and cast in fouler moulds,
Few and poor in friends, and well-deserving of their poverty:

Yet, or ever thou hast harshly judged, and linked their presence to disgust,

Consider well the thousand things that made them all they are.

Thou hast not thought upon the causes, ranged in consecutive necessity,
Which tended long to these effects, with sure constraining power.

For each of those unlovely ones, if thou couldst hear his story,

Hath much to urge of just excuse, at least as men count justice:

Foolish education, thwarted opportunities, natural propensities unchecked,—

Thus were they discouraged from all good, and pampered in their evil:

And, if thou wilt apprehend them well, tenderly looking on temptations,

Bearing the base indulgently, and liberally dealing with the froward,

Thou shalt discern a few fair fruits even upon trees so withered,

Thou shalt understand how some may praise, and some be found to love them.

Nevertheless for these, my counsel is, Avoid them if thou canst;

For the finer edges of thy virtues will be dulled by attrition with their vice.

And there is an enemy within thee; either to palliate their sin,

Until, for surface-sweetness, thou too art drawn adown the vortex;

Or, even unto fatal pride, to glorify thy purity by contrast,

Until the publican and harlot stand nearer heaven than the Pharisee:

Or daily strife against their ill, in subtleness may irritate thy soul,

And in that struggle thou shalt fail, even through infirmity of goodness;

Or, callous by continuance of injuries, thou wilt cease to pardon,

Cease to feel, and cease to care, a cold case-hardened man.

Beware of their example,—and thine own; beware the hazards of the battle;

But chiefly be thou ware of this, an unforgiving spirit.

Many are the dangers and temptations compassing a bad man's presence;

The upas hath a poisonous shade, and who would slumber there?

Wherefore, avoid them if thou canst; only, under providence and duty,

If thy lot be cast with Kedar,⁶² patiently and silently live to their rebuke.

How beautiful thy feet, and full of grace thy coming,

O better kind companion, that art well for either world!

There is an atmosphere of happiness floating round that man,

Love is throned upon his heart, and light is found within his dwelling,

His eyes are rayed with peacefulness, and wisdom waiteth on his tongue;

Seek him out, cherish him well, walking in the halo of his influence :
 For he shall be fragrance to thy soul, as a garden of sweet lilies,
 Hedged and apart from the outer world, an island of the blest among
 the seas.

There is an outer world, and there is an inner centre ;
 And many varying rings concentric round the self.
 For, first, about a man,—after his communion with heaven,—
 Is found the helpmate even as himself, the wife of his vows and his
 affections :

• See then that ye love in faith, scorning petty jealousies,
 For Satan spoileth too much love, by souring it with doubts ;
 See that intimacy die not to indifference, nor anxiety sink into moroseness,
 And tend ye well the mutual minds bound in a copartnership for life.

Next of those concentric circles, radiating widely in circumference,
 Wheel in wheel, and world in world,—come the band of children :
 A tender nest of soft young hearts, each to be separately studied,
 A curious eager flock of minds, to be severally tamed and tutored.
 And a man, blest with these, hath made his own society,
 He is independent of the world, hanging on his friends more loosely :
 For the little faces round his hearth are friends enow for him,
 If he seek others, it is for sake of these, and less for his own pleasure.
 What companionship so sweet, yea, who can teach so well
 As these pure budding intellects, and bright unsullied hearts ?
 What voice so musical as theirs, what visions of elegance so comely,
 What thoughts and hopes and holy prayers, can others cause like these ?
 If ye count society for pastime,—what happier recreation than a nurse-
 ling,

Its winning ways, its prattling tongue, its innocence and mirth ?
 If ye count society for good,—how fair a field is here,
 To guide these souls to God, and multiply thyself for heaven !

And this sweet social commerce with thy children, groweth as their
 growth,
 Unless thou fail of duty, or have weaned them by thine absence.
 Keep them near thee, rear them well, guide, correct, instruct them ;
 And be the playmate of their games, the judge in their complainings.
 So shall the maiden and the youth love thee as their sympathizing friend.
 And bring their joys to share with thee, their sorrows for consoling :

Yea, their inmost hopes shall yearn to thee for counsel,
 They will not hide their very loves, if thou hast won their trust;
 But, even as man and woman, shall they gladly seek their father,
 Feeling yet as children feel, though void of fear in honour:
 And thou shalt be a Nestor in the camp, the just and good old man,
 Hearty still, though full of years, and held the friend of all;
 No secret shall be kept from thee; for if ill, thy wisdom may repair it;
 If well, thy praise is precious; and they would not miss that prize.
 O the blessing of a home, where old and young mix kindly,
 The young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion!
 O that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or daughter
 May seek, with confidence of love, a father's hearth and heart;
 Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out; of kindness, though
 men scorn them;
 And finding there the last to blame, the earliest to commend.
 Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee astray,
 I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to return;
 Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee,
 There always shall be one to bless,—for I am on thy side!

Alas,—and bitter is their loss, the parents, and the children,
 Who, loving up and down the world, have missed each other's friendship.
 Haply, it had grown of careless life, for years go swiftly by;
 Or sprang of too much carefulness, that drank up all the streams:
 Haply, sullen disappointment came and quenched the fire;
 Haply, sternness, or misrule, crushed or warped the feelings.
 Then, ill-combined in tempers, they learnt not each the other;
 The growing child grew out of love, and drew the breath of fear;
 The youth, ill-trained, renounced his fears, and made a league with
 cunning;

And so those hardened men were foes, that should have been chief friends.
 Where was the cause, the mutual cause? O hunt it out to kill it:
 And what the cure, the simple cure?—A mutual flash of love.
 For dull estrangement's daily air froze up those early sympathies
 By cold continuance in apathy, or cutting winds of censure;
 It was a slow process, which any fleeting hour could have melted;
 But every hour duly came, and passed without the sun.
 Caution, care, and dry distrust, obscured each other's minds,
 Till both those gardens, rich to yield, were rank with many weeds:
 And doubt, a hidden worm, gnawed at the root of their Society,

They lacked of mutual confidence, and lived in mutual dread.
 Judge me, many fathers; and hearken to my counsel, many sons;
 I come with good in either hand, to reconcile contentions:
 For better friends can no man have, than those whom God hath given,
 And he that hath despised the gift, thought ill of that he knew not.
 Be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the sons)—and win paternal friendships,
 Cultivate their kindness, seek them out with honour, and be the screen-
 ing Japheth to their failings:⁶³

And be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the fathers,)—gain those filial comrades,
 Cherish their reasonable converse, and look not with coldness on your
 children.

For the friendship of a child is the brightest gem set upon the circlet of
 Society,

A jewel worth a world of pains—a jewel seldom seen.

The third cycle on the waters, another of those rings upon the onyx,
 A further definite broad zone, holdeth kith and kin:
 A motley band of many tribes, and under various banners;
 The intimate and strangers, the known and loved, or only seen for
 loathing:

Some, dear for their deserts, shall honour and have honour of relation-
 ship,

Some, despising duties, will add to it both burden and disgrace.

A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his dearest,

Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help him.

For, note thou this, the providence of God hath bound up families to-
 gether,

To mutual aid and patient trial; yea, those ties are strong.

Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be trusted in thy
 need,

For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice of man:

There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in friends,

The latter show more surface, and the first have more of depth.

Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and neglect,

Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after promises and kind-
 ness.

For friends come and go, the whim that bound may loose them,

But none can dissever a relationship, and Fate hath tied the knot.

Wide, and edged with shadowy bounds, a distant boulevard to the city,
 The common crowd of social life is buzzing round about:

That is as the outer court, with all defences levelled,
 Ranged around a man's own fortress, and his father's house.
 For many friends go in and out, and praise thee, finding pasture,
 And some are honey-comb to-day, who turn to gall to-morrow:
 And many a garrulous acquaintance with his frequent visit
 Will spend his leisure to thy cost, selling dullness dearly:
 For the idle call is a heavy tax, where time is counted gold,
 And even in the day of relaxation, haply he may spare his presence,—
 He found himself alone, and came to talk,—till they that hear are tired;
 Let the man bethink him of an errand, that his face be not unwelcome.

But many friends there be, both well and wisely greeted,
 Gladly are they hailed upon the hills, and are chidden that they come so
 seldom.

Of such are the early recollections, school friendships that have thriven
 to grey hairs,

And veteran men are young once more, and talk of boyish pranks;
 And such, yet older on the list, are those who loved thy father,
 Thy father's friend, and thine, who tendereth thee tried love:
 Such also, many gentle hearts, whom thou hast known too lately,
 Hastening now to learn their worth, and chary of those minutes;
 And such, thy faithful pastor, coming to thy home with peace;—
 Greet the good man heartily,—and bid thy children bless him!

Many thoughts, many thoughts,—who can catch them all?
 The best are ever swiftest winged, the duller lag behind:
 For, behold, in these vast themes, my mind is as a forest of the West,
 And flocking pigeons come in clouds, and bend the groaning branches;
 Here for a rest, then off and away,—they have sped to other climes,
 And leave me to my peace once more, a holiday from thoughts.
 I dare not lure them back, for the mighty subject of Society
 Would tempt to many a hackneyed note in many a weary key:
 Sage warnings, stout advice, experiences ever to be learned,
 The foolish floatiness of vanity, and solemn trumperies of pride,—
 Economy, the poor man's mint,—extravagance, the rich man's pitfall,
 Harmful copings with the better, and empty-headed apings of the worse.
 Circumstance and custom, sympathies, antipathies, diverse kinds of con-
 versation,
 Vapid pleasures, the weariness of gaiety, the strife and bustle of the
 world,

Home comforts, the miseries of style, the cobweb lines of etiquette,
The hollowness of courtesies, and substance of deceits,—idleness, busi-
ness, and pastime,—

The multitude of matters to be done, the when, and where, and how,
And varying shades of character, to do, undo, or miss them,—

All these, and many more alike, thick converging fancies,

Flit in throngs about my theme, as honey-bees at even to their hive.

Find an end, or make one: these seeds are dragon's teeth:

Sown thoughts grow to things, and fill that field, the world:

Many wise have gone before, and used the sickle well;

Who can find a corner now, where none have bound the sheaves?

So, other some may reap: I do but glean and gather:

My sorry handful hath been culled after the ripe harvest of Society

Of Solitude.

Who hath known his brother,—or found him in his freedom unrestrained ?
Even he, whose hidden glance hath watched his deepest Solitude.
For we walk the world in domino, putting on characters and habits,
And wear a social Janus' mask, while others stand around :
I speak not of the hypocrite, nor dream of meant deceptions,
But of that quick unconscious change, whereof the best know most.
For mind hath its influence on mind ; and no man is free but when alone ;
Yea, let a dog be watching thee, its eye will tend to thy restraint.
Self-possession cannot be so perfect, with another intellect beside thee,
It is not as a natural result, but rather the educated produce.
The presence of a second spirit must control thine own,
And throw it off its equipoise of peace, to balance by an effort.
The common minds of common men know of this but little ;
What then ? they know nothing of themselves : I speak to those who
know.

The consciousness that some are hearing, cometh as a care,
The sense that some are watching near, bindeth thee to caution ;
And the tree of tender nerves shrinketh as a touched mimosa,
Drooping like a plant in drought, with half its strength decayed.
There are antipathies warning from the many, and sympathies drawing
to the few,
But merchant-minds have crushed the first, and cannot feel the latter :
Whereas to the quickened apprehension of a keen and spiritual intellect,
Antipathies are galling, and sympathies oppress, and solitude is quiet.

He that dwelleth mainly by himself, heedeth most of others,
But they that live in crowds, think chiefly of themselves.
There is indeed a selfish seeming, where the anchorite liveth alone,
But probe his thoughts,—they travel far, dreaming for ever of the world.

And there is an apparent generosity, when a man mixeth freely with his fellows,

But prove his mind, by day and night, his thoughts are all of self:
The world, inciting him to pleasures, or relentlessly provoking him to toil,

Is full of anxious rivals, each with a difference of interest;
So must he plan and practise for himself, even as his own best friend;
And the gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.
The hermit standeth out of strife, abiding in a contemplative calmness;
What shall he contemplate,—himself? a meagre theme for musing:
He hath cast off follies, and kept aloof from cares; a man of simple wants;
God and the soul, these are his excuse, a just excuse, for solitude:
But he carried with him to his cell the half-dead feelings of humanity:
There were they rested and refreshed; and he yearned once more on men.

Where is the wise, or the learned, or the good, that sought not solitude
for thinking,

And from seclusion's secret vale brought forth his precious fruits?
Forests of Aricia,⁶⁴ your deep shade mellowed Numa's wisdom,
Peaceful gardens of Vacluse, ye nourished Petrarch's love;
Solitude made a Cincinnatus, ripening the hero and the patriot,
And taught De Staël self-knowledge, even in the damp Bastile;⁶⁵
It fostered the piety of Jerome, matured the labours of Augustine,
And gave imperial Charles religion for ambition:
That which Scipio praised, that which Alfred practised,
Which fired Demosthenes to eloquence, and fed the mind of Milton,
Which quickened zeal, nurtured genius, found out the secret things of science,

Helped repentance, shamed folly, and comforted the good with peace,—
By all men just and wise, by all things pure and perfect,
How truly, Solitude, art thou the fostering nurse of greatness!

Enough;—the theme is vast; sear me these necks of Hydra:
What shall drive away the thoughts flocking to this carcass?
Yea,—that all which man may think, hath long been said of Solitude:
For many wise have proved and preached its evils and its good.
I cannot add,—I will not steal; enough, for all is spoken:
Yet heed thou these for practice, and discernment among men.

There are pompous talkers, solemn, oracular, and dull:
Track them from society to solitude; and there ye find them fools.

There are light-hearted jesters, taking up with company for pastime ;
How speed they when alone ?—serious, wise, and thoughtful.
And wherefore ? both are actors, saving when in solitude,
There they live their truest life, and all things show sincere :
But the fool by pomposity of speech striveth to be counted wise,
And the wise, for holiday and pleasance, playeth with the fool's best
bauble.

The solemn seemer, as a rule, will be found more ignorant and shallow
Than those who laugh both loud and long, content to hide their know-
ledge.

For thee ; seek thou Solitude, but neither in excess, nor morosely ;
Seek her for her precious things, and not of thine own pride.
For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice will talk with thee,
Truth's whisper, heard and echoed by responding conscience :
There, shalt thou gather up the ravelled skeins of feeling,
And mend the nets of usefulness, and rest awhile for duties ;
There, thou shalt hive thy lore, and eat the fruits of study,
For Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts ;
There, as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares ;
There, as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle stars,
Many kindling scenes of good will sprout within thy soul ;
Thou shalt weep in Solitude,—thou shalt pray in Solitude,
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of Solitude.
Pass on, pass on !—for this is the path of Wisdom :
God make thee prosper on the way ; I leave thee well with Solitude.

The End.

Every beginning is shrouded in a mist, those vague ideas beyond,
And the traveller setteth on his journey, oppressed with many thoughts,
Balancing his hopes and fears, and looking for some order in the chaos,
Some secret path between the cliffs, that seem to bar his way:
So, he commenceth at a clue, unravelling its tangled skein,
And boldly speedeth on to thread the labyrinth before him.
Then as he gropeth in the darkness, light is attendant on his steps,
He walketh straight in fervent faith, and difficulties vanish at his presence;

The very flashing of his sword scattereth those shadowy foes;
Confident and sanguine of success, he goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

Every middle is burdened with a weariness,—to have to go as far again,—
And Diligence is sick at heart, and Enterprise foot-sore:
That which began in zeal, bursting as a fresh-dug spring,
Goeth on doggedly in toil, and hath no help of nature:
Then, is need of moral might, to wrestle with the animal reaction,
Still to fight, with few men left, and still though faint pursuing.
The middle is a marshy flat, whereon the wheels go heavily,
With clouds of doubt above, and ruts of discouragement below:
Press on, sturdy traveller, yet a league, and yet a league!
While every step is binding wings on thy victorious feet.

Every end is happiness, the glorious consummation of design,
The perils past, the fears annulled, the journey at its close:
And the traveller resteth in complacency, home-returned at last:
Work done may claim its wages, the goal gained hath won its prize:
While the labour lasted, while the race was running,
Many-times the sinews ached, and half refused the struggle:
But now, all is quietness, a pleasant hour given to repose;
Calmness in the retrospect of good, and calmness in the prospect of a blessing.

Hope was glad in the beginning, and fear was sad midway,
 But sweet fruition cometh in the end, a harvest safe and sure.
 That which is, can never not have been: facts are solid as the pyramids:
 A thing done is written in the rock, yea, with a pen of iron.
 Uncertainty no more can scare, the proof is seen complete,
 Nor accident render unaccomplished, for the deed is finished.
 Thus the end shall crown the work, with grace, grace, unto the topstone,
 And the work shall triumph in its crown, with peace, peace, unto the
 builder.

I have written, as other some of old, in quaint and meaning phrase,
 Of many things for either world, a crowd of facts and fancies:
 And will ye judge me, men of mind?—judge in kindly calmness;
 For bitter words of haste or hate have often been repented.
 Deep dreaming upon surface reading; imagery crowded over argument;
 Order less considered in the multitude of thoughts: this witnessing is
 just.

Scripture gave the holier themes, the well-turned words and wisdom;
 While Fancy on her swallow's wing skimmed those deeper waters.
 And wilt thou say with shrewdness,—He hath burnished up old truths,
 But where he seemed to fashion new, the novelty was false?
 Alas, for us in these last days, our elders reaped the harvest:
 Alas, for all men in all times, who glean so many tares!
 That which is true, how should it be new? for time is old in years:
 That which is new, how should it be true? for I am young in wisdom.

Nevertheless, I have spoken at my best, according to the mercies given me,
 Of high, and deep, and famous things, of Evil, or of Good.⁵⁷
 I have told of Errors near akin to Truth, and wholesomes linked with
 poison;
 Of subtle Uses in the humblest, and the deep-laid plots of Pride:
 I have praised Wisdom, comforted thy Hope, and proved to thee the folly
 of complainings;
 Hinted at the hazard of an Influence, and turned thee from the terrors
 of Ambition.
 I have shown thee thy captivity to Law: yet bade thee hide Humilities;
 I have lifted the curtains of Memory; and smoothed the soft pillow of
 Rest.

Experience had his sober hour: and Character its keen appreciation;
 And holy Anger stood sublime, where Hatred fell condemned.
 Prayer spake the mind of God, even in His own good words:

And Zeal, with kindness warmly mixt, allied him to Discretion.
I taught thee that nothing is a Trifle, even to the laugh of Recreation;
I led thee with the Train of Religion, to be dazzled at the name of the
Triune.

Thought confessed his unseen fears; and Speech declared his triumphs;
I sang the blessedness of books; and commended the prudence of a
letter:

Riches found their room, either unto honour—or despising:
Inventions took their lower place, for all things come of God.
I scorned Ridicule; nor would humble me for Praise; for I had gained
Self-knowledge;

And pleaded fervently for Brutes, who suffer for man's sin.
Then, I rose to Friendship; and bathed in all the tenderness of Love;
Knew the purity of Marriage; and blest the face of Children.
And whereas by petulance or pride, I had haply said some evil,
Mine after-thought was Tolerance, to bear the faults of all:
Many faults, ill to bear, bred the theme of Sorrow;
Many virtues, dear to see, induced the gush of Joy.

Thus, for awhile, as leaving thee in joy, was I loth to break that spell;
I roamed to other things and thoughts, and fashioned other books.
But in a season of reflection, after many days,
A thought stood before me in its garment of the past,—and lo, a legion
with it!

They came in thronging bands,—I could not fight nor fly them,—
And so they took me to their tent, the prisoner of thoughts.

Then, I bade thee greet me well, and heed my cheerful counsels;
For every day we have a Friend, who changeth not with time.
Gladly did I speak of my commission, for I felt it graven on my heart,
And could not hold my wiser peace, but magnified mine office.
Mystery had left her echoes in my mind, and I discoursed her secret:
And thence I turned aside to Man, and judged him for his Gifts.
Beauty, noble thesis, had a world of sweets to sing of,
And dated all her praise from God, the birthday of the soul.
Thence grew Fame; and Flattery came like Agag;
But this was as the nauseous dregs, of that inspiring cup:
Forth from Flattery sprang in opposition harsh and dull Neglect;
And kind Contentment's gentle face to smile away the sadness.
Life, all buoyancy and light, and Death, that sullen silence,

•

Sped the soul to Immortality, the final home of man.
 Then, in metaphysical review, passed a triple troop,
 Swift Ideas, sounding Names, and heavily-armed Things :
 Faith spake of her achievements even among men her brethren ;
 And Honesty, with open mouth, would vindicate himself :
 The retrospect of Social life had many truths to tell of,
 And then I left thee to thy Solitude, learning there of Wisdom.

Friend and scholar, lover of the right, mine equal kind companion,—
 I prize indeed thy favour, and these sympathies are dear :
 Still, if thy heart be little with me, wot thou well, my brother,
 I canvass not the smile of praise, nor dread the frowns of censure.
 Through many themes in many thoughts, have we held sweet converse ;
 But God alone be praised for mind ! He only is sufficient.
 And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established :
 Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer ?—
 I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice,
 I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for gratitude,—
 God hath blest my mind, and taught it many truths :
 And I have echoed some to thee, in weakness, yet sincerely :
 Yea, though ignorance and error shall have marred those lessons of His
 teaching,
 I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof.
 If thou lovest, help me with thy blessing ; if otherwise, mine shall be
 for thee ;
 If thou approvest, heed my words ; if otherwise, in kindness be my
 teacher.
 Many mingled thoughts for self have warped my better aim ;
 Many motives tempted still, to toil for pride or praise :
 Alas, I have loved pride and praise, like others worse or worthier ;
 But hate and fear them now, as snakes that fastened on my hand :
 Scævolò burnt both hand and crime ;⁸⁹ but Paul flung the viper on the fire :
 He shook it off, and felt no harm : so be it ! I renounce them.
 Rebuke then, if thou wilt rebuke,—but neither hastily, nor harshly ;
 Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly, of right : I work for God and
 good.

NOTES.

The Notes in brackets have been added by an American Gentleman.

(FIRST SERIES.)

[(¹) "*Sirach's son.*" Page 1.]

SEE the Apocrypha.

(²) "*And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious sails.*" Page 4.

See the story of Theseus, as detailed in Dryden's translation of Plutarch, Life I. [The Minotaur was a fabulous monster of mingled form, which devoured the chosen young men and maidens, which the tyranny of King Minos yearly exacted from the Athenians. Theseus, a prince of Athens, delivered his country from this shameful tribute, when it had fallen to his lot to be sacrificed to the voracity of the Minotaur, and, by means of Ariadne, the king's daughter, he destroyed the monster, and made his escape from the windings of the labyrinth. He then sailed from Crete homeward, with the youths his victory had redeemed from death. The use of white sails was to be a signal of good success; that of black ones, a token of his misfortune.]

[(³) Page 4.

Wisdom, says Bellamy, consists in choosing the best end, and contriving the most proper means to attain it.]

(⁴) ["*The alchemist * * * findeth out many inventions, though his crucible breed not gold.*" Page 5.

The grand object of alchemic art was the transmutation of the baser metals into gold; but nature proved refractory. Yet, though abortive in regard to their anticipated results, it was productive of the good effect of inducing Philosophers to descend from disputes upon words to experiments upon things. Many and great were the discoveries made in the wild pursuit of the golden phantom.]

(⁵) "*Who hath companioned a vision from the horn or ivory gate?*" Page 6.

Virg. Æn. VI. 894—897.

"Sunt geminæ somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea; quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto:
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia Manes."

[Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn :
Of polished iv'ry this, that of transparent horn :
True visions through transparent horn arise ;
Through polished iv'ry pass deluding lies. DRYDEN.]

[⁽⁶⁾ "*The giant Upas of creation, whose deadly shade,*" &c. Page 7.

The Upas is a tree common in the forests of Java, and of the neighbouring isles, the secretions of which are poisonous. It has been fabulously reported that the atmosphere surrounding it is very deleterious.]

(7) "*The seawort floating on the waves,*" &c. Page 10.

The common sea-weeds on the shores of Europe, the algæ and fuci, after having, for ages, been considered as synonymous with every thing vile and worthless, have, in modern times, been found to be abundant in iodine, the only known cure for scrofula, and kelp, so useful in many manufactures. Horace has signalized his ignorance of this fact in Od. III. 17, 10, "*algâ inutili,*" [the useless sea-weed,] &c.; and, in II. Sat. 5, 8, ironically saying, that "*—— virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.*" Virgil also has put into the mouth of Thyrsis, in Ecl. VII. 42.

"—— *Projectâ vilior algâ.*"

[And viler than the sea-weed cast ashore. WRANGHAM.]

(⁽⁸⁾ "*Hath the crocus yielded up its bulb,*" &c. Page 10.

The autumnal crocus, or colchicum, which consists of little more than a deep bulbous root, and a delicate lilac flower, (see page III.) produces a substance which is called veratrin, and has been used with signal success in the cure of gout, [rheumatism,] and similar diseases. A few lines lower down, with reference to the elm, I would remark, that no use has yet been discovered in the principle called "*ulmine*"—[an exploded name of ulmic acid, which spontaneously exudes from the elm, the oak, the chestnut, and various other trees, constituting the essential ingredient of peat, &c. It appears to constitute what is usually called *vegetable manure*.]

"*The boon of far Peru*" is the potato.

(⁽⁹⁾ "*When acorns give out fragrant drink,*" &c. Page 11.

At a meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, (in 1837,) the President introduced to the notice of the members a new beverage which very much resembled coffee, and was made from acorns peeled, chopped, and roasted. [Acorns have *long* been considered as the best substitutes for coffee, when they are toasted brown, and have absorbed some fresh butter. The fruit was used as food before the cultivation of corn. In Spain, it has been considered as a delicacy, and served up as a desert; and in seasons of scarcity, the Norwegians grind it into meal for making bread. V. Edin. Encyclo. Art. *Acorn*.] Bread made from saw-dust is certainly not very palatable, but no one can doubt that it is far more sweet and wholesome than "*no bread*;" in a famine, this discovery, which has passed almost sub silentio [in silence or secrecy], would prove to be of the highest importance. The darnel, [a kind of grass,] it may be observed in passing, is highly poisonous, and a proper opposite to the lotus [a leguminous plant].

(10) "*And He, who seeming old in youth,*" &c. Page 16.

Compare Isa. lii. 14, "His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men," with the idea implied in the observation, John viii. 57, "Thou art not yet *fifty years* old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" Our LORD was then thirty-three, or, according to some chronologists, even younger, [IRENÆUS, one of the first fathers, with this passage supports the tradition, which he says he had from some that had conversed with St JOHN, that our SAVIOUR lived to be fifty years old, which he contends for, *Advers. Hæres. lib. 2, cap. 39, 40.* Some think that the countenance of CHAIST was so altered with grief and watching, that, together with the gravity of his aspect, it made him look like a man of fifty.

(11) "*A sentence hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom.*" Page 20.

A better instance of this could scarcely be found than in the late LORD EXMOUTH, who first directed his thoughts to the sea from a casual remark made by a groom. See his Life.

[(12) "*Horn of Plenty.*"

Cornucopia, among the ancients, an emblem of fruitfulness and abundance.]

[(13) "*The wild electric flash . . . may give ease to an ailing child.*" Page 21.

Electric shocks have been applied as remedies for diseases, and have often been productive of good. The chief disorder where they are found valuable is the case of paralyzed limbs. Relief has also been given to patients suffering from tic, spasmodic affections, rheumatism, deafness, toothache, and suspended animation. About the year 1720, it was asserted by SIGNOR PRIVATI of Venice, and many others, that if odoriferous substances were confined in glass vessels, (afterwards called *medicated tubes*), and the vessels excited, the odors and other medical virtues would transpire through the glass, infect the atmosphere of the conductor, and communicate their virtue to all persons in contact with it; also, that those substances, held in the hands of persons electrified, would communicate their virtues to them, so that the medicines might be made to operate without being taken into the stomach. This doctrine was proved false by NOLLET.]

(14) "*That small cavern,*" &c. Page 22.

The pineal gland, [so called from its resemblance to the pine-apple,] a small oval about the size of a pea, situated nearly in the centre of the brain, and generally found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel. GALEN, and after him DES CARTES, imagined it the seat of the soul.

[(15) Page 22.

"*Petra*"—the rocky part of Arabia, now called Hedjaz. "*Palmyra*"—once a magnificent city of Syria, the Tadmor of Solomon; the stupendous ruins of which are in the midst of a sandy desert, bounded on three sides by lofty mountains. "*Carmel*"—a mountain in Palestine, noted for having been the retreat of the prophet Elias. "*PLATO*"—a celebrated philosopher of Athens, who, after much travel through the East, and also in the southern part of Italy, returned, and opened a school in a public grove at Academia, over which he presided during 40 years, his lectures being attended by crowds of illustrious pupils. "*ZENO*"—a noted philosopher, and founder of the sect called

Stoics. He opened his school within the limits of Athens, in the celebrated portico called Pœcili. "PYTHAGORAS"—a celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who first supported the doctrine of metempsychosis. "Stagyrite"—an appellation given to ARISTOTLE—a philosopher, and pupil of PLATO. "Persepolis"—a famous city, once the capital of the Persian empire; laid in ruins by ALEXANDER.]

[⁽¹⁶⁾ "*Cabala*." Page 23.

A mysterious kind of science among Jewish rabbins, pretended to have been delivered to the ancient Jews by revelation, and transmitted by oral tradition.]

[⁽¹⁷⁾ "*Belus*." Page 25.

One of the most ancient kings of Babylon. His temple was the most magnificent in the world, originally the Tower of Babel.]

[⁽¹⁸⁾ Page 26.

Ambition, says COLTON, is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it *blinds* us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness.]

[⁽¹⁹⁾ "*The Greek hath surnamed, ORDER*." Page 28.

Κόσμος [literally signifying a set form, order, or ornament; also, applied to the universe from its perfect arrangement; opposed to chaos. On the history of this *Pythagorean* usage, v. Bentl. Phalar. p. 351, Nûke Opusc. pp. 16-25.]: The Latins also, who rarely can show a beautiful idea which they have not borrowed from Greece, have made a similar application of the term "mundus" to the fabric of the world.

[⁽²⁰⁾ Page 29.

See 2 Kings, chap. xxiii. xxiv. and xxv. "KORAH;" see Numb. c. xvi. DANIEL;" see Dan. c. vi. "AZARIAS;" see Dan. c. i. 7, iii. 18.]

[⁽²¹⁾ "*The Roman father, strong in his stern integrity*."

L. VIRGINIUS, by a noble act, abolished the decemviral power. See *Livy*, lib. iii. c. 37.]

[⁽²²⁾ "*Salu's son*." Page 32.

ZIMRI. See Numbers, chap. xxv.]

[⁽²³⁾ "*Bucephalus*." Page 32.

A celebrated war-horse, whose head resembled that of a bull. Alexander was the only person who could mount on his back, and he always knelt down to take up his master. See Rollin, vol. 6.]

[⁽²⁴⁾ "*Belial*." Page 33.

In the original, signifies worthlessness. Deut. xiii. 13. "ELI;" see 1 Sam. c. ii.]

[⁽²⁵⁾ "*Cathay*." Page 34.

The ancient name of China. See Robertson's India, p. 51.]

(26) "*To this our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a man,*" &c. Page 34.

I have heard it related of WOLFE, the missionary, that when in Arabia, he fell in with a small wandering tribe, who refused to drink wine, not on Mohammedan principles, but because it had in old time been "forbidden by JONADAB, the son of RECHAB, their father." Compare Jeremiah xxxv. 19, "JONADAB, the son of RECHAB, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." [Also, verse 8.] It will be found in MR. WOLFE's Journal. ["*Magog*," see Ezek. xxxviii, xxxix.]

(27) "*Of Rest.*" Page 35.

A very obvious objection to the views of Rest here given, has probably occurred to more than one religious reader of the English Bible; "there remaineth a rest for the people of God," doubtless intending the heavenly inheritance. If the Greek Testament is referred to (Heb. iv. 9), the word translated "rest" will be found to be *σαββατισμός*; a sabbatism, or perpetual sabbath, a rest indeed from evil, but very far from being a rest from good: an eternal act of ecstatic intellectual worship, or temporary acts in infinite series. It is true that another word, *κατάπαυσις*, implying complete cessation, occurs in the context; but this is used of the earthly image, Joshua's rest in Canaan; the material rest of earth becomes in the skies a spiritual sabbath; although I am ready to admit that the Apostle goes on to argue from the word of the type. In passing, let us observe, by way of showing the uncertainty of trusting to any isolated expression of the present scriptural version, that there are no less than six several words of various meaning which in our New Testament are all indifferently rendered rest; as in Matt. xii. 43, *ἀνάπαυσις*: in John xi. 13, *κοίμησις*: in Heb. iii. 11, *κατάπαυσις*: in Acts ix. 31, *εἰρήνη*; in 2 Thess i. 7, *ἕνεσις*: and in Heb. iv. 9, *σαββατισμός*. The *κοίμησις* is, I apprehend, what is generally meant by rest; so wishes Byron's Giaour to "sleep without the dream of what he was;" so he who in life "loathed the languor of repose," avows that he "would not, if he might, be blest, and sought no paradise but Rest." Such, at least, is not the Christian's sabbath, which indeed fully agrees, as might be expected, with metaphysical inquiries: a good spirit cannot rest from activity in good, nor an evil one from activity in evil. Rest, in its common slothful acceptance, is not possible, or is at any rate very improbable, in the case of spiritual creatures.

(28) "*Calm night that breedeth thoughts.*" Page 35.

Εὐφρόνη [i. e., night, and strictly euphemistic for νύξ, the kindly, or the balmy, refreshing one; fr. εὐφρων,] Another delicate example of the Greek elegance in mind and language.

(29) "*Proteus,*" &c. Page 42.

Compare Virgil, Geor. IV., 406, 412.

"Tum varix eludent species atque ora ferarum.
Fiet enim subito sus horridus, atraque tigris,
Squamosusque draco, et fulvâ cervice læna;
Aut acrem flammæ sonitum dabit, atque ita vinculis
Excidet; aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abit.
Sed, quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
Tanto, nate, magis contende tenacia vincla."

[There safely seize, there closely chained pursue,
 Shape after shape that changeful mocks thy view,
 Now bristles like a boar his horrent crest,
 Now a fierce tiger springs upon thy breast,
 Or wreathes in dragon folds his scaly train,
 Or like a lion shakes his brindled mane:
 The crackling fire shall now thy grasp betray,
 Or a wave glide in liquid lapse away.
 The more each monstrous form the seer belies,
 More closely fetter in each new disguise. SOTHEBY.]

Proteus was a sea-deity among the ancients, who possessed the gift of prophecy. He was difficult of access, and when consulted refused to give answers, by assuming different shapes, and, if not properly secured in fetters, eluding the grasp in the form of a tiger, rushing stream, &c.]

(³⁰) "*We wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the end will be.*" Page 45.

In allusion to the well-known anecdote of *SOLON* at the court of *CRÆSUS*. [*SOLON* was ranked among the seven wise men of Greece, and flourished about the year A. C. 597. *CRÆSUS*, a Lydian king, was proverbial for his riches. See Rollin, vol. 2.; Plutarch, Life 7.]

[(³¹) "*Tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel.*" Page 45.

See 2 Kings, ix. "*TAMAR*;" see Genesis, xxxviii. "*RAHAB*;" see Joshua, ii.]

[(³²) "*A wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons.*" Page 55.

Baffled in the acquisition of metallic treasure, the alchemists dared to think Immortality within their reach, and presumptuously endeavoured to prepare a medicine to prevent the decay of nature and prolong life indefinitely.]

[(³³) "*The virgin daughter of Orleans.*" Page 59.

In the reign of *CHARLES VII.*, France was delivered from the grasp of English power by means of *JOAN of Arc*—the Maid of Orleans. Compare "*The Heroine Martyr of Monterey.*"]

(³⁴) "*Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth.*" Page 59.

See Rev. iv. 3, "There was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald:" It may be a fanciful but it is a pleasing idea, that this emerald rainbow was, as it were, a reflection of the earth, which "God so loved," and whose universal robe is green.

[(³⁵) Page 61.

The *LORD's* prayer may be thus illustrated: *Our Father*, (Isa. lxiii. 16,) *Who art in Heaven*, (1 Kings, viii. 43,) *Hallowed be thy name*, (Ps. cxv. 1,) *Thy kingdom come*, (Ps. cx. 2,) *Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven*, (Acts, xxi. 14,) *Give us this day our daily bread*, (Prov. xxx. 8; Jno. vi. 34,) *And forgive us our trespasses*, (Ps. xxv. 2,) *As we forgive those that trespass against us*, (Matt. vi. 15,) *And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil*, (Matt. xxvi. 41,) *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever*, (Jude, 25,) *Amen*, (Eph. i. 2.)]

(36) "*Like the Parthian.*" Page 67.

Compare Horace, B. I. Od. xix. 12, "*Versis animosum equis Parthum,*" [The Parthian fiercely contending on retreating steeds.] and Virg. Geo. III. 31, "*Parthus fidens fugâ versisque sagittis.*" [The Parthian trusting in flight and his inverted arrows,] with Ps. lxxviii. 9, "*The children of Ephraim carrying bows, who turned themselves back in the day of battle.*" [The Parthians, says PLUTARCH, shot as they fled; and this they do with a degree of dexterity, inferior only to that of the Scythians. MILTON has excellently described their flying fight :

"How quick they wheeled, and, flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy shower against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight."]

(37) "*The giant king of palms.*" Page 68.

The magnificent Talipot palm, the column of which frequently exceeds one hundred feet in height, whose leaves are each thirty feet in breadth, and whose single crop of fruit feasts a whole country.

(38) "*It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fulness of that name.*" Page 71.

Strictly speaking, only a fallen being is capable of *religion*, a bringing or binding back of the affections to their proper object. An angel, or other pure intelligence, can have no sympathies with the fallen, as such, and therefore can know nothing of *religion*, as such; his worship is allegiance or ligeance.

(39) "*Of a Trinity.*" Page 72.

The candid reader who dissents from the doctrine of the Trinity, will have the goodness to remember, that the question itself stands on far other and higher grounds than those of mere analogy: this observation is made in case the slight argument here urged should seem weak and unsatisfactory to a reflective mind: it is nothing more than an addition *pro lucro*. It does not at all affect the argument that the three elements of all things should be now unknown, or unsuspected. The idea thrown out may one day be found to be correct; and in fact it will be very difficult to prove the contrary, inasmuch as to an assertion of its falsity, "*ready answer cometh,*"—wait until we know more.

(40) "*The noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.*" Page 73.

The rainbow, which is light analyzed, is of but three colours, blue, yellow, and red, with their intermediate shades. I think no one of these can be mixed or made of others, and in their union they produce colourless light. [A discovery of SIR DAVID BREWSTER. The super-position of these three produces all the seven hues according as each primary colour is an excess or defect. Somerville's Conn. Ph. Sci. p. 154.]

(41) "*Upon whose lips the mystic bee,*" &c. Page 82.

The classical reader will not need to be reminded of the omen that happened to the infant PINDAR. [When he was young, it is said that a swarm of bees settled on his lips, and there left some honey-combs. This was thought a prognostic of his future greatness.]

(42) "*Let another OMAR burn the full library of knowledge.*" Page 84.

The Alexandrian library, compiled by PROLEMY EVERGETES, contained 700,000 manuscripts, all of which were burnt [A. C. 640] by the fanatical calif OMAR I.

[(43) "*Benares.*" Page 88.

A large district of Indostan, in the east part of Allababad. Here grows the Indian fig, *Ficus Indica*.

[(14) "*Hades.*" Page 90.

The region of the dead, over which PLUTO presided. "ANANIAS;" see Acts, v. 1-10.]

(45) "*The strange skin garments cast upon the shore suggest another hemisphere.*" Page 92.

An anecdote I have somewhere heard of Columbus, who, having sailed as far as Flores, one of the western islands, was induced to proceed further from hearing that savage robes and weapons had been cast up by the sea, after the prevalence of westerly gales. It will probably be met with in Washington Irving's Life of Columbus.

(46) "*The lichen . . . dying diggeth its own grave.*" Page 92.

One of the great uses of these pioneers of vegetation is to corrode and fret the smooth surface of the rocks, by an acid [the malic] which they generate during decomposition. [It is a cryptogamous plant; called also rock-moss.]

(47) "*Ridicule—the test of truth.*" Page 95.

One of the weakest points in the Shaftesbury philosophy, which would weigh principles against puns. [ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER (third earl of Shaftesbury), its founder, published in 1709 his "*Sensus Communis*," (common sense), wherein he vindicates this.

[(48) Page 101. See 1 Kings, chap. xi.]

(49) "*And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies of manhood.*" Page 103.

The noble and masculine sentiment of TERENCE, which of old electrified the whole theatre:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

["I am a man, and deem nothing which relates to a man foreign to my feelings." TERENCE, a native of Carthage, was the most elegant of the Roman comedians.]

[(50) Page 116. "*Pray like Hannah.*" See 1 Sam. i. 10.]

[(51) "*Pantheon.*" Page 122.

A magnificent edifice at Rome, built by AORIPPA, and dedicated to all the gods. Now standing

(52) "*Ganesa*." Page 122.

The Elephant-headed god of prudence, who is invoked on every occasion by the Hindoos. Kali, called also Durga, is a destroying power. Kamala signifies "lotus-like," a type of beauty, and one of the names of Lakshmi. Vishnu is the great Preserver in the Brahmin triad: his incarnations are called avatars.

(53) "*God will not love thee less, because men love thee more.*" Page 126.

It may be scarcely necessary to remark, that the gist of the argument in Matt. v. 11, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you," lies in the "falsely, for my sake." This verse has all the characteristics of an epigram,—paradox, brevity, and *finis*. satisfaction.

[(54) Page 130

"ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ." Glory to God!

NOTES.

(SECOND SERIES.)

(¹) "*Hunt with Aurengzebe*," &c. Page 132.

The great Mogul; who reigned in the seventeenth century; and was famous, amongst other things, for having all but exterminated wild beasts from the region of Hindoostan: he effected this by surrounding the whole country with his army, and then drawing to a focus with the animals in the centre. Somerville, in the end of Book ii. of the Chase, gives a spirited account of that mighty hunting:

"Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows, winged
With death, and javelins launched from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gored through and through."——

[(²) "*Seric*." Page 132.

Of or pertaining to silk. This article was first brought from the country of the Seres, the ancient Chinese, and hence received the name of *Sericum*.]

(³) Page 133.

HERACLITUS, and DEMOCRITUS, are severally known as the crying and laughing philosophers: they typify opposite kinds of seekers after wisdom; both being prejudiced by excess. Our age of the world seems to have fallen upon the latter, which, with a protest against abuse, is certainly the wiser of the two. "The house of mourning is better than the house of feasting," for this influence, along with others of more weight; viz., that it tends to a cheerful and calm reaction, rather than to feelings of dulness and satiety. A few lines further, "the luxury of Capuun holidays," alludes to Hannibal's fatal rest after the battle of Cannæ.

(⁴) *Revelation* xxi. 8. Page 134.

"But the fearful, and the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters and all liars, shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire."

[⁽⁵⁾ "*Titans.*" Page 135.

Were forty-five in number, all of a gigantic stature and with proportionable strength. Their wars are very celebrated in mythology.]

[⁽⁶⁾ "*Temples of Ellora,*" &c. Page 137.

This is a town in Indostan, in Aurungabad, noted for its pagodas; most of which are cut out of the natural rock.]

[⁽⁷⁾ Page 139.

"ATLAS," one of the Titans, was changed into a mountain, so high that the ancients imagined the heavens rested on its top. "PROMETHEUS," his brother, out-witted the father of the gods, climbed the heavens, and stole fire from the chariot of the sun. To him mankind are indebted for the invention of many of the useful arts. "DEUCALION," his son, with his wife, being preserved from the general deluge, re-peopled the earth by throwing stones behind them; those thrown by DEUCALION became men, and those by his wife, women. See Mythology of the Ancients.]

(8) "*Deucalion, flinging back the pebble in his flight,*" &c. Page 139.

Descendunt; velantque caput, tunicasque recingunt;
Et jussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.
Saxa (quis hoc credat, nisi sit pro teste vetustas?)
Ponere duritiem cœpere, suumque rigorem: &c. &c.
In-que brevi spatio, superiorum munere, saxa
Missa viri manibus faciem traxêre virilem.

Ovid. Met. lib. i.

[⁽⁹⁾ "*Cassava's food,*" Page 144.

The roots of the manihot made into a kind of bread, the food of Africans and West Indians. The active principle of the juice is used by the Indians for poisoning the barbs of their arrows.—SISYPHUS (in mythology), doomed for his perfidy to roll incessantly a huge stone up a mountain.]

[⁽¹⁰⁾ Page 147.

"AGAMEMNON," generalissimo of the Grecian army at the siege of Troy, B. C. 1184. "*Edom,*" or Idumea, a country of Syria. See Gen. xxxvi. 31. Now called Sherath. "*Thebais,*" a country in the southern parts of Egypt. "*Satrap,*" a Persian governor. "*Tetrarch,*" a Roman governor of the fourth part of a province. "*Huns,*" once the savage inhabitants of part of Siberia. "*Druids,*" an order of men among the ancient Britons, who acted as priests and magistrates. "*Celts,*" the primitive inhabitants of the south and west of Europe. "*Phœnicia,*" a country of Asia, at the east of the Mediterranean. "*Elephanta,*" a small island, five miles east of Bombay, containing one of the most inexplicable antiquities in the world, a subterranean structure excavated by the ancient Hindoos, out of the solid rock. "*Etruria,*" an ancient province of Italy, now part of Tuscany—in which have been found vast sepulchral chambers. "*Herculaneum,*" an ancient city of Naples, overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79. "*Zanthus,*" or Xanthus, a town in the southern part of Asia Minor, in Lycia.]

(11) "*Copan and Palenque*," &c. Page 147.

The remains of these ancient cities, buried in the forests of Central America, have been recently made known to our wonder in the entertaining Travels of Mr. J. L. Stephens. A brief and apt quotation, to illustrate the line, occurs in vol. i. p. 103. " * * Some fragments with most elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians: one, displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots; another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth; another, hurled to the ground, and bound down by huge vines and creepers; and one standing, with its altar before it, in a grove of trees which grew around, seemingly to shade and shroud it, as a sacred thing; in the solemn stillness of the woods, it seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people."

[(12) Page 147.

"*Syracuse*," a sea-port of Sicily, once the seat of a powerful republic. "*Carthage*," near the modern Tunis, a celebrated city of Africa, once the rival of Rome, and mistress of Spain. "*Elysian*," pertaining to elysium, in ancient mythology, the seat of delight. "*ACHILLES*," the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war. "*NESTOR*," a king, whose character the poet HOMER displays as the most perfect of all his heroes. "*MANLIUS*," a noted Roman, who slew a gigantic Gaul in single combat. "*CICERO*," the prince of Roman orators. "*XENOPHON*," the Athenian general who conducted the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, after the disastrous battle of Cunaxa. "*ALCIBIADES*," an Athenian general, famous for his enterprising spirit, versatile genius, and natural foibles. "*The firmness of a Maccabæan mother*." During the persecution of ANTIOCHUS, a mother and her seven sons expired in dreadful tortures, choosing rather to give up life, than observe the rites of the heathen, A. C. 168. "*ANTIGONE*," (in mythology) buried by night her brother POLYNICUS. "*REGULUS*," a Roman consul, who, when a captive at Carthage, was sent thence to Rome, to procure the release of some Carthaginian prisoners; but when at Rome, he opposed this measure, and afterward returned to Carthage, where he was put to death with the greatest cruelty. "*TELEMACHUS*, son of ULYSSES, king of Ithaca, an island now called Thiachi.]

[(13) Page 149.

"*MINERVA*," among the ancients, the goddess of wisdom, arts, and war, sprang from the brain of JUPITER, the father of the gods. "*PYGMALION*," a famous statuary of Cyprus, who fell in love with a statue of his own making. "*PARRHASIUS*," a famous painter of Ephesus. "*EOERIA*," a nymph, beloved by NOMA, king of Rome.]

[(14) Page 152.

"*ŒDIPUS*," king of Thebes, solved the riddle of the Sphinx.]

[(15) "*Heap Ossa on Olympus*." Page 154.

Ossa was a lofty mountain of Thessaly, which the ancients fabled to have been placed on Mount Olympus by the giants, in order to scale the heavens.]

[(16) Page 160.

"*VESTASIAN*," a Roman emperor, was a great friend to men of learning, to whom he annually paid four millions of dollars.]

[(17) "*Manoah's son*." Page 163.]

SAMSON. See Judges, chap. xiii.]

[(18) Page 164.]

"THESEUS," a Grecian hero, reckoned next to HERCULES. See N. 2., 1st series.]

[(19) Page 164.]

"VENUS," in mythology, the goddess of beauty. "BRIAREUS," a giant that warred against heaven, and had ten heads and one hundred hands.]

[(20) Page 166.]

"*Hymettus*," a mountain two miles from Athens, famous for its bees and excellent honey. "SENIRAMIS," a celebrated queen of Assyria. "AJAX," a celebrated Grecian prince. "PERICLES," an Athenian commander, statesman, and orator, and prime minister of the Grecian Republic. Him, ASPASIA so captivated by her mental and personal accomplishments, that she became his mistress. "HELEN," the princess of beauties, running away with PARIS, occasioned the Trojan war. "JUDITH, and OMPHALE, and THAIS," were famous for their beauty, and in pursuit of whom men forgot themselves.]

(21) Page 168.

CORINNA, a Theban lady, was once adjudged to have overcome in verse her countryman, the deep-mouthed PINDAR; but she is credibly believed to have owed her success in great measure to her beauty. PHRYNE, (not the too-celebrated courtesan of Athens, but a PHRYNE of fairer fame,) is mentioned as having been accused, like SOCRATES, of impiety against heathenism, and like him also condemned to die: however, the fairer witness of truth was fortunate enough to escape martyrdom by unveiling her bosom to the judges, and thereby influencing their sentence. Quintilian, Orat. lib. ii. c. 15, has this passage to our purpose. "Et Phrynen * * * conspectu corporis, quod illa, speciosissimum alioqui, diducta nudaverat tunica, putant periculo liberatam." And Athenæus, xiii. 590, tells us that it was by the address and counsel of HYPERIDES, her advocate, that προαγαγὼν αὐτὴν εἰς τουμφανὲς, καὶ περιῶρήξας τοὺς χιτωνίσκους γυμνά τε τὰ στήρνα ποιήσας, he influenced the judges of the Areopagus to acquit her. "Ionian Myrrha" is a character finely drawn by Byron in his tragedy of Sardanapalus.

[(22) Page 168.]

"HIPPODAME, CAMILLA, ATALANTA," were remarkable for their beauty and swift running "ESTHER;" see Esth. ii. 9. "Goths," once the inhabitants of all the country from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Invaded the Romans, A. D. 366; from which time may be derived the fall of the Roman empire. "ALARIC," their king, laid siege to Rome. Though his retreat was repeatedly purchased with gold, he at last plundered the imperial city, A. D. 400.]

(23) "*Some NIREUS of the camp*," &c. Page 170.

HOMER disposes very summarily of a personage who has nothing to recommend him but his beauty. NIREUS is mentioned only in one passage of the Iliad; lib. ii. 637. Νιρῆϊς ὃς καλλίστος ἀνὴρ, &c. [NIREUS, a very beautiful man,]; and it is significantly added, ἅλλ' ἀλαπαδνὸς ἔην, [but was easily vanquished,]: an epithet of double intention, powerless in troops, and imbecile in mind. ["PRIDIAS," a noted sculptor of Athens.]

(24) 1 *Esdra*s iv. 13, and the sequel. Page 171.

ZOROBABEL holds argument before DARIUS, that "Woman is more powerful than wine or the king, but that Truth beareth off the victory from woman." He sets up beauty above all earthly things, v. 32, "O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?" and it is small disparagement, that Truth should overcome her; for "Great is truth, and mighty above all things." v. 41.

(25) *Ezekiel* xxviii. 12. Page 173.

"Thou sealest up the sum," (otherwise to be rendered, "Thou art the standard of measures,") "full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty." It is quite fair, and according to scriptural usage, (compare *Hosea* xi. 1, with *Matt.* ii. 15,) to take such a passage as this out of its context, as primarily referable to a king of Tyrus, but in a higher sense applicable to the King of Heaven.

(26) Page 174.

ERATOSTRATUS fired the temple of Diana at Ephesus, solely to make himself a name: the incendiary certainly succeeded, for he has come down to our times, famous (if in no other way) at least for his criminal and foolish love of notoriety. PYTHAGORAS induced the vulgar to believe in his supernatural qualifications, by immuring himself in a cavernous pit for months, whence, returning with a ghastly aspect, he gave out that he had been a visiter in Hades. As for EMPEDOCLES, few cannot have heard, that he leaped into Etna to make the world imagine that he had vanished from its surface as a god: unluckily, however, the volcano disgorged one of the philosopher's sandals, and proved at once the manner of his death, and the quality of his mind; *ex pede Herculem*.

(27) "*Cæsar's wife*." Page 176.

POMPEIA, third wife of JULIUS CÆSAR, and divorced from him, according to PLUTARCH, solely because "he would have the chastity of CÆSAR's wife free even from suspicion."

[(28) Page 177.

"*Poet of Avon*," SHAKESPEARE, called so from his birth-place. "*Chronicler of Paradise*," MILTON. "MÆONIDES," HOMER, the author of the *Iliad*. "FLACCUS," a Latin poet. "ZOILUS," a Grecian, who severely criticised the works of ISOCRATES, PLATO, and HOMER.]

(29) Page 177.

The noble ode of Horace, lib. iii. 30, is a prophecy which now can never fail. Ovid, also in the Epilogue to his *Metamorphoses*, has a similar burst of assurance in fame.

Jamque opus exegi; quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;
Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi:
Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
Astra ferar; nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.
Quæque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
Ore legar populi; perque omnia sæcula famâ
Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia vivam.

(30) Page 177.

Momus, a typification of the force of ridicule, was once counted among the hierarchs of heathen mythology: but, as he made game of every one, he never found a friend; and when at length, in a gush of hypercriticism, he presumed to censure the peerless Mother of Beauty for awkwardness in walking, the enraged celestials flung him from their sphere, and sent the fallen spirit down to men.

[(31) Page 181.

"NARCISSUS," a beautiful youth, who, falling in love with his own image in the water, pined away into a daffodil, according to mythology.]

[(32) Page 183.

Theft was a part of Spartan education; and detection was followed by punishment. PLUTARCH tells us of a boy, who had stolen a fox and hidden it under his coat, and who rather chose to let the animal tear out his bowels, than to discover the theft.]

[(33) Page 184.

"*Anticyra*," a town in Greece, famous for the production of hellebore. "BRUTUS," a noble Roman, who executed his own sons for conspiracy.]

[(34) Page 186.

"*Gorgon*," a fabled monster, the sight of which petrified the beholders. The Poets number three, and call them sisters.]

(35) 1 *Kings* vii. 21. Page 192.

"He set the pillars in the porch of the temple; and he set up the right pillar, and called the name thereof Jachin [He shall establish]: and he set up the left pillar; and called the name thereof Boaz [in it is strength]: and upon the top of the pillars was lily-work."

(36) Page 192.

An application of the story of Curtius, (as given by Livy, lib. vii. 6,) who leaped into a gulf, in the forum, because the Aruspices had declared that it should never close until the most precious thing in Rome, "the strength of the city," had been flung into it. We are told that "equo, quàm poterat maximè ornato insidentem, armatum se in specum immisisse."

[(37) Page 193.

"*Helots*," public slaves of Sparta. "MIDAS," a king, who was fabled to have received the power of turning whatever he touched into gold.]

(38) Page 193.

To drink with the throat of CRASSUS, may well be thought to have passed into a proverb for inordinate lust of wealth: for ORODES the Parthian, having overthrown him in battle, cut off his head, and then, to satirize the insatiable nature of his avarice, poured melted gold down his throat. The evil dreams of MIDAS are as famous as his other well-earned punishments; and we are told that he died, in consequence of taking too violent a remedy for delivering himself from those nightly torments.

[⁽³⁹⁾ Page 199.

Chios, now Scio, is an island celebrated for its wine.]

[⁽⁴⁰⁾ Page 202.

MR. WILLIS, in "Pencilings by the Way," vol. i. p. 115, gives a graphic account of the public burial-ground of Naples. * * * "There are three hundred and sixty-five pits in this place, one of which is opened every day for the dead of the city. They are thrown in without shroud or coffin, and the pit is sealed up at night for a year." * * * "And thus are flung into this noisome pit, like beasts, the greater part of the population of this vast city,—the young and old, the vicious and the virtuous together, without the decency even of a rag to keep up the distinctions of life! Can human beings thus be thrown away? men like ourselves, women, children, like our sisters and brothers? I never was so humiliated in my life as by this horrid spectacle. I did not think a man,—a felon even, or a leper,—what you will, that is guilty or debased,—I did not think any thing that had been human could be so recklessly abandoned. Pah! It makes one sick at heart! God grant I may never die at Naples!"

Truly, this would seem to spoil the proverb, *Vedi Napoli, poi mori*, [Come to Naples, then die].

[⁽⁴¹⁾ Page 203.

SOPHOCLES lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and to typify the perpetual fame of their "sweet Attic bee," the Athenians used to decorate his tomb with festoons of flowering ivy.

The "dernier chant de Corinne" of Mad. de Stael, (p. 303,) has this passage: "O vous qui me survivrez! quand le printemps reviendra, souvenez vous combien j'aimais sa beauté; que de fois j'ai vanté son air et ses parfums? Rappelez-vous quelque-fois mes vers, mon âme y est empreinte," &c. Her musical spirit desired to "greet the angel of death with his white wings, undismayed and gladly;" she would go forth to meet him in a garden of roses.

So, Fidele's grave, in Shakspeare, is to be "sweetened with fairest flowers;" "the pale primrose, the azure harebell, and furred moss."

["VIROIL" was a Latin poet; and "CORINNE," a Grecian poetess.]

[⁽⁴²⁾ Page 204.

MR. CATLIN, in his interesting work on the North American tribes, vol. ii. p. 10, alludes to "the usual mode of the Omahas, of depositing their dead in the crotches and on the branches of trees, enveloped in skins," &c.

HERODOTUS, *Tcrps.* iv., mentions the Thracians also, as rejoicing at a death, and mourning at a birth. *Τὸν μὲν γενόμενον περιζόμενοι οἱ προσήκοντες ολοφύρονται, τὸν δ' ἀπογενόμενον παίζοντες τε καὶ ἰδόμενοι γῇ κρύπτονται, ἐπιλέγοντες ὅσων κακῶν ἐξαπαλλαγθεὶς ἔστι ἐν πάσῃ εὐδαιμονίῃ.* A very enlightened thought for a race otherwise represented to be sunk in barbarism.

In Walton's Angler, chap. iv. p. 79, the hearty old man says, "I now see it was not without cause, that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so too. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's Milkmaid's wish upon her, 'That she may die in the spring, and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck

round about her winding-sheet.' " Pretty and pastoral, but more for Bion's age of the world than ours, even if in those old times Arcadia was not more lovely in idea than in reality.

[⁽⁴³⁾ Page 204.

"ORPHEUS," a famous Grecian poet, who played the lyre with such a masterly hand, that, according to mythology, on the loss of his wife, he entered the infernal regions in search of her, and gained an easy admission to the palace of the king of hell. "*Tartarus*," below, is the place, according to the ancients, of the wicked in hell.]

[⁽⁴⁴⁾ "*Gehenna*." Page 206.

See 2 Kings, xxiii. 10; Matt. xviii. 9.]

[⁽⁴⁵⁾ Page 208.

"*Ægean*," now called the Grecian archipelago.]

[⁽⁴⁶⁾ Page 210.

"*Marah*." See Ex. xv. 23.]

[⁽⁴⁷⁾ Page 211.

"*Attila*," king of the Huns, was called *the scourge of God*.]

[⁽⁴⁸⁾ Page 214

See Gen. v. 22. "MELCHISEDEK," see Heb. vii. "BELISARIUS," a celebrated Roman general. The story of his being blind is of modern invention. "SOCRATES," the most noted philosopher of antiquity. "CICERO," a Roman orator.]

(⁴⁹) "*Heemed in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an epigram*." Page 220.

Even in matters temporal, a literal instance of this occurs in the history of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who, during the mortal struggles of the seven years' war, frequently occupied the eve before a battle in the studious composition of profane jests, and bad poetry.

(⁵⁰) "*He specified the partridge by her cry*," &c. Page 224.

The Hebrew tongue is known to have many sounds which are considered to accord well with their significations; a familiar instance of this is the word קִרַּי *kiray*, partridge, meaning "caller," and expressive alike of the bird's nature, and of the cry it utters. לַיְלָה *loyelha*, night, is another instance supposed to be imitative of the nocturnal howling of hyenas.

The whole subject, Names, as indeed many that have preceded it, would admit of lengthy annotation, a practice perhaps little praiseworthy; indeed notes of any kind are in the nature of an intrusion, and so far demand apology; it is more becoming to be as brief as possible, and trust to the intellect of readers: three words only shall be added. An example of the "arbitrary name," is *Dahlia*, so called from a Swedish bota-

nist; of the "reasonable name," Sunflower: while such an obvious case as *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, (named more wisely by the Javanese in their own tongue, *Ambun Amboon*, to be englished, "the flower of flowers, or the giant flower,") will serve to exemplify the vanity of men, and their superadded obstacles to science.

[⁽⁵¹⁾ Page 225.

"*Troy*," or "*Troja*," famous in history for a siege of ten years by the Greeks. "XERXES," king of Persia, invaded Greece with an army and retinue amounting in the whole to 5,283,220 souls. This multitude was stopped at the pass of "*Thermopylæ*," by the intrepidity and valor of 300 Spartans. "HIERO," a king of Syracuse in Sicily, and firm ally of Rome. "BENONI;" see Gen. xxxv. 18. "ORION," in mythology, a mighty giant; in astronomy, a large and bright constellation.]

(⁵²) "*Nine Homers*," &c. Page 227.

It is true that seven of these have so perished from memory, that we know nothing of their works; we only know they lived: an eighth, however, he of Hierapolis and one of the poetic Pleiades, [who were seven in number,] of the age of PHILADELPHUS, [PTOLEMY, A. C. 263,] is reported to have written no less than five-and-forty plays, [tragedies, all lost].

MUSEUS, a little lower down, is VIRGIL's tall prophet in the Elysian fields, mentioned Æn. vi. 667.

"MUSEUM ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suscipit altis."

[And she addressed

MUSEUS first, surrounded by the rest—
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast.

"AARON's rod;" see Ex. vii. 12.]

[⁽⁵³⁾ Page 229.

"LUCRETIVUS," a Roman poet and philosopher, wrote a poem on "The Nature of Things." "ANAXIMANDER," a philosopher of Asia Minor. "*Thebes*," an ancient city of Upper Egypt. "*Heliopolis*," an ancient city of Lower Egypt. "*Academy*," a place near Athens, surrounded with high trees, where PLATO opened his school of philosophy. "ULYSSES," a king, eminently serviceable in the Trojan war. After an absence of twenty years, and a variety of adventures and misfortunes, he returned. "HERODOTUS," a famous Greek historian. For the acquisition of knowledge, he travelled through Egypt and many other countries. "LYCURGUS," a lawgiver of Sparta, who travelled much for information.]

(⁵⁴) "*Ulysses*," &c. Page 229.

Πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ ἄδον ὄρω.

HERODOTUS frequently makes a distinction between the certainty of things which he saw, and things he merely heard of. Both he and PLATO, (as well probably as LYCURGUS, also, for he was a renowned traveller,) dwelt some time at Heliopolis, mentioned above, and traversed Asia.

Fine instances of the atmosphere of ungarbled truth being necessarily breathed around the wonders of nature or art by a person on the spot, are furnished, almost passim, in the published works of Lieutenant HOLMAN, the blind traveller.

[(⁵⁵) Page 231.]

"LEONIDAS," a courageous king of Sparta, who, with only three hundred of his countrymen, opposed the millionary army of XERXES.]

(⁵⁶) "*Sons of Mattathias*," &c. Page 232.

JOHN, SIMON, JUDAS, ELEAZAR, and JONATHAN, who liberated Israel from the domination of the Greeks, about B. C. 160; and who were known by the general name of the *Maccabees*, from the initial Hebrew letters of the first four words from Ex. xv. 11, being inscribed upon their standard.

["*Heroine of Arc*,"] JOAN. "*Saragossa*," a city of Spain; celebrated for a siege it sustained against the French in 1808, during which, even the women, amidst scenes of conflagration and death, exhibited the most heroic courage. "TELL," WILLIAM, a celebrated Swiss, one of the heroes who restored liberty to their oppressed country, in 1307. "ALFRED GREAT," king of England, 872—900.]

MARGARET of Anjou has obtained a just name for heroism in history, and was the mainstay of the house of Lancaster until the barbarous murders of her son and imbecile husband Henry VI.

["WALLACE,"] WILLIAM, a regent of Scotland, 1490. "GALILEO," a Florentine astronomer and mathematician. "FABIUS," a Roman dictator, opposed HANNIBAL, the Carthaginian general, by countermarches and ambuscades. "*Cannæ*," a small village in Italy. "MILTIADES," a celebrated Athenian general at the battle of Marathon.]

A few lines further, it may be necessary to state that the seeming anachronism in speaking of Corinthian brass in the same breath with Achilles' spear, is one only in appearance: for, although that mixt metal is said to have resulted accidentally from the conflagration of Corinth by the Romans, circ. A. C. 150, still, there is better reason to believe that the true Corinthian was a mixture of the highest antiquity, and analogous to, if not the same thing as, the metal called Aurichalcum.

[(⁵⁷) "*Strength was shorn as Samson's*." Page 234.]

See Judges xvi. 17. "PYRRHO," a philosopher, who was in continual suspense of judgment. "*Bedouin*," an Arab. "JUDITH;" see the Apocrypha. "JAEI;" see Judges iv. 21.

(⁵⁸) "*The word for both is one*," &c. Page 235.

Πιστις, a derivative from *πίθωμαι*, will almost as readily bear the sense of obedience, as of persuasion, and of credence. I know not whether a similar latent sympathy may be thought to exist between our own old English word "faith," and the Norman "fait," factum, a deed: at any rate, the coincidence is worth a passing notice.

[(⁵⁹) Page 236.]

"*Philippi*," a city in European Turkey. See Acts xvi.]

[(⁶⁰) Page 237.]

"EVELYN," JOHN, a learned English writer; author of "*Sylva*." Died 1706.]

(⁶¹) "*Ovid had been wise for winking*." Page 239.

The poet OVID was exiled for life to the shores of the Black Sea for having seen, and indiscreetly divulged, some intrigue in the family of AUGUSTUS [the Roman emperor]. He complains frequently of this hard lot; for example,

"Inscia quod crimen viderunt lunina plector,
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum."

[I suffer because my heedless eyes have seen the crime, and my fault is to have eyes.]

But he might with greater justice have accused his tongue than his eyes.

["DIOGENES," a snarling philosopher, who walking the streets of Athens at noon day with a lantern in his hand, and being asked what he was searching after, tartly replied: "I am looking for men." A tub served him as a house and place of repose.]

[⁽⁶²⁾ Page 243.

"*Vredar*," the son of ISHMAEL; also, a country in Arabia. See Ps. cxx. 5.]

[⁽⁶³⁾ Page 246.

"*The screening JAPHETH to their failings*." See Gen. ix.]

[⁽⁶⁴⁾ Page 249.

"JANUS," a Superior God of the Romans, having a double face.]

[⁽⁶⁵⁾ Page 250.

"*Aricia*," a very ancient town of Italy, with a grove in the neighbourhood. "NUMA," a Roman philosopher and king. "*Vaucluse*," a department of France; it takes its name from the fountain of Vaucluse, celebrated by "PETRARCH," the Italian poet. "CINCINNATUS," a Roman farmer, chosen dictator.]

[⁽⁶⁶⁾ Page 250.

MADAME DE STAEL somewhere uses these words: "To enjoy ourselves, we must seek solitude. It was in the Bastille [a state prison in Paris,] that I first became acquainted with myself." ["JEROME," a martyr to Protestantism, 1416. "AUGUSTINE," a father of the church.] The Emperor CHARLES V., with the example of DIOCLESIAN before him, resigned his crown, and retired from the world to the monastery of St. Just at Plazencia in Spain: where, as ROBERTSON says, "he buried in solitude and silence his grandeur and his ambition." "SCIPIO," [a celebrated Roman,] is reported to have originated the popular sayings, "I am never less idle than when I have most leisure," and "I am never less alone than when alone." ["DEMOSTHENES," the father of oratory, confined himself in a subterraneous cave to devote himself more closely to literary pursuits. "*Hydra*," a fabulous monster with one hundred heads. As soon as one was cut off, two immediately grew up, if the wound was not stopped by fire.]

[⁽⁶⁷⁾ Page 253.

It may be necessary to acquaint those who have former editions in separate volumes, that this section takes a retrospective glance at my first series of subjects treated in the proverbial style; a brief recapitulation of the second series follows, finishing the work.

[⁽⁶⁸⁾ "*Came like Agag*." Page 254. See I Sam. xv. 32.]

[⁽⁶⁹⁾ Page 255.

"SCÆVOLA," a noble Roman youth, who, being commanded to betray the schemes of his countrymen, only answered by putting his hand into one of the fires lighted near him, and holding it steadily there. "PAUL *flung the viper on the fire*;" see Acts xxxviii. 5. "TEAOΣ," completion, end, extremity.]

A
MODERN PYRAMID
OF
SONNETS.

A
MODERN
PYRAMID OF SONNETS,

TO
SEVENTY OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

(IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1839.)

The Vision:

BEING

INTRODUCTORY.

I WAS walking in my garden at noon : and I came to the sun-dial, where, shutting my book, I leaned upon the pedestal, musing ; so the thin shadow pointed to twelve.

Of a sudden, I felt a warm sweet breath upon my cheek, and, starting up, in much wonder beheld a face of the most bewitching beauty close beside me, gazing on the dial : it was only a face ; and with earnest fear I leaned, stedfastly watching its strange loveliness. Soon, it looked into me with its fascinating eyes, and said mournfully, "Dost thou not know me?" — but I was speechless with astonishment : then it said, "Consider : " — with that, my mind rush'd into me like a flood, and I looked, and considered, and speedily vague outlines shaped about, mingled with floating gossamers of colour, until I was aware that a glorious living creature was growing to my knowledge.

(279)

So I looked resolutely on her, (for she wore the garb of woman,) gazing still as she grew: and again she said mildly, "Consider:"—then I noted that from her jewelled girdle upwards, all was gorgeous, glistening, and most beautiful; her white vest was rarely worked with living flowers, but brighter and sweeter than those of earth; flowing tresses, blacker than the shadows cast by the bursting of a meteor, and, like them, brilliantly interwoven with strings of light, fell in clusters on her fair bosom; her lips were curled with the expression of majestic triumph, yet wreathed winningly with flickering smiles; and the lustre of her terrible eyes, like suns flashing darkness, did bewilder me and blind my reason:—Then I veiled mine eyes with my clasped hands; but again she said, "Consider;"—and bending all my mind to the hazard, I encountered with calmness their steady radiance, although they burned into my brain. Round about her sable locks was as it were a chaplet of fire; her right hand held a double-edged sword of most strange workmanship, for the one edge was of keen steel, and the other as it were the strip of a peacock's feather; on the face of the air about her were phantoms of winged horses, and of racking-wheels: and from her glossy shoulders waved and quivered large dazzling wings of iridescent colours, most glorious to look upon.

So grew she slowly to my knowledge; and as I stood gazing in a rapture, again she muttered sternly,—“Consider!”—Then I looked below the girdle upon her flowing robes: and behold they were of dismal hue, and on the changing surface fluttered fearful visions: I discerned blood-spots on them, and ghastly eyes glaring from the darker folds, and, when these rustled, were heard stifled moanings, and smothered shrieks as of horror: and I noted that she stood upon a wreath of lightnings, that darted about like a nest of young snakes in the midst of a sullen cloud, black, palpable, and rolling inwards as thick smoke from a furnace.

Then said she again to me, “Dost thou not know me!”—and I answered her,—“O Wonder, terrible in thy beauty, thy

fairness have I seen in dreams, and have guessed with a trembling spirit that thou walkest among fears; art thou not that dread Power, whom the children of men have named Imagination?" — And she smiled sweetly upon me, saying, "Yea, my son:" and her smile fell upon my heart like the sun on roses, till I grew bold in my love, and said, "O Wonder, I would learn of thee; show me some strange sight, that I may worship thy fair majesty in secret."

Then she stood like a goddess and a queen, and stretching forth her arm, white as the snow and glittering with circlets, slowly beckoned with her sword to the points of the dial. There was a distant rushing sound, and I saw white clouds afar off dropping suddenly and together from the blue firmament all round me in a circle: and they fell to the earth, and rolled onwards, fearfully converging to where I stood; and they came on, on, on, like the galloping cavalry of heaven; pouring in on all sides as huge cataracts of foam; and shutting me out from the green social world with the awful curtains of the skies. — Then, as my heart was failing me for fear, and for looking at those inevitable strange oncomings, and the fixt eyes of my queenlike mistress, I sent reason from his throne on my brow to speak with it calmly, and took courage.

So stood I alone with that dread beauty by the dial, and the white rolling wall of cloud came on slowly around with suppressed thunderings, and the island of earth on which I stood grew smaller and smaller every moment, and the garden-flowers faded away, and the familiar shrubs disappeared, until the moving bases of those cold mist-mountains were fixed at my very feet. Then said to me the glorious Power, standing in stature as a giant, — "Come! why tarriest thou? Come!" — and instantly there rushed up to us a huge golden throne of light fillagree-work, borne upon seven pinions, whereof each was fledged above with feathers fair and white, but underneath they were ribbed batlike, and fringed with black down: and all around fluttered

beautiful winged faces, mingled and disporting with grotesque figures and hideous imps. Then she mounted in her pomp the steps of the throne, and sat therein proudly. Again she said to me, "Come!"—and I feared her, for her voice was terrible; so I threw myself down on the lowest of the seven golden steps, and the border of her dark robe touched me. Then was I full of dread, hemmed about with horrors, and the pinions rustled together, and we rushed upward like a flame, and the hurricane hastened after us: my heart was as a frozen autumn-leaf quivering in my bosom, and I looked up for help and pity from the mighty Power on her throne; but she spurned me with her black-sandalled foot, and I was thrust from my dizzy seat, and in falling clutched at the silver net-work that lay upon the steps as a carpet,—and so I hung; my hands were stiffly crooked in the meshes like eagle's talons, my wrists were bursting, the bones of my body ached, and I heard the chill whisper of Death, (who came fitting up to me as a sheeted ghost,) bidding my poor heart be still: yet I would live on, I would cling on, though swinging fearfully from that up-rushing throne; for my mind was unsubdued, and my reason would not die, but rebelled against his mandate. And so the pinions flapped away, the dreadful cavalcade of clouds followed, we broke the waterspout, raced the whirlwind, hunted the thunder to his caverns, rushed through the light and wind-tost mountains of the snow, pierced with a crash the thick sea of ice, that like a globe of hollow glass separates earth and its atmosphere from superambient space, and flying forward through the airless void, lighted on another world.

Then triumphed my reason, for I stood on that silent shore fearless though alone, and boldly upbraided the dread Power that had brought me thither,—“Traitor, thou hast not conquered; my mind is still thy master, and if the weaker body failed me, it hath been filled with new energies in these quickening skies: I am immortal as thou art; yet shalt thou fear me, and heed my biddings: wherefore hast thou dared—?” but my wrathful

eye looked on her bewitching beauty, and I had no tongue to chide, as she said in the sobriety of loveliness,—“My son, have I not answered thy prayer? yet but in part; behold, I have good store of precious things to show thee:” with that, she kissed my brow, and I fell into an ecstasy.

I perceived that I was come to the kingdom of disembodied spirits, and they crowded around me as around some strange creature, clustering with earnest looks, perchance to enquire of me somewhat from the world I had just left. Although impalpable, and moving through each other, transparent and half-invisible, each wore the outward shape and seeming garments he had mostly been known by upon earth: and my reason whispered me, this is so, until the resurrection; the seen material form is the last idea which each one hath given to the world, but the glorified body of each shall be as diverse from this, yet being the same, as the gorgeous tulip from its brown bulb, the bird of paradise from his spotted egg, or the spreading beech from the hard nut that had imprisoned it.—Then Imagination stood with me as an equal friend, and spake to me soothingly, saying, “Knowest thou any of these?”—and I answered, “Millions upon millions, a wide-spread inundation of shadowy forms, from martyred Abel to the still-born babe of this hour I behold the gathered dead; millions upon millions, like the leaves of the western forests, like the blades of grass upon the prairie, they are here crowding innumerable: yet should my spirit know some among them, as having held sweet converse with their minds in books; only this boon, sweet mistress, from yonder mingled harvest of the dead, in grace cull me mine intimates, that I may see them even with my bodily eyes.” So she smiled, and waved her fair hand: and at once, a few, a very few, not all worthiest, not all best, came nearer to me with looks of love; and I knew them each one, for I had met and somehow walked with each of them in the paths of meditation; and some appeared less beatified than others, and some even meanly clad as in garments all of earth, yet

I loved them more than the remainder of that crowded world, though not equally, nor yet all for merit, but in that I had sympathy with these as my friends. And each spake kindly to me in his tongue, so that I stood entranced by the language of the spirits. Then said my bright-winged guide, "Hast thou no word for each of these? they love thy greeting, and would hear thee." But I answered, "Alas, beautiful Power, I know but the language of earth, and my heart is cold, and I am slow of tongue: how should I worthily address these great ones?"—So with her finger she touched my lips, and in an inspiration I spake the language of spirits, where the thoughts are as incense to the mind, and the words winged music to the ear, and the heart is dissolved into streams of joy, as hail that hath wandered to the tropics: in sweetness I communed with them all, and paid my debt of thanks.

And behold, a strange thing, changing the aspect of my vision. It appeared to me, in that dreamy dimness, whereof the judgment enquireth not and reason hath no power to rebuke it, that while I was still speaking unto those great ones, the several greetings I had poured forth in my fervour,—being as it were flowing lava from the volcano of my heart,—became embodied into mighty cubes of crystal; and in the midst of each one severally flickered its spiritual song, like a soul, in characters of fire. So I looked in admiration on that fashioning of thoughts, and while I looked, behold, the shining masses did shape up, growing of themselves into a fair pyramid: and I saw that its eastern foot was shrouded in a mist, and the hither western foot stood out clear and well defined, and the topstone in the middle was more glorious than the rest, and inscribed with a name that might not be uttered; for whereas all the remainder had seemed to be earthborn, mounting step by step as the self-built pile grew wondrously, this only had appeared to drop from above, neither had I welcomed the name it bore in that land of spirits; nevertheless, I had perceived the footmarks of Him, with whose

name it was engraved, even on the golden sands of that bright world, and had worshipped them in silence with a welcome.

Thus then stood before me the majestic pyramid of crystal, full of characters flashing heavenly praise; and I gloried in it as mine own building, hailing the architect proudly, and I grew familiar with those high things, for my mind in its folly was lifted up, and looking on my guide, I said, "O Lady, were it not ill, I would tell my brethren on earth of these strange matters, and of thy favour, and of the love all these have shown me; yea, and I would recount their greetings and mine in that sweet language of the spirits."—But the glorious Wonder drew back majestic with a frown, saying, "Not so, presumptuous child of man; the things I have shown thee, and the greetings thou hast heard, and the songs wherewith I filled thee, cannot worthily be told in other than the language of spirits: and where is the alphabet of men that can fix that unearthly tongue,—or how shouldst thou from henceforth, or thy fellows upon earth, attain to its delicate conceptions? behold, all these thine intimates are wroth with thee; they discern evil upon thy soul: the place of their sojourn is too pure for thee."

Then was there a peal of thunder, like the bursting of a world, whereupon all that restless sea of shadows, and their bright abode, vanished suddenly; and there ensued a flood of darkness, peopled with shoaling fears, and I heard the approach of hurrying sounds, with demoniac laughter, and shouts coming as for me, nearer and louder, saying, "Cast out! Cast out!" and it rushed up to me like an unseen army, and I fled for life before it, until I came to the extreme edge of that spiritual world, where, as I ran looking backwards for terror at those viewless hunters, I leaped horribly over the unguarded cliff, and fell whirling, whirling, whirling, until my senses failed me—

When I came to myself, I was by the sun-dial in my garden, leaning upon the pedestal, and the thin shadow still pointed to twelve.

In astonishment, I ran hastily to my chamber, and strove to remember the strains I had heard. But, alas, they had all passed away: scarcely one disjointed note of that rare music lingered in my memory: I was awakened from a vivid dream, whereof the morning remembered nothing. Nevertheless, I toiled on, a rebel against that fearful Power, and deprived of her wonted aid: my songs, invitâ Minervâ, are but bald translations of those heavenly welcomings: my humble pyramid, far from being the visioned apotheosis of that of a Cephren, bears an unambitious likeness to the meaner Asychian, the characteristic of which, barring its presumptuous motto, must be veiled in one word from Herodotus, (2-136,)—to save the bathos of translation, the cabalistic—*πύλιχος*.

Thus, in mere human guise, as of men, and to men, in much weakness and diffidence, the following sonnets have grown under my pen; and that the children of my brain be not quite friendless, they are commended, candid reader, to thy favour.

Abel.

OUR fresh young world lay basking in its prime,
 And all around was peace; the leprous spot
 On her fair forehead Nature heeded not,
 So beautifully she smiled in love sublime:
 Yet, even then, upon thy gentle form
 Rush'd the black whirlwind of a brother's crime,
 Breaking that calm of universal love
 With the fierce blast of murder's pitiless storm,
 Awroth at goodness;—thee, truth's stricken dove,
 First victim of oppression's iron feet,
 Religion's earliest martyr, slain by pride
 And man's self-righteousness, with praises meet
 Thee, would my soul's affection humbly greet,
 Trusting the Lamb whereon thy faith relied.

Enoch.

OF whom earth was not worthy; for alone
 Among the dense degenerate multitude,
 Witness to truth, and teacher of all good,
 Enoch, thy solitary lustre shone
 For thrice an hundred years, in trust and love
 Walking with GOD: so sped thy blameless life
 That He, thy Worship, justly could approve
 His patriarch-servant, and when sinners scoff'd
 The bold prophetic woe with judgment rife,
 Or hurl'd at thee their threaten'd vengeance oft,
 From those fell clamours of ungodly strife
 GOD took thee to Himself:—Behold, on high
 The car of dazzling glory, borne aloft,
 Wings the blest mortal through the startled sky!

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Zoroaster.

FATHOMLESS past! what precious secrets lie
 Gulph'd in thy depths,—how brave a mingled throng,
 Fathers of wisdom, bards of mighty song,
 Hearts gushing with warm hopes, and feelings high,
 Lovers, and sages, prophets, priests, and kings,
 Sleep nameless in thy drear obscurity:
 Fathomless past!—the vague conception brings,
 Amid thick-coming thoughts of olden things,
 Hoar Zoroaster,—as he walk'd sometime
 In shadowy Babel, and around him stood
 The strangely-mitred earnest multitude
 Listening the wonders of his speech sublime:
 Hail, mantled ghost, I track thy light from far,
 On the chaotic dark an "exiled star."

Abraham.

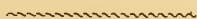
THOU friend of GOD, the paragon of faith!
Simply to trust, unanswering to obey,
This was thy strength; and happy sons are they,
Father, who follow thee through life and death,
Ready at His mysterious command
The heart's most choice affectionate hopes to slay
With more than Martyr's suicidal hand,
Their sole sufficing cause,—Jehovah saith,—
Their only murmur'd prayer,—His will be done:
Ev'n so, thy god-like spirit did not spare
Thy cherish'd own, thy promised only son,
Trusting that He, whose word was never vain,
Could raise to life the victim offer'd there,
And to the father give his child again.

Semiramis.

STUPENDOUS Babylon! before mine eyes
Thy mountain walls, and marble terraces,
Domes, temples, tow'rs, and golden palaces
In vision'd recollection grandly rise
Huge and obscure, as icebergs in a cloud;
And mingling there a dense barbaric crowd
Throng thy triumphal car with eastern state,
Moon of the world, Semiramis the Great!
Ambiguous shade of majesty supreme
Upon the night of ages limn'd sublime,
We think of thee but as a glorious dream,
And, waiving those dark hints of unproved crime,
Fain would we hope thee great and good combin'd,
To hail thee patriot Queen, and mighty Mind.

Joseph.

THE true nobility of generous minds,
 Equal to either conquest, weal or woe,
 Triumphant over fortune, friend or foe,
 In thee, pure-hearted youth, its pattern finds:
 Child best-beloved of Israel's green old age,
 Innocent dreamer, persecuted slave,
 Good steward, unguilty captive, honour'd sage,
 Whose timely counsel rescued from the grave
 Egypt's bronze children, and those exiled few
 Dwelling at Goshen,—Ruler, born to save,
 How rich a note of welcome were thy due,
 O man much tried, and never found to fail;
 Young, beautiful, mighty, wise and chaste and true,
 Hail, holy prince, unspotted greatness, hail!



Moses.

How should I greet thee, GOD's ambassador,
 Great shepherd of the people,—how proclaim
 In worthiest song thy more than human fame,
 Meek bard yet princely, vengeful conqueror,
 Leader and lawgiver?—thy hallow'd name
 E'en now with fears the captive bosom fills,
 Though the dear love of thy grand Antitype
 In glad assurance through that bosom thrills:
 Alas, thy faithless tribes, for judgment ripe,
 Chose Ebal and the curse; didst thou not heed
 When these thy children dared the dreadful deed
 Whereat high noon was blind,—nor bless the grace,
 Which shall that stain from crime's dark record wipe,
 And love once more the long-rejected race?

David.

IT is not for thy throne and diadem,
Nor for the prowess of thy ruddy youth,
Nor skill with gentle minstrelsy to soothe
The spirit in its griefs, and banish them,
We count thee blest; these lesser stars of praise
May well in lustrous beauty round thee blaze,
Anointed monarch of Jerusalem;
But, that omniscient truth hath titled thee
Man after GOD's own heart,—this name alone
Doth, to its highest, mortal glory raise
And leave us wondering here: O favour'd one,
As to my SAVIOUR's symbol, reverent
And with such worship as befitteth me,
So would I greet thee, royal penitent.

Solomon.

WHO hath not heard the trumpet of thy fame?
Or is there that sequester'd dismal spot
Where thy far-echoing glory soundeth not?—
The tented Arab still among his mates
In wondrous story chaunts thy mighty name;
Thy marvels yet the fakir celebrates;
Yea, and for Solomon's unearthly power
The sorcerer yells amid his deeds of shame,
Riffling the dead at midnight's fearful hour:
Not such thy praise; these savour of a fall
Which penitence should banish from the mind;
We gladlier on thy sainted wisdom call,
And greet thee with the homage of mankind,
Wisest, and mightiest, and first of all.

Homer.

THOU poor and old, yet ever rich and young,
 Ye sunless eyeballs, in all wisdom bright,
 Travel-stain'd feet, and home-unwelcomed tongue,
 That for a pauper's pittance stray'd, and sung,
 Where after-times the frequent acolyte
 Track'd those faint steps with worship,—at what time
 And where, thou untaught master, did the strings
 Of thine immortal harp echo sublime
 The rage of heroes, and the toil of kings?
 Uncertain shadow of a mystic name,
 The world's dead praise, as Hellas' living shame,
 There is a mystery brooding on thy birth,
 That thee its own each willing soil may claim;
 Thy fatherland is all the flatter'd earth.



Isaiah.

HEAR him, sore-travailing mother, patient earth,
 Hear the glad eloquence of this thy son;
 The times of want and woe are well nigh done,
 And old creation springs to second birth,
 Toil's rest, care's cure, and melancholy's mirth;
 O golden sabbath of the world, speed on;
 Why tarrieth nature's king?—the woods, the waves,
 The waiting righteous in their prison-graves,
 The moan of famine, and the shriek of fear,
 Entreat thy coming, O Desire of all,
 Theme of Isaiah's hope, in praise appear!
 Great Monarch, take thy universal crown,
 Even so, quickly: shall thy people call
 In vain? O rend the heavens, and come down!

Solon.

To know thyself,—a knowledge beyond price,
 Which some of this world's wisest cannot learn,
 To search the heart, and keenly there discern
 Even among its flowers of Paradise
 The watchful subtle snake of natural vice,
 And thus aware, to fly it,—nor to fan
 Those guilty sparks that else shall scorch and burn
 Thine innocence,—this is thy wisdom, Man:
 This, had no messenger of grace aloud
 Proclaim'd it for thy weal, of yonder sage
 Separate in glory from that white-robed crowd,
 Thou long hadst learnt: Solon, from age to age
 One short full phrase a noble proof supplies
 That thou wert wise as good, and good as wise.

Æsop.

A GARDEN of ungather'd parable
 Lies ripe around us, in fair-figured speech
 Blooming, like Persian love-letters, to teach
 Dull-hearted man where hidden pleasures dwell;
 Its fruits, its flowers, of love and beauty tell,
 And, as quick conscience wings the thought, to each
 Doth all our green sweet world sublimely preach
 Of wisdom, truth, and might, unutterable:
 For thee, poor Phrygian slave, mind's free-born son,
 In whose keen humour nought of malice lurk'd
 While good was forced at wit's sarcastic fire,
 The world should pay thee thanks, for having work'd
 That garden first; and well the work is done,
 A labourer full worthy of his hire.

Sappho.

THE poisonous tooth of time, O shepherdess,
 Hath kill'd thy thousand vines; a few scarr'd shoots
 Alone are green above the wither'd roots,
 And thence we cherish an admiring guess
 Of what the rich ripe vintage should have been
 Poor muse, they do thee wrong; they have not seen
 Those records lost of truth and tenderness,
 They have not read thy heart,—but harm thee still
 Where, as unknown, their charity should bless,
 Tainting thy memory with whisper'd ill:
 Yet are those snatches of thy musical songs
 Full of warm nature, and impassion'd truth,
 Love, beauty, sweetness, and eternal youth:
 Sappho,—we praise thee rather for thy wrongs.

Pythagoras.

RARE Egypt, not thine own sweet-water'd Nile,
 Thy Memphis, nor those seated giants twain,
 Not golden Thebes, nor Luxor's stately fane,
 Nor pyramids eterne of mountain pile,
 Exhaust thy glories gone: thy grander boast
 Was Learning, and her sons,—who throng'd of old
 To draw fair knowledge from thy generous coast,
 Nor drew in vain, but drank the blessed draught;
 And deepest hath this noble Samian quaff'd
 Who walketh with me now in white and gold;
 Wear thou indeed that crown, mysterious sage,
 Whose soaring fancy, with deep diving thought,
 Hath pour'd mind-riches over every age,
 And charm'd a world Pythagoras hath taught.

25*

Confucius.

—FOR thou art worthy, Seric Socrates,
 Of the bright robe, and that fair coronet,
 Meed of true goodness, on thy forehead set,
 Worthy to walk in equal bliss with these
 Thy peers, in Hades' dreamy valley met;
 For thine were pure and patriot services,
 High worth, and generous love of doing good,
 Gilding the darkness of a barbarous clime
 That paid thee wages of ingratitude,
 After the Balaam cunning of a foe
 Had drown'd thine efforts in adulterous crime,
 For righteous weal exchanging sinful woe:
 Witness, ye spirits of the good and wise,
 None reckes of greatness till the great man dies.

Pindar.

YE harp-controlling hymns! triumphant praise,
 That heralded to his delighted home
 The blushing victor of departed days
 From Elis, or Nemæa, or the dome
 Of sacred Delphi,—spirit-stirring songs,
 Ev'n now your echoes linger on mine ears,
 And to your Theban father still belongs
 That name, time-honour'd twice a thousand years,
 King of the sounding lyre; nor alone
 For music be thy praise, but for a heart
 Strung with affections of deep-thrilling tone
 And patriot feelings, that in lightning dart
 Through the mute souls of all, with charm'd suspense
 Listening in love thy honied eloquence.

Aristides.

SEVERE in simple virtue, nobly poor,
 The guard alike and glory of all Greece
 Through fierce invading war, and factious peace,
 Model for youth, the temperate and pure,
 Exemplar for old age, the just and good,
 Athenian Aristides meekly stood,
 A thankless people's boast: thee — country's love
 Warm'd with its holiest flame; thee — party spite
 From hearth and home to bitter exile drove,
 Envied for greatness: still, the patriot fight
 Against the Mede beheld thee in the van
 Doubly a victor, at the self-same hour
 Crushing the foreign despot's giant power
 And conquering in thyself the pride of man.

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 Æschylus.

THOU rock-bound and undying sacrifice,—  
 Ye fierce conspiring chieftains,—haggard queen,—  
 Thou parricide, convulsed with agonies,—  
 Ye furies, through the fearful darkness seen  
 Glaring with horrid eye and spectral mien,—  
 Appear, appear—for him, whose magic spell  
 From the dim void of intellectual night  
 Gave you dread being, terribly to tell  
 The shuddering world a master-spirit's might:  
 Yet thus alone not worthily nor well  
 Nor equal to a patriot-poet's praise  
 In black procession stalks gigantic crime;  
 To thee, great bard, their holier worship raise  
 Deep thoughts, high hopes, and symphonies sublime.

*Herodotus.*

OLYMPIA, with her festal multitude,  
Beheld thy triumph first, in glad acclaim  
Hailing thy nascent dawn of endless fame,  
Eldest historian,—while Jove's sacred wood  
And vocal statue sounded out thy name,  
As gather'd Græcia's all of wise and good  
Inscribed upon those modest narratives  
The hallowed titles of the classic Nine:  
For, sweet simplicity through every line,  
With graphic phrase and talent, breathes and lives,—  
Truth, tolerance, pow'r, and patience, these are thine:  
And let not pedants to thy blame recall  
That thy fresh mind such ready credence gives,  
For thou art Charity, believing all.

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*Hippocrates.*

DUST unto dust; the silver spinal cord  
Shall soon be loosed; the forehead's golden bowl,  
That precious chalice for the wine of soul,  
Be shiver'd, and its treasure all outpour'd;  
The cell-stopt veins, that, as an emptying vase,  
Pour back upon the heart its weaken'd stream,  
Be shatter'd all; the circling wheel that draws  
From a strange cistern,—this corporeal frame,—  
Moisture and increase, must be broken up;  
And with the shock we wake from life's dull dream:  
Still, oftentimes the wholesome bitter cup,  
The glory, great physician, of thine art,  
Shall wondrously from ill-timed death redeem,  
Rallying the routed forces of the heart.



### Thucydides.

So might an angel weep, thou noble boy;  
 For, all unmixt with envy's duller flame,  
 Enthusiastic hope, and chivalrous joy  
 To note the calm historian's rising fame,  
 Glow'd at thy heart, and bade thee emulate  
 Those grand attempts, that honourable fate,  
 A brother, not a foe : years sped away,  
 And saw thee, still with patriot feelings warm,  
 A warrior-exile at thy Thracian farm,  
 Weaving the web of glory, day by day,  
 For Athens, that ingrate ; thy manly pen  
 Eternal good for evil could repay,  
 For all prophetic was thy boldness, when  
 It writ thy works, an "heritage for aye."



### Socrates.

SELF-KNOWING, therefore humbled to the dust,  
 Self-curbing, therefore in a sensual age  
 Pure, patriotic, mild, religious, just,  
 Self-taught, yet moderate,—Athenian sage,  
 Albeit but faintly the recording page  
 Samples the precious harvest of thy brain,  
 (Where Plato's self, thine intellectual son,  
 And the scarr'd hand of gallant Xenophon  
 Have gather'd up the fragments that remain  
 Of thy large speech, with wondrous wisdom fraught,)  
 From those rich morsels we may guess the feast,  
 And note the Pisgah-summit of thy thought  
 Bright with true trust, that GOD hath never ceased  
 To care for all creative love hath wrought.

## Plato.

ANOTHER god-like son, O glorious land,  
 Athens, glad mother of a mighty line,  
 In foremost rank of thine immortal band,  
 Wise, great, and good, unchallenged takes his stand,  
 Plato the master, Plato the divine :  
 For that, unveil'd before his favour'd eyes,  
 Truth's everlasting dawn serenely rose  
 Glimmering from the windows of the skies,  
 And gold-bedropping, like the sun on streams,  
 The river of his rich poetic prose ;  
 Yet clouded much by fancy's misty dreams,  
 That eloquence an alpine torrent flows,  
 And thy strong mind, dim with ideal schemes,  
 Stands a stone mountain crown'd with melting snows.



## Demosthenes.

STRANGE, that within the wondrous walls of space,  
 Ringing on some rare atmosphere far hence,  
 The periods of thy matchless eloquence  
 Are flying still in vibratory race,—  
 O prince of words and thoughts, Demosthenes :  
 Thee, centuries ago, great Athens bore  
 Chief orator above those brilliant four,  
 Démades, Lyeurgus, Lysias, Æschines ;  
 For thy majestic energy was still  
 Foremost in might to move, and power to please,  
 While midnight toil matured thy graceful ease,  
 And country's love inspired each Siren sound,  
 Now soft and gentle, as a trickling rill,  
 Now like a rushing torrent pour'd around.

## Aristotle.

IF aught of sterling wit, or natural worth,  
 The heights of thought, or depths of various lore  
 That to the mind's own fountain gushing forth  
 Added all wealth as from an ocean store,  
 If these be honour, be that honour thine,  
 O human wonder, Intellect divine,  
 That spake of all things wisely,—taught aright  
 By nature's voice, and reason's inner sun,—  
 Still can we love thy not all human light,  
 And hail thy wisdom, heathen Solomon:  
 Another praise be thine, O Stagyrte,  
 For that the world's great winner, in thy school  
 His all of power, with all of knowledge, won,  
 Learning from thee to conquer and to rule.

## Phocion.

TRULY ennobled in that name The Good  
 Thy spirit sought a thankless country's weal  
 Through fourscore years with all a martyr's zeal,  
 And then,—the fickle envious multitude,  
 That democratic city's viper brood,  
 Rewarded thee with hate and clamorous strife,  
 Poison'd thy fame with calumny's foul breath,  
 And for the wages of a patriot's life  
 Paid, as their wont, a malefactor's death:  
 Athens, base Athens, what a deed abhorr'd  
 Of guileless blood lies heavily on thee;  
 Hear to thy shame a Phocion's dying word,  
 "My son, forget that thou hast seen or heard  
 The bitter wrongs poor Athens heap'd on me."

## Phidias.

O RARE creative mind, and plastic hand,  
 Whose skill enshrined in one gigantic form,  
 Chryselephantine, rear'd in air enorme,  
 The viewless guardian of thy father-land  
 Olympian Jove,—pardon to thee for this,  
 That of the GOD whose chariot is the storm  
 Thy soul by Him untaught should deem amiss,  
 Pardon to thee, and praise; thy labour proves  
 The heart's sincerity, though little light  
 Scatter'd the darkness of thy moral night.  
 Beheld, it quickens! the colossus moves!  
 Who, who would not fall down?—Start not, ye proud,  
 Perchance your idols are as false as Jove's,  
 And ye more guilty than that pagan crowd.



## Epicurus.

THEY have malign'd thy memory, grave good man,  
 They have abused the truth thy pureness taught,  
 Beautiful truth with rare religion fraught,  
 That to cull pleasure whensoever he can  
 Is a man's wisdom,—so he keep in thought  
 That pleasure lies in acting as he ought:  
 For, selfish vice, the fool's besotted plan  
 Of mis-call'd happiness, how false it is,—  
 What misery lurks beneath the painted cheek,  
 How much of sorrow in the wanton's kiss!  
 O would that, where thou walkest now in bliss,  
 Some garden of the stars, thy wrath could speak  
 To these degenerate sons, who blot thy fame,  
 Glad in their woe, and glorying in their shame!

### Marcellus.

A CONQUEROR that weeps for victory won!—

O glorious soul, that mid the patriot fight

Raged as an Ajax in his ruthless might,

Then turn'd to mourn the havoc he had done!

So wept Marcellus, Rome's heroic son,

(When haughty Syracuse had fall'n, despite

Her strength in Archimedes,)—and with care

Strove—not to butcher foemen, but—to spare:

Stop we not here; for ev'n a brighter act

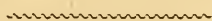
Claims deeper homage: when avail'd not all

Thy pious care, but those fierce legions sack'd

The helpless city in its last dread fall,

When thy worst foe, thy subtlest, met his doom,

Thy nobler praise was Archimedes' tomb.



### Hipparchus.

IN spirit as I roam with thee by night

Threading the galaxy on fancy's wing,

Oft, as I reach a star more sweetly bright,

My hope will rise and in a rapture sing,

Fair planet, can I ever be thy king,

A sainted monarch in thy halls of light?

For there are many mansions, mighty thrones,

Glories, and sceptres, praise and golden zones,

Reward, and homage, crowns, and shining robes:

Ambition's boldest dream, and wildest flight

Hath yet to be borne out: ecstatic soul

Shall soar triumphant to those burning globes

That round essential GOD sublimely roll,

The life, the sun, the centre of the whole!

## Cornelia.

O JEWELS beyond price, uncounted gold,  
Children, best wardens of a father's fame,  
Ye joys wealth never bought, want never sold,  
In you the rare unmammon'd hearts behold  
The highest earthly good of mortal aim :  
Yon toothless darling at the mother's breast,  
That ruddy three-year-old who joyous runs  
Jealous of love, in haste to be carest,—  
Those gentle daughters, and these manly sons,—  
Are they not riches?—O thou worldly wise,  
Go to some home of earth's despised ones  
To learn where treasure—not thy gold-god—lies!  
Yea, Roman mother, glory in your gems;  
Such are the stars in heavenly diadems.

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## Virgil.

As, for yourselves,—O birds, no nest ye build,  
No fleecy coats, O nibbling flocks, ye wear,  
With sweets for you, O bees, no hive is fill'd,  
O steers, no self-enriching yoke ye bear;  
Thus for thyself, great prince of pastoral song,  
Toil'd not thy modest muse, but for all time,  
Yea, to the world thy polish'd strains belong :  
Was it then virtue in thee, or half crime,  
A false humility, sublimely wrong,  
To try to cheat thine Epic of its fame,  
For that, to thee perfection seem'd ill done,  
Hurling thy laurels to the jealous flame?  
O Mantua, thou wert rich in such a son,  
Yea, had thy Virgil been thine only one.



## Horace.

LYRIST of every age, of every clime,  
Whose eye prophetic saw thy strong-built fame  
Stand a perennial monument sublime,—  
Not all of thee shall perish: in thy name  
Live memories embalm'd of richest thought,  
Far flashing wit, and satire's wholesome smart,  
Fine speech with feeling delicately fraught,  
And patriot songs that with their generous glow  
Warm to the love of home the wanderer's heart:  
How varied is the chaplet on thy brow,  
How wreath'd of many praises; the bright bay,  
With laughing rose, and ebrious ivy twined,  
And myrtles of staid hue, and wild flowers gay,  
Shadow the changeful phases of thy mind.

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## Mary the Virgin.

HAIL Mary! blessed among women, hail!  
How should I pass thee by, most favour'd one,  
As thus I greet thee in this vision'd vale  
Far other than on earth, when sad and pale  
Beneath the bitter cross of that dear Son  
Thy woman's heart did faint; I note thee now  
Walking in praise, and on thy modest brow  
The coronet that tells of glory won:  
O blest art thou, but not yet full thy bliss,  
Albeit where erst the sword pierced through thy heart  
Celestial joys in thrilling raptures dart;  
For He, the tender firstling of thy love,  
The precious child thy virgin lips did kiss,  
Hath still to take his triumph from above.

### The Topstone.

O THOU, my GOD, and yet my brother man,  
 My worshipp'd Lord, and sympathising friend,  
 Who so hath loved us all, ere time began,  
 Who so wilt love us still, when time shall end,  
 Pardon and bless, if on my bended knee  
 As best of Men I raise the song to Thee!  
 For we can claim Thee ours, as of earth;  
 To us, to us, the wondrous child is given,  
 And that illimitable praise of heaven  
 Prisons his fulness in a mortal birth:  
 Hope of the world, what were all life, all health,  
 All honours, riches, pow'rs, and pleasures worth,  
 If from Thy gracious face, Good Master, driven,  
 Whose smiles are joy, and might, and rank, and wealth?



### St. John.

NOT love alone, thou whom the SAVIOUR loved,  
 Not faith alone, O favour'd more than men,  
 Not five-score years of holiness approved,  
 Nor the dear beauties of thy joyful pen,  
 Mark thee alone GOD's friend; ennobled more  
 By the large gift of deep prophetic ken,  
 How full of ecstasy couldst thou adore  
 With thousand thousand shining ones before  
 That throne of glory, pouring out the hymn  
 While echoed far the rapturous amen  
 From brilliant flocks of thronging cherubim,  
 And those four restless Zoa, full of eyes:  
 O seals, O trumpets, wonders dread and dim!  
 Exile, thy praise be holiest mysteries.

## St. Paul.

WHAT thanks to pay thee?—by what stretch of thought,  
 What happy flight of reverential praise,  
 What tuneful hymn with holiest ardour fraught,—  
 A welcome, worthy of the heart, to raise  
 Even to thee,—whose Apostolic zeal  
 Hath blest, corrected, comforted, and taught  
 All generations for eternal weal?  
 GOD send the grace, with contrite breast to feel  
 The preciousness of each high argument  
 In those dear letters writ from heaven to earth;—  
 O thus to gather manna, kindly sent  
 To feast our souls in more than Egypt's dearth,—  
 Thus, like to thee, through might in mercy lent,  
 Dying indeed to sin, by second birth.

## Zenobia.

PALMYRA,—widow'd city of the dead,  
 How mournfully thy marshal'd columns stand  
 Grey sentinels above that desert sand,  
 Where once thy patriot multitudes were spread  
 In serried ranks around Zenobia's car,  
 Hurling defiance at despotic Rome,  
 When country's love inspired the righteous war  
 For temples, Lares, liberties, and home,  
 Yea, to the death: Palmyra, thy last boast  
 Was this undaunted queen, the chaste, the fair,  
 Wise to decide, and resolute to dare,  
 Sage among sages, heroine in the host:  
 Hide not the fetters, as thou walkest there,  
 Liberty's martyr, those become thee most.

## Colomba.

MOURNFULLY breaks the north wave on thy shore,  
Silent Iona, and the mocking blast  
Sweeps sternly o'er thy relics of the past,  
The stricken cross, the desecrated tomb  
Of abbots, and barbarian kings of yore :  
Thee from the blight of death's encircling gloom  
Colomba saved, and to thy cloisters grey  
In pious zeal for God, and love for man,  
Of mighty truth led on the conquering van,  
And largely pour'd fair learning's hallow'd ray  
On night's dark deep,—an isolated star,  
The Pharos of those arctic Cyclades,  
That lighted to her rocky nest from far  
Mercy's white dove, faint flutterer o'er the seas.

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## Bride.

AROUND thy memory there lingereth still  
A rare and gracious savour, reverend man,  
Whose patient toil so long ago began  
To sink the sacred wells on Zion-hill,  
Whence issued ankle-deep truth's earliest rill,  
That, deepening soon, in copious torrents ran  
From thee their sometime patriarch, until  
They reach us fathomless, a mighty sea :  
O simple priest, pious, and just, and true,  
Religious, learned,—thousand thanks are due  
From England, and her children unto thee :  
Thou, like thy Master, bowing His meek head,  
Didst view thy perfect work of piety,  
And die rejoicing it was finishèd.

### Charlemagne.

WHENCE comest thou?—What kingdom of the stars  
 Is thine, imperial ghost?—with homage meet,  
 Cæsar, Augustus, thee my song shall greet,  
 And hail a Charlemagne the second Mars!  
 Yet other notes must fill the praiseful song  
 Than those hoarse clamours of continual wars,  
 Or never had I met thee blest among  
 Children of light: thee, rectitude of soul,  
 Majestic firmness, patriot excellence,  
 Simplicity and truth and sterling sense  
 On the bright record of the Great enroll:  
 Rejoice, fair France, in those dear memories  
 Of him, thy somewhere glory and defence:  
 Such monarchs earn the fame that never dies.

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### Haroon Alraschid.

VISIONS of Oriental pomp around  
 Teem on my sight; a grand ideal scene,  
 Where upon Tigris Bagdat sits as queen,  
 Rises in dreamy splendour from the ground;  
 I hear the clashing cymbals, and the sound  
 Of brazen horns, and loud monotonous drums  
 From turban'd thousands in their war array  
 About Alraschid, as the conqueror comes  
 From perjur'd Greece, triumphant in the fray:  
 Best lord, and wisest judge, that ever sate  
 In the black mantle of the Caliphate,  
 When we recall thy race and thee, Haroon,  
 We note thee still the first, most good, most great,  
 Among those lesser stars the crescent moon.

### Alfred.

ALL hail, our own, our ancient peerless boast!

From thee thy Britain loves her all to date,

Proud of a king so wise, so good, so great,

Who pour'd the liberties we value most,

The sacred rights we chiefly venerate,

In rich abundance round our sea-girt coast:

Where is thy tomb among us? where the spot

Ennobled by some record of thy worth,

True Father of thy country? — have we lost

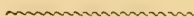
All love of thee? hath England then forgot

Her patriot-prince, her lawgiver, her sage,

Who taught her, nourish'd her, and sent her forth

Rejoicing on her way, from age to age

Queen of the seas, and Empress of the earth?



### Dante.

THOU hast borne many great and noble sons,

Florence the fair! that beauteous as a dream

Sittest enthroned on Arno's silver stream

Where coyly through the laughing vale it runs.

And, oh not last, among those gifted ones,

Memory thine own undying Dante views:

Him, yet a child, strong love, that earliest winds

Fetters of rose around the purest minds,

Claim'd for his own, and like a monarch gave

To staid Melpomene, his laurell'd muse,

The happy captive for a favourite slave:

A slave? A mighty master,—from whose lyre

The pangs of hell, the terrors of the grave,

The joys of paradise, rush forth in fire!



## Tell.

O LIBERTY, sweet angel much malign'd,  
 How have the sons of licence wrong'd thy name,—  
 What crimes, what follies of unhallow'd aim  
 Have they not cast upon thee, too resign'd  
 Meek martyr, and their lawless works of shame  
 With thine own wreath of grand achievements twined!  
 Not thus, yon gallant mountain-patriot,  
 Fair Switzerland, the darling of thy fame,  
 Caught to his outraged heart the rescued child,  
 And, just avenger, spared not, waver'd not,  
 But with dread patience dared the noble deed,  
 On which glad Liberty approving smiled;  
 For when she saw the savage Austrian bleed,  
 She knew her own Swiss home, her temple freed.

## Petrarch.

POET, and hermit-scholar of Vacluse,  
 Whom Rome, admiring, forth with laurels sent  
 A crownèd lover to thy classic muse,—  
 That thy rare wisdom could serenely choose  
 Nature, and GOD, and quiet with content,  
 Spurning the baubles of ambitious strife  
 And wealth sin-tainted of a courtier life  
 In palaces of priests unholy spent,  
 Honour be thine, and more than mortal fame  
 Wreathing with amaranth thy starry name:  
 And may that gentle spirit, strangely rent  
 By love, alike unguilty and unblest,  
 Now with its mate, beyond the breath of blame,  
 After a life's short search find everduring rest.

## Columbus.

THY soul was nerved with more than mortal force,  
Bold mariner upon a chartless sea,  
With none to second, none to solace thee,  
Alone, who daredst keep thy resolute course  
Through the broad waste of waters drear and dark;  
Mid wrathful skies, and howling winds, and worse,  
The prayer, the taunt, the threat, the mutter'd curse  
Of all thy brethren in that fragile bark:  
For on thy brow, throbbing with hopes immense,  
Had just Ambition set his royal mark,  
Enriching thee with noble confidence  
That having once thy venturous sails unfurl'd  
No danger should defeat thy recompense,  
The god-like gift to Man of half the world.



## Raffaelle.

Ho!—thou that hither comest, in gorgeous stole  
Of many-colour'd silk,—and round thy head  
The rainbow hues of fancy richly shed,—  
And eyes that in ecstatic transport roll,—  
And looks that speak the triumph of the soul,—  
Hail, young creative spirit! from whose mind  
Teeming tumultuously with thoughts and things,  
(The flitting notion with strong power combined  
Of fixing all those grand imaginings,)  
An intellectual world of wonder springs:  
Raffaelle, thine all too perishable art  
Fades from the time-stain'd walls; but not so fade  
Our memories of thy skill;—those laurels start  
Afresh for ever: walk thou in their shade.

## Bayard.

THE clarion sounds,—the steeds impatient prance,  
While featly spurring to the mimic fray  
The high-born chivalry of gallant France  
Poise the stout shield, and break the quivering lance;—  
—And who this beardless champion of to-day?  
The young Bayard; than whom no brighter name  
Shines in more blazon on the rolls of fame,  
The fearless, and the spotless,—nobly hail'd,  
All honour to the brave!—Alone he stood  
With single sword against the multitude  
At Gargliano; and when fortune fail'd,  
Generous Bayard alone knew not to yield,—  
But full of glories,—gentle, brave, and good,  
He died in pray'r, though on the battle-field.

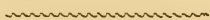
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Luther.

COULDEST thou look down upon us from thy rest,
Where'er thy spirit hath its glorious home,
And note that persecuting horn of Rome
Waxing in subtle power and pride unblest,
How would thy zeal flame out, thou second Paul:
Thy spurious children who should still protest
Against a church apostate and impure,
Now bid her prosper, and insanely call
The pampering of priestcraft, liberal!
Liberal,—to help in forging more secure
Chains for the conscience, fetters for the mind;
Liberal,—to quench our light in utter dark!
But prophecy hath told it: search and find:
Cursèd is he that shall receive the mark.

Jane Grey.

So young, so fair, so simple, so deceived!—
 For all thy learning could not teach thee guile,
 Nor warn thee from that base domestic wile
 Which coil'd thee like a serpent, and bereaved
 Thy heart of life, of loyal praise thy name,—
 Posterity is just; and from the blame
 Of stealing for thyself another's crown
 And playing false in hot ambition's game
 Declares thee innocent: that little week
 Of splendour forced and fear'd, so soon laid down,
 Cost thee most bitter wages;—yet most sweet,
 If prison-haunting wisdom bade thee seek
 This heav'nly crown, for thy fair brow so meet,
 This higher majesty my song would greet.



Shakspeare.

Who shall appraise Potosi's hidden mines,
 Or measure Oronooko's gushing springs,
 Or in a balance weigh the Apennines,
 Fathom the deep, or span the polar rings?—
 And who can sum thy wealth, exhaustless mind,
 Or scale the heights of its imaginings,
 Where giant thoughts with beauteous fancies twined,
 Stand wondrous, as the heaven-kissing hills?
 Thy theme is Man: the universal heart
 In sympathy with thee dissolves or thrills,
 While the strong spells of nature leagued with art
 Bind the world captive in a magic chain:
 Thy peer is not yet born; our hope is vain;—
 We may not look upon his like again.

Cervantes.

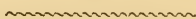
IF to have been wise Europe's pioneer
 To truth, and sense, and better aims of life,—
 If by thy satire's keen and caustic knife
 To have had Ercles' might to lop and sear
 The stolid hydra-heads of errant strife,—
 If these be worth a passing grateful thought,
 Take it, Cervantes; we have few like thee,
 Full of right-minded wit, that wounds not aught
 But folly, with its cutting gaiety:
 Thanks to thy prison, that its dulness wrought
 A lasting humorous good; the crazy knight
 His shrewd rough squire, and those unheard-of deeds,
 Whereat the school-boy shouts with huge delight,
 And the philosopher wonders as he reads.

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Harvey.

"THE life which is the blood:" O heedless men,  
 How often unbelieving have ye heard  
 The side-dropp'd hints, that strew the written Word:  
 The fountain-heart, that pours the stream of life;  
 The cell-stopt wheel, that makes it circle then  
 By vessels manifold; ye might have learn'd  
 From the fool's scorn, a Guide that never err'd,  
 Without the clumsier aid of scalpel-knife,  
 These truths for ages, had ye but discern'd  
 The book of GOD with natural wisdom rife:  
 Still, Harvey, be thy patient genius praised,  
 The shrewdness of thy well-digested plan,  
 Whose hand the strangely-woven curtain raised  
 That veil the mysteries of life from man.

## Evelyn.

WOTTON, fair Wotton, thine ancestral Hall,  
 Thy green fresh meadows, coursed by ductile streams  
 That ripple joyous in the noonday beams  
 Leaping adown the frequent waterfall,  
 Thy princely forest, and calm-slumbering lake  
 Are hallow'd spots and classic precincts all;  
 For in thy terraced walks and beechen grove  
 The gentle generous Evelyn wont to rove,  
 Peace-lover, who of Nature's garden spake  
 From cedars to the hyssop on the wall:  
 O righteous spirit, fall'n on evil times,  
 Thy loyal zeal, and learned piety  
 Blest all around thee, wept thy country's crimes,  
 And taught the world how Christians live and die.



## Milton.

O LIGHT, denied to him, that thou art mine!  
 O blessed Sun, that I can joy in thee!  
 To praise the Love,—alas so lost on me,—  
 How gladly should I pour the hymn divine:  
 Yet all unlike this glorious blind old man,  
 Mine inward eyes with no such radiance shine:  
 How seldom in that better sun I bask;  
 How faintly would I, yet how faintly can:  
 Great Giver, might I unpresumptuous ask  
 Into my heart thy love its light to pour,  
 Take all instead thy righteous mercy wilt;  
 Not so, for Thou art GOD: give this, give more,  
 The richest glory to the poorest guilt,  
 So with thy Milton shall my soul adore.



### Isaac Walton.

BY guiltless guile the spotted trout to snare,  
 In idlesse all unblamed to while away  
 With contemplation sweet the sunny day,  
 To stroll in morning's dewy freshness where  
 The stream invited, and grey-mantled sky,  
 And so with buoyant float, or mimic fly,  
 To win the sinless triumphs of thine art,—  
 These were thy simple pastimes, kind old man,  
 These are thy fame: yet would I praise thee more  
 For the rich treasure of a childlike heart  
 That longs to compass all the good it can,  
 Tender and self-forgelful, gushing o'er  
 With cheerful thoughts and generous feelings when  
 Loving thou yearnest on thy fellow-men.



### Isaac Newton.

WHEN craft and ignorance with envious tongue  
 At that lone Florentine their malice hurl'd,  
 On thee his robe the parting prophet flung  
 And hail'd thy dawn to glorify the world,  
 Like the young moon the clouds of night among,  
 Modest, and solitary, shedding forth  
 O'er the broad universe truth's holy light:  
 Yet ev'n against the meekness of thy worth  
 Detraction's withering breath, and jealous spite  
 Shed, not all impotent, their cankering blight;  
 For care sat with thee at thy silent hearth,  
 O gentle child of wisdom, whose keen eye  
 Dissolved the sunbeam, pierced the depths of earth,  
 And read the unwritten charters of the sky.

## Fenelon.

YET are there, ev'n in thee, polluted church,  
 A worthier chosen few to walk in white,  
 Some undefiled, whom Grace hath taught to search,  
 And seen their humble toil, and sent them light;  
 For, like a meteor dropt upon the night,  
 Thy faith, good priest, thy pure religion, shone  
 Amid the moral darkness of thine age,  
 Shedding soft lustre round: nor this alone,  
 But the sweet pictures of thy graphic page,  
 Young Telemaque, and that enchanted isle,  
 The false fair wanton, and mysterious sage,  
 How soothingly can these the soul beguile:  
 Nor only thus; a higher goal is won;  
 Thou lurest up to virtue with a smile.

## Czar Peter.

TURN, wondrous shade of an immortal man,  
 And give my welcome favourable heed,  
 While my mute soul considers each bright deed  
 That gems thy crown, imperial artizan,  
 Whose patriot labour thy rude country freed  
 From Scythian darkness; for to thee, great prince,  
 Despite a Jezebel-sister's cursèd plan  
 Of luring thee to pleasure's guilty ways,  
 Justly belongs the honourable praise  
 Of waking a barbarian world of slaves  
 To fame and power, that have not faded since:  
 Nobly the bronze Colossus tells thy worth,  
 For he that blesses, helps, improves, and saves,  
 Is the true hero of this strife-torn earth.

## Handel.

AWAKE, my glory, and the world's delight!  
 Bring hither tabret, harp, and lute, and lyre,  
 And greet him with the whole angelic quire,  
 For Handel now from earth has wing'd his flight,  
 A holy bard in chariot of fire,  
 To mingle with your band in garments bright:  
 Oh, with what harmony to hymn aright  
 Thy canzonet of praise, monarch of song,  
 So that its music may enchant the mind,  
 Like some sweet air, that might to thee belong,  
 Where holiness with melody combined,  
 Majestic thought in thrilling sound express'd,  
 Cheat of their sorrows thine indebted kind,  
 And soothe our souls with harpings of the Blest!

~~~~~  
Wesley.

HENCE, ye profane: and thou, mine honest muse,
 Banish the silly blush from thy false cheek,—
 With liberal voice to Wesley's glory speak,
 The holy man whom GOD was pleased to choose
 His instrument; from one so good, so meek,
 High honour to withhold, or to refuse
 Were folly, if not sin; we hail thee then
 Glad bearer of good tidings unto men,
 Zealous and noble, worthy of the phrase
 In which thy Lord, and our's, hath greeted thee,
 Well done, thou faithful servant, thine be praise!
 These Christ-church cloisters thy pure feet have trod
 Mine have trod too; grace grant it,—ev'n to me,
 That like a Wesley I may walk with God.

Linnæus.

FRESH Nature, gentle nurse, we run to thee
With all the love of childhood's innocent heart,
Hiding from those dull works and ways of art,
Glad to escape their schooling, and be free;
O fairy landscape,—fields, and wooded hills,
Green valleys, mirror'd lakes, and sunny rills,
Young flowers, and blushing fruits, and tufted groves,
How Eden-like a home of peace are ye,
Peopled with angel-guests, and infant loves!—
So companied, and in a scene so sweet,
High summer's gorgeous tribute would we bring,
And lay them, priest of Nature, at thy feet,
While their white bells the wedded lilies ring,
And kissing roses a Linnæus greet.

Johnson.

STERN moralist, whose potent intellect
Flooded the world with all the Nile of truth,
Slave to no master, prisoner of no sect,
Albeit disease, and want, and harsh neglect
Were long the bitter portion of thy youth,
Thine Atlas mind stood firm beneath the weight,
Preaching the noble homily to men
That poverty hath uses real and great,
In quickening thought, urging the sluggish pen,
Claiming due labours of the listless brow,
Forcing its flowers of wit, and fruits of sense,
And for man's wonder, bidding grandly flow
The deluge of a Johnson's eloquence,
Like thundering Niagara, strong and slow.

Galvani.

THOU marvel, life, the indescribable!

Whether in spirit, seeming then conerete,
Perpetual motion, or pervading heat,
Or matters' subtlest web, thy might doth dwell,
How rare, how rank, how various is thy form!

Behold, thou lurkest in the fallow clod,
Climbest the fir, and grovellest with the worm,
Reignest in man, and ridest on the storm,
Peopling far worlds,—how many who can tell?—

The simple universal breath of GOD:
We, darkling children, may not compass more
Than note thine influences, still the same,
One cause, though Legion in effect and name,
And with Galvani gratefully adore.

~~~~~  
Washington.

How might a Briton bless thee without blame,—

Yet how deny thy worth his honest praise?—  
Great, virtuous, modest, whose unspotted name  
Is stamp'd in gold upon the rolls of fame,

Whose brow is circled by her brightest bays,—  
Part of thy glory still let England claim,

For still she loves her noble child always:  
Into what times, what regions shall we roam

To find thy peer,—Leonidas in fight,  
Pure Cincinnatus, meek retiring home,

Fabius the wise, or Cato the upright?—  
Nature hath cull'd the best of Greece and Rome,  
And moulding all their virtues into one,  
Gave to her infant world a Washington.

## Howard.

GLORIOUS Apostle of Humanity,  
 Whose every thought was love to GOD and Man,  
 Whose every day sped one consistent plan  
 Of energized benevolence,—to thee,  
 O noblest of the Howards, would I bring  
 A young disciple's worship: tell it out,  
 Daughters of guilt, and sons of misery,  
 Poor prisoners, in a grateful chorus sing,  
 Felons, and common thieves, ye rabble rout  
 Of gaol, or galley, vilest, meanest, worst,  
 Whom all but godlike Howard's pitying eye  
 Left to your desperate fate, as things accurst,  
 To greet your Friend in generous rapture shout,  
 And raise your homage to his home on high!

## Klopstock.

DWELL ye then round about, cheering us  
 Alike in crowded haunts and solitude,  
 Warding from ill, and ministering good,  
 O bright and blessed Sabaoth,—is it thus?  
 Alas, what can we give of gratitude  
 To your pure essences, that, o'er us each  
 Hovering, delight to love and aid and teach  
 Poor prisoners in the flesh?—Yon sainted bard  
 Who sang Messiah, loved the happy thought,  
 Praying that for his angel guide and guard  
 The spirit of his Meta might be brought  
 E'en from the grave: O lover, didst thou err,  
 It were an error with such sweetness fraught,  
 I too would ask an angel minister.



## Nelson.

WELL hast thou done thy duty, gallant son ;  
 What truer fame can greet a mortal's ear  
 Than duty's task heroically done ?—  
 So are they hail'd, who better crowns have won :  
 Thou, to the patriot's soul so justly dear,  
 O let us blot thy failings with a tear,  
 And read alone the record of thy worth ;  
 Man without pride, or hate, or fraud, or fear,  
 Who banish'd discord, and gave peace to earth,  
 Thine was the generous heart, though gentle, brave.  
 The will to bless, the godlike power to save :  
 What nobler pæan can the poet raise ?  
 A glorious life, an honourable grave,  
 Trafalgar and Aboukir be thy praise !

## Felix Neff.

O BRIGHTER conquests in a better cause,  
 O nobler champion, O diviner fame !  
 To the dear honours of thy sainted name  
 A hallowing sympathy my spirit draws ;  
 Come in, thou holy, happy one, come in !  
 Why standest thou without,—triumphant shade,  
 Who well hast battled Misery and Sin,  
 And of the wilderness a garden made,  
 So blessing man, though meanest ?—witness, Alps,  
 That rear o'er Dormeilleuse your icy scalps ;  
 Witness, thou church of ages, thither driven,  
 A partridge hunted to the glacier chill ;  
 Witness the pastor's praise, approving heaven,—  
 Witness it, earth !—Henceforth, my harp, be still.



BALLADS FOR THE TIMES,

GERALDINE,

HACTENUS, A THOUSAND LINES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, D.C.L., F.R.S.,

AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," ETC., ETC.

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## NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

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[The following sketch of Mr. Tupper's literary career, is from the pen of William Anderson, Author of "Landscape Lyrics;" and has never been printed in this country. It appeared originally in the "Church of England Journal," No. LIX. May 12, 1847.]

### MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, M.A., F.R.S.

THE name of Martin Farquhar Tupper has become popularly known, not only in this country, but in America, and on the Continent, as that of an author of great original genius, a highly cultivated intellect, extensive scholarship, and very superior poetic powers. He is the eldest son of the late eminent surgeon, Martin Tupper, Esq. F.R.S., who, after a prosperous and successful practice, of five and thirty years, died suddenly in his sleep, of *angina pectoris*, on the 8th December, 1844, at Southill Park, the residence of the Earl of Limerick, only a few hours after that nobleman had himself expired in his arms. The subject of the present sketch was born in London, in 1810. The family from which he is descended, an ancient and honourable one, belongs originally to Germany. In consequence of the persecution of the protestants by Charles V., they left Hesse Cassel, in 1551, and settled in Guernsey. They have never been below the rank of gentlemen, and the circumstances of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" are affluent. With him literature is not a profession, but a recreation, and he has done high honour to it.

He received the first part of his education at the Charter House, and afterwards went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the

degrees of B.A. and M.A.\* He subsequently entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time was called to the bar, but never practised as a barrister. At the age of twenty-six, he married, and has a fine young family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Tupper's first publication was a little work issued in 1832, entitled "Sacra Poesis," which we have not had the good fortune to see. The first series of "Proverbial Philosophy, a Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally treated," was published in December, 1837, and the second series in 1842. This work at once excited attention, and called forth the most favourable criticisms. It was hailed as the production of one who, while he thought and reasoned like a true sage, wrote and illustrated like a true poet. The pages of "Proverbial Philosophy" are full of instruction and wisdom, and breathe throughout the finest spirit of genuine poetry. Well does the writer of this sketch remember the pleasure with which he first read that remarkable production. He was then connected editorially with the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, in which paper the first series was reviewed at length at the time of its appearance. In that review, the volume was described as "a work abounding in rich thoughts and delicate fancies,—in sound philosophy, and high moral resolutions, and which may be read over and over again, by the young philosopher, or poetical dreamer, with equal profit and delight." And, as if writing prophetically of the proud and enviable position to which Mr. Tupper was yet to attain in literature, the reviewer triumphantly asked,—“Have we now not done enough to show that a poet of power and promise,—a poet and philosopher both, is amongst us to delight and instruct—to elevate and guide? Do we err in saying that a fresh leaf is added to the laurel crown of poetry?” The praises of the other reviewers were no less enthusiastic, and no less just. “There is more novelty in the sentiments,” said the *Monthly Review*, “a greater sweep of subjects, and a finer sense

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\* Since the date of this sketch (1847), Mr. Tupper has had conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L. of the University of Oxford.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

of moral beauty displayed by Mr. Tupper, than we remember to have seen in any work of its class, excepting of course the Proverbs of Solomon. We also discover in his Philosophy the stores of extensive reading, and the indisputable proofs of habitual and devout reflection, as well as the workings of an elegant mind." The work met with unprecedented success; and six large editions of it have been sold.\* The author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in consequence of it. He had already shown himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "a Fellow of Infinite Wit," and, we may add, of Wisdom too. The King of Prussia, in token of his majesty's high approbation of "Proverbial Philosophy," sent him the gold medal for science and literature. The work became very popular in the United States. In New York alone, we are informed, ten thousand copies were sold during last year, and the work is known to be published in several other American cities. Its reputation is also great in the British colonies.

Mr. Tupper's next work was "Geraldine, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with other poems," published in 1838; of which an opinion has been already expressed in this paper,—see No. 53, of *Church of England Journal*. The ideal plan of the Christabel has been well brought out by Mr. Tupper, in his *Sequel*; and it is no small praise to him to say, that the wild and original spirit that pervades it, is every way akin to the sublime and beautiful inspiration of the great but unfinished poem of Coleridge itself. The minor poems contained in the volume are singularly pleasing and graceful, and abound in touches of real beauty and genuine feeling. Besides "Ellen Grey," already quoted in these columns, the pieces entitled "The Alpine Elf;" "Children;" "A Cabinet of Fossils;" "The African Desert;" and some of the Sonnets, are our favourites, although all are good.

In 1839, he published, "A modern Pyramid; to Commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies;" designed to furnish illustrations and

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\* The tenth edition (of 6000 copies) is now selling in London; and in America nearly 200,000 have been sold.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

descriptions of character of seventy of the most remarkable personages of sacred and profane history, ancient and modern. Among them are some of the patriarchs, some of the ancient sages of the East, some of the most noted men of Greece and Rome, chiefly philosophers and authors, some of the Apostles, and some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages, and downwards, in the stream of time, to the present century. From the nature of the work, and its limits not admitting of more than seventy names, there are, of course, many omissions; but each of "the Worthies" introduced is the subject of a sonnet, and brief biographical sketch. The work exhibits all the peculiar qualities of Mr. Tupper's genius and style; high poetic feeling, fine taste, great fertility of imagination, and boldness of opinion and speculation; with profound practical thought, extensive and varied learning, a general knowledge of mankind and history, and great command of language. In this volume, too, the author appears to great advantage, as a zealous defender of the Faith, as held and taught by the Church of England.

In 1840, Mr. Tupper produced a pleasant volume of odds and ends, called, "An Author's Mind." Among the contents are pieces entitled, "The Author's Mind, a ramble;" "Nero, a tragedy;" "Opium, a history;" "Psycotherion, an argument;" "Heathenism, an Apology;" "Woman, a subject;" "Toilomatrix, a title;" "Appendix, an after-thought;" "Home, an Epic;" &c. Some poems of remarkable beauty are also introduced, with great effect, among the other pieces which compose this agreeable collection of "gaieties and gravities."

Mr. Tupper's next work, a rural novel, entitled "The Crook of Gold," designed to illustrate the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," as well as to show the curse and hardening effect of avarice, was published in 1844. It is a simple tale, very beautifully told; but nevertheless full of an extraordinary interest and attraction; one of those books indeed, which by its wit and pathos, its deep insight into human passions, and its powerful delineations

of virtue and crime, enchain the attention of the reader till he has finished its perusal, and leave behind a strong but wholesome and salutary impression on the mind. The plot purports to be the history of a poor labourer and his family, who from a life of peaceful and contented drudgery, became discontented and repining, and were gradually involved in sore trials and serious troubles. The principal characters of the story are honest Roger Acton, the luckless finder of "the Crock of Gold," his pure and simple-hearted daughter Grace, her lover Jonathan, Simon Jennings the murderer, his aunt Bridget Quarles, and Ben Burke, the poacher. The murder of Bridget by Jennings, is very graphically described; and the chapter headed "Next Morning," being that following the murder scene, is one of the finest pieces of writing in modern literature. The "Crock of Gold" is very popular in America; and it has been repeatedly dramatized and acted with success. In this country it has been extensively read.

The same year (1844) Mr. Tupper published two other works of fiction, in one volume each; namely, "Heart. A social novel;" and "The Twins. A Domestic Novel." The main design of these works appears to have been, upon something better than a mere sketchy foundation in each, to introduce some exciting scenes, and some episodial bursts of hearty religious writing; and they, more or less, illustrate, the one the commandment "thou shalt not commit adultery," and the other that of "thou shalt not covet." The twofold object of the author in the two stories—that is, the depicting of virtue and vice in their appropriate colours, and that as strongly as possible, and the pointing the moral, of each obtaining in due course its appropriate reward—is powerfully worked out in both; and as one of the most discriminating and competent critics who reviewed them said:—"In every page there is something which a reader would wish to bear in his memory for ever. For power of animated description, for eloquent reflection upon the events of every-day life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, the



volumes are worthy of a place on every library table in the kingdom." The same reviewer says, very justly, of Mr. Tupper's style: "There is a genuine, hearty, straightforward, downright-ness about him that brings him right on the mark at once. His sentences are neither long, laboured, nor parenthetical, but they are animated by a fine racy idiomatic vigorousness of style that impresses their meaning on the mind and memory. He forms, as it were, a sort of half-way house between Dickens and Carlyle. Without the regularly sustained power of Boz, he has much of his *picturesqueness* in description and his pathos; and, without his eccentricity, he possesses no slight portion of the full-toned energy and characteristic raciness of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'" Of such works as these three novels of Mr. Tupper, we hope yet to see many more specimens from his graphic pen.

His next work, published in 1845, is entitled "A Thousand Lines," a little tract of but sixty pages, containing poems on various subjects, written in his most captivating manner. Thought vigorous and fruitful, imagery vivid and beautiful, feeling warm and unaffected, clothed in language strong, hearty, and emphatic, or soft, pathetic, and musical, as the theme or the rhythm required, with an originality that cannot fail to be acknowledged in them all, are the characteristics of the verses of this little book. A new version of "Rule Britannia!" a stirring song for patriots in the year 1860, has in it a genuine fervent English spirit and tone, that make the very heart bound when perusing it. "The Emigrant Ship" is indeed an exquisite little lyric, full of delicate pathos, and instinct with gentle music; and a sound and high souled spirit of philosophy breathes in the noble and cheering stanzas entitled "Never Give Up!"

The last published work of Mr. Tupper is called "Probabilities, an Aid to Faith," issued in January last; resembling in idea the "Analogy" of Butler, but much simpler in detail, and altogether independent and original in argument and illustration. This small but valuable and instructive volume we have noticed to-day.



Besides the works mentioned, Mr. Tupper published in 1838, "A Coronation Ode, and Sonnets," which, like all his poetry, display much poetic genius and great power of versification.\*

In appearance, Mr. Tupper is, we believe, about the middle size; young-looking, and well favoured; with black hair, cheerful aspect, and cordial manner. Both in his deportment and in his writings, he has all the elements of popularity. Of the former, however, the writer of this sketch cannot speak from personal knowledge, as he is altogether unacquainted with him. With the latter he is quite familiar. His usual residence is at Albury, Surrey; but he has also a seat at Furzehill, near Brighton.

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\* "Hactenus," and a quantity of other occasional lyrics and prose pieces, with "King Alfred's own poems," translated from the Anglo-Saxon, have appeared since the publication of this sketch.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.



## Dedication.

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### TO ALL FRIENDS.

*A book of many thoughts in mingled measures :  
Songs of my Heart, attuned through many a year  
From time to time a silent hour to cheer ;  
Unguarded tell-tales of mine inner pleasures,  
High hopes, and joys most deep, and loves most dear ;  
What welcome shall we find ? — Neglect ? — Reproof ?  
A sullen pride that coldly holds aloof ?  
No, Friends ! not such will be my welcome here :  
From heart to heart I speak, from love to love,  
With kindly words that kindness inspire,  
Frankly, confidingly ; no fear, no fear  
But love shall be your greeting to my lyre ;  
For, through the mercies lent me from above,  
I warm your hearts, O Friends ! with holy fire.*



TUPPER'S  
POETICAL WORKS.

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Ballads.

*ſc. ſc.*

To the Union.

FROM A UNIT.

GIANT aggregate of nations,  
Glorious Whole of glorious Parts,  
Unto endless generations  
Live United, hands and hearts!  
Be it storm, or summer-weather,  
Peaceful calm, or battle-jar,  
Stand in beauteous strength together,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension  
Heal it up, as quick as thought,  
Every paltry place-pretension,  
Crush it, as a thing of nought;  
Let no narrow private treason  
Your great onward progress bar,  
But remain, in right and reason,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!  
People, leave that toy to kings;  
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,  
Be above such grovelling things!  
In each other's joys delighted,  
All your hate be—joys of war,  
And by all means keep United,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,  
Still my counsel would be just;  
Break the band, and all is danger,  
Mutual fear, and dark distrust:  
But, you know me for a brother  
And a friend who speak from far;  
Be at one then with each other,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy  
Freedom's soil by slaves to till,  
Yet be just! and sagely, slowly,  
Nobly, cure that ancient ill:  
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever;  
Nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;  
Sagely,—not in wrath to sever  
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Charm'd with your commingled beauty  
England sends the signal round,  
"Every man must do his duty"  
To redeem from bonds the bound!  
Then indeed your banner's brightness  
Shining clear from every star  
Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,  
Sister States, as Now ye are!



So, a peerless constellation  
May those stars for ever blaze!  
Three-and-ten-times-threefold nation,  
Go ahead in power and praise!  
Like the many-breasted goddess  
Throned on her Ephesian car  
Be—one heart in many bodies!  
Sister States, as Now ye are.

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### The Anglo-Saxon Race.

A RHYME FOR ENGLISHMEN.

STRETCH forth! stretch forth! from the south to the north!  
From the east to the west,—stretch forth! stretch forth!  
Strengthen thy stakes, and lengthen thy cords,—  
The world is a tent for the world's true lords!  
Break forth and spread over every place,  
The world is a world for the Saxon Race!

England sowed the glorious seed,  
In her wise old laws, and her pure old creed,  
And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,  
And her resolute energies, ever young,  
And her free bold hand, and her frank fair face,  
And her faith in the rule of the Saxon Race!

Feebly dwindling day by day,  
All other races are fading away;  
The sensual South, and the servile East,  
And the tottering throne of the treacherous priest,  
And every land is in evil case  
But the wide-scatter'd realm of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! brethren all!  
By one great name on your millions I call,—  
Norman, American, Gael, and Celt,  
Into this fine mixed mass ye melt,  
And all the best of your best I trace  
In the golden brass of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! faithful and free!  
Lords of the land, and kings of the sea,—  
Anglo-Saxons! honest and true,  
By hundreds of millions my word is to you,—  
Love one another! as brothers embrace!  
That the world may be blest in the Saxon Race!

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### The Family Gathering.

1851.

#### A STAVE OF INVITATION.

FOR happiness, unity, plenty, and peace,  
And brotherhood over the world,  
For loves to increase, and dissensions to cease,  
And war's bloody flag to be furl'd,  
Come, gather together with hearty good will,  
In the warmth of a generous mind,  
And bring us the best of your strength and your skill,  
To bless and to better mankind!

Let quicken'd invention its secret impart  
The body to succour in need;  
Let taste and high breeding, and delicate art,  
The mind with their melodies feed:

Let just emulation and genius be glad  
To join in the liberal strife  
Which seals to the world all the wealth that it had,  
And adds to the blessings of life.

So, gather together! your leader and Prince,  
With many a true man beside,  
Has set up this standard the world to convince  
That commerce and love are allied:  
For Man, of all nations and kindreds, is one,  
And heartily well is it worth,  
Thus kindly to cause in the sight of the sun  
A Family Meeting of Earth!



### England's Welcome to the World.

A BALLAD FOR 1851.

A VOICE of happy greeting to the Nations of the World!  
A Flag of peace for every shore, on every sea, unfurl'd!  
A Word of brotherhood and love to each who hears the call,—  
A Welcome to the World of Men, a Welcome, one and all!

O children of a common stock, O brothers all around,  
In kindness and sympathy receive the joyful sound;  
Old England bids you welcome all, and wins you to her shore,  
To see how men of every clime may help each other more.

Old England greets you lovingly, as friend should greet a friend,  
And only prays that peaceful days may never have an end;  
And only hopes, by doing good, the good of all to gain,  
And so Goodwill from brethren still, right gladly to attain!

Come on then to this Tournament, of Peace, and skilful Art,  
Come on, fair Europe's chivalry, and play the Bayard's part!  
For honour, Austria, spur away! for honour, gentle France!  
For honour, Russ, and Swede, and Turk,—come on with levell'd  
lance!

Come on amain, high-hearted Spain! industrious Holland, come!  
Italy, Persia, Greece, and Ind,—fill up the Nations' sum!  
And chiefly with us, heart to heart, come on, and tilt for fame,  
Columbia,—thou that England art in everything but name!

Not, as long since, for deeds of death,—but deeds to gladden life;  
Provoking each for others' good to join the generous strife!  
As in those games at Pytho, or in old Nemæa's grove,  
Where Græcia's best and worthiest for honour only strove.

Come, wrestle thus in peace with us, and vie for glory's prize,  
Bring out your wares of rarest work, and wealthiest merchandise;  
Let every Craft of every clime produce its brilliant best,  
The dazzling zone of Venus, and Minerva's starry crest!

Let Science add the miracles that human reason works  
When tracking out the Mind of GOD that in all Nature lurks,—  
The Wonderful, that HE hath made Beneficent to man,  
And gives us wit to fathom it, and use it as we can!

O there are secrets choice and strange, that men have not found out,  
Though up and down the earth we range, and forage round about,  
The hidden things of Mercy's heart, the Beautiful-Sublime,  
That GOD hath meant to cheer us on adown the stream of Time:

Adown the stream of Time, until—we reach that happier shore,  
Where sin and pain come not again, and grief is grief no more;  
For that, O nations, wisely strive to do all good you can,  
And, gratefully as unto God, live brotherly with Man!

## A Hymn for all Nations. 1851.

TRANSLATED INTO THIRTY LANGUAGES.

GLORIOUS God! on Thee we call,  
Father, Friend, and Judge of all;  
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,  
Homage to Thy throne we bring!

In the wonders all around  
Ever is Thy Spirit found,  
And of each good thing we see  
All the good is born of Thee!

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks  
Everywhere in Nature's works;  
Thine is Art, with all its worth,  
Thine each masterpiece on earth!

Yea, and foremost in the van  
Springs from Thee the Mind of Man;  
On its light, for this is thine,  
Shed abroad the love divine!

Lo, our God! Thy children here  
From all realms are gather'd near,  
Wisely gather'd,—gathering still—  
For peace on earth, towards men good-will!

May we, with fraternal mind,  
Bless our brothers of mankind;  
May we, through redeeming love,  
Be the blest of God above!

### A Word for the Oregon Mission.

PUSH on! to earth's extremest verge,—  
And plant the Gospel there,  
Till wide Pacific's angry surge  
Is soothed by Christian prayer;  
Advance the standard, conquering van,  
And urge the triumph on,  
In zeal for God and love of man,  
To distant Oregon!

Faint not, O soldier of the cross,  
Its standard-bearer thou!  
All California's gold is dross  
To what thou winnest now!  
A vast new realm, wherein to search  
For truest treasure won,  
God's jewels,—in his infant church  
Of new-born Oregon.

Thou shalt not fail, thou shalt not fall!  
The gracious living Word  
Hath said of every land, that all  
Shall glorify the Lord:  
He shall be served from East to West,  
Yea—to the setting sun,—  
And JESU's name be loved and blest  
In desert Oregon.

Then, Brothers! help in this good deed,  
And side with God to-day!  
Stand by His servant now, to speed  
His apostolic way:  
Bethlehem's ever-leading star  
In mercy guides him on  
To light with holy fire from far  
The Star of Oregon.



## Our Voyage.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE ASIA, BY REQUEST.

COUNT up with me our mercies manifest  
My brother voyagers; that God hath sped  
Our wandering steps, in safety hither led,  
Strong in His strength, and with His bounty blest.  
O, how can half the perils be exprest  
That He hath spared us on this prosperous way?  
No evil hath come near us, to deform  
One pleasant night, or one luxurious day,  
No traitor rock, no fierce tyrannic storm:  
But, as, at night, bell echoing answered bell  
Like neighbouring village clocks, the cheering word  
Ever was wafted in response, "All 's well!"  
Thank God! that thus His ready grace hath heard  
Our pray'rs, though few and feeble, truth to tell!

And, meekly think how many better men  
Have gone this way in famine and in fear,  
Yet, after all their toils, had laboured then  
Vainly,—for Death hath feasted on them here!  
O think how gulph'd away from human ken  
Thousands have struggled in yon yeasty waves,  
As gloomily, around some staggering wreck,  
Yawn'd the black throats of those Atlantic graves!  
We the while, pacing this high-terraced deck,  
Like proud triumphant despots of the deep,  
Set our calm feet on Ocean's vassal neck;  
And day or night, in pastimes or in sleep,  
With ease and skill and mammoth-muscle force  
Speed to the goal of our victorious course!

### The Old and the New.

SHALL it be with a tear or a smile, Old World,  
That I bid you farewell for awhile, Old World,  
    Shall you and I part  
    With a pang at the heart,  
Or in cold-blooded stoical style, Old World?

In truth, it must be with a tear, Old World,  
For much that is near and is dear, Old World!  
    The lingering mind  
    Looks sadly behind  
In doubt and reluctance and fear, Old World.

Yet ever, by land and by sea, Old World,  
God helps us wherever we be, Old World;  
    My babes He will keep  
    Awake or asleep,  
And happily travel with me, Old World!

So thus with a spirit at rest, New World,  
I seek your bright shores of the West, New World!  
    With hearty good will  
    My work to fulfil,  
And do what I do for the best, New World!

Gratefully here for a space, New World,  
Shall I bask in the sun of thy face, New World,  
    Wherever I roam  
    To feel always at home,  
With brothers in every place, New World.

No dignified dulness to freeze, New World,  
But cordial kindness and ease, New World,  
    Invite me to stand,  
    With my heart in my hand,  
To give it wherever I please, New World.

## A Word on Arrival.

WRITTEN IN NEW YORK HARBOUR, ON BOARD THE ASIA.

NOT with cold scorn, or ill-dissembled sneer,  
 Ungraciously your kindly looks to greet,  
 By God's good favour safely wafted here,  
 After long hope and promise many a year,  
 O friends and brothers, face to face we meet.  
 Now, for a little space, my willing feet  
 Shall tread your happy shores; my heart and voice  
 Your kindred love shall quicken and shall cheer;  
 While in your greatness shall my soul rejoice—  
 For you are England's nearest and most dear!  
 Suffer my simple fervours to do good,  
 As one poor pilgrim haply may and can,  
 Who, knit to heaven and earth by gratitude,  
 Speaks from his heart, to touch his brother man.

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## New Zealand.

A SONG FOR THE ANTIPODES.

QUEEN of the South! which the mighty Pacific  
 Claims for its Britain in ages to be,  
 Bright with fair visions and hopes beatific,  
 Glorious and happy thy future I see!  
 Thither the children of England are thronging,  
 There for true riches securely to search;  
 Not for thy gold, California, longing,  
 But for sweet home, with enough, and a Church!

There, a soft clime and a soil ever teeming,  
 Summer's December, and Winter's July,  
 The bright Southern Cross in the firmament gleaming,  
 The Dove, and the Crown, and the Altar on high,—  
 There, the broad prairies with forest and river,  
 There, the safe harbours are bidding men search  
 For Thy best blessings, O Heavenly Giver!  
 Home, with enough, and an Englishman's Church!

Yes; for Britannia, the Mother of Nations,  
 Sends out her children, as teeming old Greece,  
 Good men and great men, to stand in their stations,  
 Merchants of plenty, and heralds of peace:  
 Stout Anglo-Saxons! Port Victory calls you;  
 Take the glad omen, and speedily search  
 Where you shall gather, whatever befalls you,  
 Truest of treasures, a Home and a Church!

Fifty years hence—look forward and see it,  
 Realm of New Zealand, what then shalt thou see?  
 (If the world lives, at THE FATHER'S So be it,)  
 All shall be greatness and glory with thee!  
 Even should Britain's decay be down-written  
 In the dread doom-book that no man may search,  
 Still shall an Oxford, a London, a Britain,  
 Gladden the South with a Home and a Church!

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### Canterbury Pilgrims.

A "GOD SPEED."

HEAVEN speed you, noble band!  
 Link'd together, heart and hand,  
 Sworn to seek that far-off land,  
 Canterbury pilgrims,—

Heaven speed you! brothers brave,  
Waft you well by wind and wave;  
Heaven shield you! Heaven save!  
Canterbury pilgrims.

Like a Queen of swarming bees,  
England, hived amid the seas,  
Sends you by a favouring breeze,  
Canterbury pilgrims,  
With a mother's tender care,  
To her Southern sister there,  
Her young sister, fresh and fair,  
Canterbury pilgrims!

Fresh the soil, and fair the clime,  
Lightly touch'd by toil or time,  
Scarcely tinged with care or crime,  
Canterbury pilgrims,—  
Go then, cheerfully go forth!  
Hasten to replenish earth  
With Old England's honest worth,  
Canterbury pilgrims!

Aye—with industry—for gold,  
Godliness—for wealth untold,  
Go, in Christian duty bold,  
Canterbury pilgrims,—  
Glad New Zealand bids you share  
Each man plenty, and to spare,—  
God be with you then and there,  
Canterbury pilgrims!

## Sonnet.

BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT.

Go forth, in faith and patience, hope and love!  
 But think not, voyagers, to leave behind  
 Ills of the flesh or passions of the mind,  
 Nor to anticipate the bliss above  
 In this new home: for evil must be there,  
 Evil, that sails alike on every wind,  
 In spite of all your caution, all your care:  
 Then be ye tolerant; let no stern soul,  
 However right his ethics or his life,  
 Over the weaker brothers claim control,  
 Stirring the flock to bitterness of strife:  
 Honour man's conscience; from all shackles loose  
 The honest mind with freedom's instinct rife:  
 Take the Church with you, but no church-abuse.



## The Canterbury Seal.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

TRIPLE blessings on the plough,  
 Triple blessings on the fleece!  
 Heaven's Angel send you now  
 To be fruitful and increase:  
 "So your country shall remain,"  
 And all happiness be pour'd  
 Upon Canterbury plain,  
 From the LORD!



Triple blessings on the fleece,  
Triple blessings on the plough!  
For beneath the Cross of Peace  
All your toil is hallow'd now:  
While the Church, in sacred robe,  
Is your help on either hand,  
As the pillars of the globe  
Ye shall stand!

---

### Britain, to Columbia.

#### A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

SISTER Empress, daughter dear,  
Throned on yonder hemisphere,  
With a grand career to run  
Glorious as thy western sun,  
Sister, Daughter — we are one!

One, in stories of the past,  
One, in glories, still to last,  
One in speech, and one in face,  
One in honest pride of race,  
One in faith, and hope, and grace!

Sister, we have sinn'd of old,  
Both of us, through lust of gold;  
We, for centuries, you, for years,  
Undismay'd by judgment fears,  
Throve on — human woes and tears!

Verily, our brothers' blood  
Whelm'd us in its crimson flood!  
Yet, at last we turn'd, and gave,  
As a ransom from the grave,  
Royal freedom to the slave!

Britain's penitential zeal  
Let it work Columbia's weal;  
Wisely hasten, as thou wilt,  
Soon to wash away this guilt—  
Man in chains, and life-blood spilt!

We are mute,—we may not chide;  
Only pray thee, put aside  
That which must be bane to thee,  
If, as Christian, Strong, and Free,  
Thou endure it still to be.

Yet, in frankness, we confess  
We made too much haste, to bless;  
Not at once, be well assured,  
But with gradual health allured,  
Can this chronic plague be cured.

Through the wisdom of to-day  
We have learnt a better way;  
Sister,—it is thine own plan!  
Take the poor degraded man,  
Teach him kindly all you can,—

Then, with liberal hand, restore  
To his own Liberian shore  
This poor son of wrong and night,  
Newly blest with hope and light,  
And the patriot freeman's Right!

So shall Africa blockade  
Bloodlessly that dreadful trade:  
And Liberia's "open door,"  
School, and Church, and merchant-store,  
Bless her children evermore.

## Dieu, et mon Droit.

## A LOYAL TEXT.

No fanciful hope, and no cowardly fear  
Shall ever be lord of my breast,  
An Englishman gathers his comfort and cheer  
From Duty by Providence blest;  
The good royal motto, from Normandy won,  
Upholds him by day and by night,  
Adversity's moon, and prosperity's sun,  
Are shining in "God and my Right!"

My God! the great guard, the good ruler, and friend,  
Who made me, and guides as He will;  
My Right! which His government helps to defend,  
And bids me stand up for it still:  
The heart that has trusted Him well does He love,  
And fills it with heavenly light,  
Rejoiced upon earth with all peace from above,  
And resting on "God and my Right!"

My Right—the right way, and my Right—the right arm,  
And my Right—the true rights of the case,—  
Strong, honest, deserving, the triple-tied charm  
That keeps a man firm in his place;  
With these well about us, and God overhead,  
We fear not whatever we fight,  
There never was mortal who fail'd or who fled,  
Whose motto was, "God and my Right!"

## The Great Exhibition of 1851.

A BALLAD FOR THE WORKMAN.

HURRAH! for honest Industry, hurrah! for handy skill,  
Hurrah! for all the wondrous works achieved by Wit and Will!  
The triumph of the Artizan has come about at length,  
And Kings and Princes flock to praise his comeliness and strength.

Now is the time, the blessed time, for brethren to agree,  
And rich and poor of every clime at unity to be;  
When Labour honour'd openly, and not alone by stealth,  
With horny hand and glowing heart may greet his brother Wealth.

Aye, wealth and rank are labour's kin, twin brethren all his own,  
For every high estate on earth, of labour it hath grown;  
By duty and by prudence, and by study's midnight oil,  
The wealth of all the world is won by God-rewarded toil!

Then hail! thou goodly Gathering, thou brotherhood indeed!  
Where all the sons of men can meet as honest Labour's seed;  
The tribes of turban'd Asia, and Afric's ebon skin,  
And Europe and America, with all their kith and kin!

From East and West, from North and South, to England's happy  
coast

By tens of thousands, lo! they come, the great industrial host,—  
By tens of thousands welcom'd for their handicraft and worth,  
Behold they greet their brethren of *the Workshop of the Earth*.

Right gladly, brother workmen, will each English Artizan  
Rejoice to make you welcome all, as honest man to man,  
And teach, if aught he has to teach, and learn the much to learn,  
And show to men in every land, how all the world may *earn*!

Whatever earth, man's heritage, of every sort can yield,  
From mine and mountain, sea and air, from forest and from field;  
Whatever reason, God's great gift, can add or take away,  
To bring the worth of all the world beneath the human sway;

Whatever science hath found out, and industry hath earn'd,  
And taste hath delicately touch'd, and high-bred art hath learn'd;  
Whatever God's good handicraft, the man He made, hath made,  
By man, God's earnest artizan, the best shall be display'd!

O think it not an idle show, for praise, or pride, or pelf,  
No man on earth who gains a good can hide it for himself;  
By any thought that any thing can any how improve,  
We help along the cause of all, and give the world a move!

It is a great and glorious end to bless the sons of man,  
And meet for peace and doing good, in kindness while we can;  
It is a greater and more blest, the Human Heart to raise  
Up to the God who giveth all, with gratitude and praise!

---

### The Poet's Mission.

#### A PROTEST.

NOT to flatter kings,  
Not to serve a Court,  
Bent on nobler things  
Than to make them sport;  
Loyal, gentle, kind,  
Yet honest, frank, and free,  
Pure in life and mind,  
Must the poet be!

Meekness at his heart,  
Though triumph on his brow,  
Well to do his part  
Is his daily vow;  
Zealous for the best  
His earnest spirit can,  
And, at GOD's behest,  
Swift to gladden Man!

Honour thou the GIFT,  
Count it no man's slave;  
To the LORD uplift  
What His bounty gave!  
Let thy spirit spring  
Up to Heaven's gate,  
There, on quivering wing,  
SONG to consecrate!

Song,—it soothes the heart,  
Song, it charms the world;  
Song, it is a dart  
By a giant hurl'd;  
Song,—a torrent's strength  
In its force is found  
When, aroused at length,  
Nations hear the sound!

Hark! they hear, and feel,  
And may sleep no more!  
Hark! the patriot peal  
Rings from shore to shore;  
And, in danger's hour,  
Stands the poet then,  
Girt about with power  
As a King of men!



At his burning spell  
Quakes the solid shore,  
And with yearning swell  
Rises ocean's roar,  
Till the PEOPLE's will  
Like a storm is heard,  
Conjured by the skill  
Of their poet's word!

At his gentle voice  
All that storm is calm,  
And the woods rejoice,  
And the breeze is balm,  
And Hosannas rise  
From a Nation's heart,  
Flaming to the skies  
Through the Poet's art!

Art? it is his breath,  
The sighing of his soul!  
Art? it might be Death  
The fervour to control!  
Not by such a name  
Call the glorious birth  
Of this heavenly flame  
Lit to kindle earth!

As his heart may glow,  
Freely must his song,  
Like an overflow,  
Gush out fresh and strong!  
No constraint be there  
His energies to tire;  
Zeal, and love, and prayer  
String the Poet's lyre!

## God bless the Queen.

(*A loyal outburst, occasioned by the cowardly attack upon her Majesty.*)

JUNE 27, 1850.

GOD bless the Queen! that echo darts  
Electric through the land;  
God save the Queen! a million hearts  
Are with its fervour fann'd :  
And, God be thanked! He saves the Queen,  
He blesses her in love;  
His Providence is ever seen  
To guard her from above!

O dastard! thus to strike that brow  
Anointed, and so fair;  
O brave young Queen! that bruise is now  
The brightest jewel there!  
In gentlest majesty sublime,  
Courageous and serene,—  
How nobly does so mean a crime  
Add glories to the Queen!

Yes: evil men and evil deeds  
Are like some monster chain'd,—  
That, when its wickedness succeeds,  
Works only good constrain'd :  
O Queen! the deed a traitor dares  
Is but a kindled spark  
To set ablaze thy people's prayers  
For Thee, the nation's Ark!

*The Moon and Moonshine.*

AN ALLEGORY.

UPON a slumbering lake at night  
The moon looks down in love,  
And there, in chasten'd beauty bright,  
A sister sphere of silver light  
Seems bathing from above.

Anon, an evil man comes near,  
And a rude stone he flings,  
Half in hate and half in fear,  
To crush the calm accusing sphere  
That looks such lovely things.

He flung, and struck; and in swift race  
Round ran the startled waves;  
He triumph'd for a little space;  
But see! how soon that same calm face  
Again her beauty laves.

So, friend, if envy hits thy name,  
Be still, it passes soon;  
Thy lamp is burning all the same,  
And, even for that moonshine Fame,  
It must reflect its Moon.

---

“Nobody feels or cares!”

A LAMENTATION.

THE world is dying, its heart is cold,  
And well nigh frozen dead,—  
A sorrowful thing it is to grow old,  
With all the feelings fled,—

Dull are its eyes, and dismal its voice,  
 And a mourner's cloak it wears,  
 For all have forgotten to love or rejoice,—  
 Nobody feels or cares!

Time was, when zeal and honour and joy,  
 And charities cheering life,  
 Mix'd grains of gold with the mass of alloy,  
 And starr'd this night of strife;  
 But now, it is all for a man's own self,  
 And not how his neighbour fares;  
 Except for pleasure, and pride, and pelf,  
 Nobody feels or cares!

Be wise, or a fool,—be good or be bad,  
 To others it's much the same;  
 They heed not a whit if you're merry or sad,  
 Or worthy of praise or blame:  
 The world is reaping its broadcast seed  
 Of briers and thorns and tares,  
 And the only word in which all are agreed  
 Is — Nobody feels or cares!



### The "Clameur de Haro."

AN OLD NORMAN APPEAL TO THE SOVEREIGN;

*which saved Castle Cornet from demolition, in August 1850, Guernsey.*

HARO, HARO! à l'aide, mon Prince!  
 A loyal people calls;  
 Bring out Duke Rollo's Norman lance  
 To stay destruction's fell advance  
 Against the Castle walls;—

Haro, Haro! à l'aide, ma Reine!  
Thy duteous children not in vain  
Plead for old Cornet yet again  
    To spare it, ere it falls!  
What! shall Earl Rodolph's sturdy strength  
After six hundred years at length  
    Be recklessly laid low?  
His grey machicolated tower  
Torn down within one outraged hour  
By worse than Vandal's ruthless power?  
    Haro! à l'aide, Haro!

Nine years old Cornet, for the Throne,  
Against rebellion stood alone,—  
    And honour'd still shall stand  
For heroism so sublime,  
A relic of the olden time,  
Renown'd in Guernsey prose and rhyme,  
    The glory of her land!  
Ay,—let your science scheme and plan  
    With better skill than so:  
Touch not this dear old barbican,  
    Nor dare to lay it low!  
On Vazon's ill-protected bay  
Build and blow up, as best ye may,  
And do your worst to scare away  
    Some visionary foe,—  
But, if in brute and blundering power  
You tear down Rodolph's granite tower,  
Defeat, and scorn, and shame, that hour  
Shall whelm you like an arrowy shower,—  
    Haro! à l'aide, Haro!

## Mont Orgueil: Jersey.

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.

MOUNT of Honour, Mount of Pride,  
Throned above the stormy tide,—  
Feudal eyrie, built on high,  
As to flout the common sky,  
Weather-beaten, ivied pile,  
Glory of this Norman isle,—  
Thee my song would praise to-day,  
Dreaming of ages past away!

Woe! for those old evil times,  
Foul with wrong, and full of crimes,  
Woe! for those drear days of old,  
Dark with horrors all untold!  
Through the mist of centuries past,  
Dimly cluster'd, thick and fast,  
Shrouded in sepulchral gloom,  
Shadowy forms of terror loom!  
See! the Cromlech on this height,  
Red with the Druid's bloody rite,—  
The Beacon, blazing far away,  
To beckon pirates to their prey,—  
The Cairn, piled high above the wave  
Some rude Berserkir's gory grave,—  
The rocky Fort, aloft that stood  
To guard some Sea-king's briny brood,  
When off he flew, for blood to roam,  
Leaving his vulture flock at home,—  
All these, with Shame, and Sin, and Fear,  
Dimly vision'd, cluster here!

Then, Rome's vengeful cohorts came  
To cleanse the nest by sword and flame;



With foss and mound secured the post,  
And mann'd it with her iron host :  
So on, so on ; till Rollo's power  
Tore down amain the Roman's tower,  
And proudly flung against the sky  
Old Gouray's battlements on high !  
This was thine hour of pride and fame ;  
When gentle knight, and high-born dame,  
In hall, and bower, and warder'd gate  
Kept their high chivalric state :  
Nor soon was this thy glory set ; —  
De Barentin, De Carteret,  
Stand forth ! and tell us of your might  
Against Du Guesclin in the fight ;  
How the Great Captain lost the day,  
And rash Maulevrier slunk away,  
And our fifth Henry's favouring smile  
Changed Gouray Fort to Mont Orgueil,  
For patriot praise, and truth well tried,  
Mount of honour, Mount of Pride !

So on, so on : and years flew by  
That times were changed, and words ran high.  
And fanatics stood charged with sin,  
And foolish zeal imprison'd Prynne :  
Then Charles, in retribution's hour,  
Felt here a despot people's power,  
Hiding his wanderer head awhile,  
Ere yet he left the loyal isle.  
So, years flew on ; by scores they past,  
And kings and kingdoms perish'd fast ;  
Till a fair Queen, in happier days  
Bless'd all her realm with peaceful praise,  
And gilt, with Her benignant smile,  
Her royal castle, Mount Orgueil !

O, God be thank'd, for quiet hours,  
 When nought is known of feudal towers,  
 But the fair picture that they fill,  
 With sea, and sky, and wooded hill!  
 O, God be thank'd for times like these,  
 Of brother's love, and grateful ease,  
 When war no fiercer sight affords  
 Than ivied forts, and rusty swords!



### Come as you are.

A RHYME FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

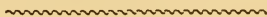
(*Widely circulated.*)

COME to the schools that your friends are preparing,  
 Poor little brothers, come over to us!  
 Just as you stand in the clothes you are wearing,  
 Though they be ragged and scanty as thus;  
 Come from the alley, the lane, and the passage,  
 Come in your rags,—but as *clean as you can*;  
 We have a mission to each, and a message,  
 Happy and true, of his rights as a Man.

Don't be downhearted, if fools for an hour  
 Laugh at your schooling and treat it with scorn;  
 Answer them truly, that "Knowledge is Power,"  
 And that a blockhead were better unborn;  
 Laugh as they may, your laugh will be longest,  
 Your's is for ever, their's but for once;  
 Soon shall they own you both wisest and strongest;  
 Scholars must govern the fool and the dunce!

Yes, my boys, come! without fear or suspicion,  
 All that we wish is your gain and your good  
 Body and soul to improve your condition,  
 And we would better it more if we could;  
 But where we cannot, yourselves may be able,  
 Willingly coming to hear and to learn,  
 How, for the soul to be happy and stable,  
 And, for the body, your living to earn!

So then come over, young scholars, and listen,  
 Helping yourselves, as in honour you ought!  
 We'll tell you things that'll make your eyes glisten,  
 Brighten the spirit, and heighten the thought:  
 Come then, and welcome, in rags and in tatters,  
 Anyhow come,—but as *clean as you can*;  
 Come and learn gladly these glorious matters,  
 All the best *rights* in the *duties* of Man!



## Mont St. Michel.

### A CONDOLENCE ON THE SPOT.

ALAS! for thy pollutions, wondrous pile,  
 Rare pyramid of Nature and high Art,  
 Desecrate, and befoul'd in every part  
 By all that moderns add of mean and vile:  
 Woe, for thine ancient glories gone to waste!  
 These sculptured cloisters, and that lofty aisle,  
 This arch'd chivalric hall of sumptuous taste,  
 Those Norman turrets, (whose unconquer'd strength  
 Enclose the steep old town of gables strange)—  
 After a thousand years, all, all at length

Given up to filth and felons! — gaol-birds range  
 Where erst devoted maids and holy men  
 Peal'd their full anthem: — O the bitter change,  
 Heaven's gorgeous house become corruption's den!

Thou sad Romance in stone among the seas,—  
 Monstrous Chimæra, saint and fiend in one,  
 Where the Archangel, soaring to the sun,  
 Feels the brute serpent coil'd about his knees;  
 O pinnacles, and flying buttresses  
 Rear'd on a festering heap of foul and base;  
 O hallowed Pharos, rank with oily lees;  
 O censer, spoil'd of all thy fragrant grace,—  
 Alas! how fair, how fearful is this place!  
 Round it, the garden of Hesperides  
 Once bloom'd,—with that “old dragon” for a guard  
 The stone Kimmerian windings of Carnac;  
 But now, the light that since blazed heavenward  
 Is quench'd,—and all again is utter black!



### St. Helier's Hermitage, Jersey.

#### A VINDICATION.

ANCHORITE, whose rugged nest,  
 Swept by wind and wash'd by wave,  
 Perch'd on yonder rocky crest  
 Was thy dwelling, and thy grave,—  
 Should I mock thee, holy man?  
 Should I not revere thy name?  
 Nor do honour, if I can,  
 To St. Helier's martyr-fame?

Come, ye scoffers, and behold!  
Here is the luxurious bed  
Where your pamper'd monk of old  
Nightly laid his aged head:  
In this cave he wept, and pray'd,—  
Till the Northman pirate came,  
And achieved with bloody blade  
Our poor hermit's martyr-fame!

True,—in venial error still  
His devotion stood aloof  
From the world and all its ill,  
Under this low vaulted roof;  
Yet, he wrestled in his cell  
For high heav'n his soul to frame,—  
O ye worldlings, it were well  
Could ye win such martyr-fame!

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### St. Paul's, of St. Helena.

AN APPEAL, WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

BEAUTIFUL Isle! where the Exile of Glory  
Sank to his rest, like the sun in the sea,—  
Fair St. Helena,—*his* fate and *his* story  
Are not the best that we boast of in thee;  
No! nor is even the bloom of thy beauty  
Finest and first in the glen or the height,  
But—where thy children in love and in duty  
Earnestly worship The Father aright!

Lo now! this fruit of their pious devotion  
 Grows, like a cedar on Lebanon's side;  
 Slowly, "St. Paul's," the Church of the Ocean,  
 Rises to brighten Atlantic's dark tide!  
 Thither, shall soon be gladly repairing  
 Sons of the stranger, with sons of the soil,—  
 Thither, poor Africa's children, preparing  
 Thanks for their freedom from tyrannous toil.

Soon? but how soon?—Right heartily speed it,  
 Ye that fear God, and are loving to man!  
 Haste with your aid,—they ask it and need it;  
 Help the good work with the best that you can:  
 What St. Helena is nobly beginning  
 Stand by her, England! to finish it all,  
 And, by the souls that your zeal will be winning,  
 Crown with its top-stone The Church of St. Paul!

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### Perl.

STRUCK down at noon amid the startled throng,  
 An eagle shot while soaring to the sun;  
 A wounded gladiator dying strong  
 As loth to leave the glories he had won;  
 A life-long patriot, with his work half done,—  
 Of thee, great Statesman, shall my mourning song  
 Arise in due solemnity!—of thee,  
 Whom the wide world, so lately and so long  
 Thine acolyte, would crowd to hear and see  
 Their intellectual Athlete, their high name  
 For eloquence and prudence, gifts and powers:  
 But lo! that starry mind, a heavenly flame,  
 Is well enfranchised from this earth of ours,  
 Translated in the zenith of its fame!



## Wordsworth.

WE will not sorrow for the glorious dead,—

Death is The Life to glory's hallow'd sons!  
Above this body, in its prison-bed,

Soar the free spirits of those blessed ones,  
Waiting in hope, on heavenly manna fed:

To such rich feast in beauteous raiment led,

Why should we wail for him, as those who wept  
Some Lycidas or Bion of old time,

Mourning as dead the soul that only slept?  
No! rather, let the pæan rise sublime

For nature's poet-priest from nature's voice,—  
Let sea and sky be glad, and field, and fen,

And pastoral vale, and thunder-riven glen,

And dewy Rydal in her bard rejoice!

For there, by hill or dale, in sun or shade,

He "communed with the universe" in love;  
"The deep foundations of his mind" were laid,

Sphered in their midst, on all around, above:

He read God's heart, in all His hand hath made:

Then, in the majesty of simple truth,

To man's dim mind he show'd the mind of God

Lustrous and lovely, "full of pity and ruth,"

For high and low, the sunbeam—and the sod!

So did he teach in age, as erst in youth,—

To turn away from passion's lurid light,

And yearn on purer things of lowlier birth,

Pure because lowly,—which, in God's own sight,

As in his servants', are the pearls of earth.



## Rajah Brooke.

NOBLE heart, of purpose high,  
 Hasten on thy great career,  
 Heedless of the coward cry  
 Slander shouts in Envy's ear;  
 Even now the falsehoods die,  
 Half for shame and half for fear,  
 Even now the clouds go by,  
 And thy heaven again is clear!

Let them whisper what they can,  
 Lightly scoff, or loudly blame;  
 Still, O glorious friend of Man,  
 Such mean censure speeds thy fame:  
 Good men bless, where bad men ban;  
 Ever was it seen the same,  
 That the leader of the van  
 Won his way through foes and flame!

Rajah! throned on Indian seas,  
 Thou art there to bless Mankind,  
 Sent to sow by every breeze  
 Seeds of good for heart and mind;  
 Carrying out God's great decrees  
 To the Saxon race assign'd,  
 Which the Right all stoutly frees,  
 But is stern the Wrong to bind!

### Africa's Self-Blockade.

SISTER, we are not slow to learn of thee  
 How best to compass good; how best to pour  
 Freedom and health, as on Liberia's shore,  
 Along the skirt of Afric's Western sea;  
 Sister Columbia, wiser than of yore  
 We love in all things generous to agree!  
 And, well content if blessing so may be  
 To the poor darkling slave, a slave no more,  
 Frankly we haste to fringe the sea-board thus  
 With homes and fields of freemen: glad to win  
 Around the standards reared by thee and us,  
 Body and soul, the rescued sons of sin  
 From both worlds' doom of wretchedest and worst,  
 Through us no more benighted nor accurst!



### Low Spirits.

It is not Time,—I joy to see  
 My children growing up;  
 It is not Sin,—remorse for me  
 Holds out no bitter cup;  
 Nor doth Mammon's dreary din  
 Add its gloom to Time or Sin.

It is not that the Past was sweet,—  
 Many griefs were there!  
 It is not that the Future's feet  
 Are shrouded up in care;  
 Providence is wise and kind,  
 And I am strong for heart and mind.

Why then be sad? why thus, my heart,  
 Disquieted within?  
 Great is the mercy that thou art  
 Unseared by care and sin;  
 That Time to Thee has small alloy,  
 And memory's thoughts are thoughts of joy.

Why then so sad?—My friends of old  
 Are dead and gone, or changed;  
 My childhood's nest of home is cold,  
 And each old haunt estranged;  
 So that I walk a stranger there,  
 With none to feel for how I fare!

True,—many new found friends may throng,  
 And make a passing show;  
 But always as they stream along  
 Like dreams they come and go,—  
 And,—however kind they be,  
 They bring not back the Past to me!

---

### Fortitude.

NEW WORDS TO THE FINE TUNE, "MYNHEER VAN DUNK."

MINE own stout heart!  
 You and I must never part,  
 But bravely get on together,—  
 Through calm and strife,  
 And the ups and downs of life,  
 In winter, or summer weather!  
 Singing, O! for a true bold heart shall be  
 Ever found in its warm old place with me,  
 Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,  
 Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea!

Troubles, well season'd, as being well sent,  
 No honest man dreams of scorning;  
 But he mixes them up in his cup of content,  
 And fears no fogs  
 While he happily knows  
 That Night must end in Morning!  
 For a brave glad heart shall always be  
 Beating in its own warm nest with me,  
 Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,  
 Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea!



.

“Now much worse it might have been!”

A TEXT FOR THE DISCONTENTED.

HONEST fellow, sore beset,  
 Vext by troubles quick and keen,  
 Thankfully consider yet  
 “How much worse it might have been!”  
 Worthily thy faults deserve  
 More than all thine eyes have seen,  
 Think thou then with sterner nerve,  
 “How much worse it might have been!”

Though the night be dark and long,  
 Morning soon shall break serene,  
 And the burden of thy song  
 “How much worse it might have been!”  
 God, the Good One, calls to us  
 On His Providence to lean,  
 Shout then out devoutly thus,  
 “How much worse it might have been!”



## A Night-sail in the Race of Alderney.

SEPT. 6, 1850.

SPRINKLED thick with shining studs,  
Stretches wide the tent of heaven,  
Blue, begemm'd with golden buds,—  
Calm, and bright, and deep, and clear,  
Glory's hollow hemisphere  
Arch'd above these frothing floods,  
Right and left asunder riven,  
As our cutter madly scuds,  
By the fitful breezes driven,  
When exultingly she sweeps  
Like a dolphin through the deeps,  
And from wave to wave she leaps,  
Rolling in this yeasty leaven,—  
Ragingly that never sleeps,  
Like the wicked unforgiven!

Midnight, soft and fair above,  
Midnight, fierce and dark beneath,—  
All on high the smile of love,  
All below the frown of death:  
Waves that whirl in angry spite  
With a phosphorescent light  
Gleaming ghastly on the night,—  
Like the pallid sneer of Doom,  
So malicious, cold, and white,  
Luring to this watery tomb,  
Where in fury and in fright  
Winds and waves together fight

Hideously amid the gloom,—  
As our cutter gladly scuds,  
Dipping deep her sheeted boom  
Madly to the boiling sea,  
Lighted in these furious floods  
By that blaze of brilliant studs,  
Glistening down like glory-buds  
On the Race of Alderney!

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### Genius and Friends.

WHEN the star of good fortune is rising,  
And seems to the zenith to soar,  
How tenderly friends will be prizing  
The beauties forgotten before;  
O! Genius will look very bright  
In the blaze of Prosperity's light!

But let the dimm'd planet be setting  
Below the horizon in cloud,  
Right soon will your friends be forgetting  
The gifts they so frankly allowed;  
Ah! Genius will show very slight  
In the gloom of Adversity's night!

Yet none the less glorious and holy  
Is shining that sun of the soul,  
Let Fortune be lofty or lowly,  
And Friendship rejoice or condole;  
For Genius can claim as his right  
True homage by day and by night!

## The Manchester Athenæum.

(*Stanzas, solicited, in aid of its Liabilities, Oct. 1850.*)

A TEMPLE of generous health,  
To gladden the spirit of youth;  
A mine of intelligent wealth,  
A treasury teeming with truth,—  
Come, help in so happy a work,  
Such pleasure and gain to secure,  
Gain, where little evil can lurk,  
And pleasure can only be pure!

How wise it must be and how blest,  
After the toils of the day,  
That body and mind be at rest,  
Whiling their sorrows away;  
Consider how grateful a thing  
Such rational solace to find,  
And Ignorance gladly to bring  
To feast upon food for the Mind!

Remember, how wise for the young  
So purely their evenings to spend  
The poets and sages among,  
With every good book for a friend!  
Remember, how well for the old  
To rub the dull heart from its rust,  
That earthly pollutions and gold  
Drag it not down to the dust!

Then freely and frankly make haste  
To help, where your help is so worth;  
And let not this temple of taste,  
So full of the treasures of earth,

Through negligence go to decay;  
 But rather in truth and in deed,  
 May Manchester glory to-day,  
 That Britain has bid her God-speed!



### The Kingston Coronation Stone.

(*A Stave, solicited at its Inauguration, Oct. 1850.*)

REJOICE! that Praise and Honour at length  
 Return to their ancient rest,—  
 As a wounded eagle gathers his strength  
 To recover his rock-built nest;  
 For of old, around yon rugged throne  
 Tradition tenderly clings,  
 To hail that stone, as its brother of Seone,  
 The Throne of the Seven Kings!

EDWARD THE ELDER there was crown'd,  
 GREAT ALFRED's glorious son,—  
 And ATHELSTAN, thro' the wide world renown'd  
 For merchant-trophies won,—  
 EDMUND and ETHELRED, in high state,  
 With ELDRED, and EDWY THE FAIR,  
 And EDWARD, due to a MARTYR's fate,  
 Were throned in honour there!

Thou then, such ancestry's Royal seed,  
 Britannia's Heiress-Queen!  
 In grace consider the loyal deed  
 Thy Saxon children mean;  
 To the time-hallowed Past its homage due  
 The Present wisely brings,  
 And thus would we pour our chrism anew  
 On the Throne of the Seven Kings!

## A Stave of Sympathy.

*(Offered, in lieu of a solicited Lecture, to the Young Men's Christian Association, Nov. 1850.)*

My blessing, young brother! an honest God-speed,  
A Christian and true British cheer!  
The best and wisest among us have need  
Of hearty encouragement here:  
And wholesome it is to be hail'd, as we go  
Along the dark rapids of life,  
By those who are weath'ring the perils, and know  
The way to be steer'd in the strife!

By diligence, brother, and quiet content;  
By purity, growing from prayer;  
By looking on all things as order'd and sent  
From God, in His fatherly care;  
By thrusting the cup of temptation aside,  
And tasting it—no! not a sip!  
By cleansing the head from the cobwebs of pride,  
And banishing scorn from the lip.

By reading, and working, and doing your best  
In all that is duty to do;  
By frankness, and fairness, and kindness exprest  
To all that have dealings with you;  
By cheerfulness, hopefulness, gratitude, truth;  
By shunning the thing that is mean;  
By looking to God as the guide of your youth,  
And loving your country and Queen!

Steer thus, O young brother! and you will indeed  
 Ride safe, though the surges be vext;  
 In this world I warrant you well to succeed,  
 And better than well in the next:  
 Go on, and be prosper'd! "Enough, and to spare,"  
 To godliness ever is given;  
 By pureness and diligence, patience and prayer,  
 You conquer for Earth and for Heaven!



### Encouragement.

A COMPANION BALLAD TO THE "STAVE OF SYMPATHY."

Yet one more cheer, one brotherly cheer,  
 To speed the good youth on his way!  
 There's plenty to hope, and little to fear  
 For those who have chosen the good part here,  
 While it is called to-day.

Ah! well do I wot the perils and snares  
 Of this bad world and its lust;  
 Temptations and sorrows, vexations and cares,  
 Grow with the heart's young wheat like tares,  
 And worry it down to the dust!

Yet, better I know, if the spirit will pray,  
 When trouble is near at hand,—  
 If the heart pleads hard for grace to obey,  
 Brother! no sin shall lure thee astray,—  
 By faith thou still shalt stand!



For Heaven bends over to help and to bless  
With all a Redeemer's power  
The spirit that strives, when evils oppress,  
Its God to serve, and its Lord to confess  
In dark temptation's hour.

Thou, then, fair brother, go cheerily forth,  
And manfully do your best!  
In all sincerity's warmth and worth  
Go forth,—be pure, be happy on earth,  
And so evermore be blest!



### A Missionary Ballad.

*Given, instead of a solicited Lecture, to the Church of England Young Men's Society, for aiding Missions at home and abroad.*

A CALL to do good from the east to the west!  
A call to bless others, and so to be blest!  
A call from the Saviour, beside Him to stand  
And work for His glory, with heart and with hand!

Nurtured in knowledge, and favour'd and spared,  
The best of earth's banquet for us is prepared;  
Then well should we hasten, at home and abroad,  
To care for the poor in the name of the Lord!

For, always about us the poor shall be found,  
Poor for both worlds, ever crowding around;  
And always the battle of truth must be fought  
In sin to be conquer'd, and good to be taught!

Heathens abroad, and heathens at home;—  
Not far is the need for your missions to roam;  
Our highways and byeways, the streets and the lanes,  
Claim the first care, and will yield the first gains:

Then,—(for the soldiers of Heaven's true host  
Are marshall'd for conquest on every coast,)—  
Britain's dear sons on each far-distant land  
Ask the next blessing and help at your hand:

Then,—let the banner of grace be unfurl'd  
Free as the winds, and wide as the world;—  
And chiefly, help Zion, poor outcast of sin,  
The mercies of God through your mercy to win!

Sure is your work of a blessed reward,—  
Ye serve a good Master in serving the Lord;  
Even were others unblest by your zeal,  
It is well,—ye are water'd yourselves for your weal!

But,—it is better! yet more shall ye earn,—  
Many to righteousness Now shall ye turn,  
And like the stars Hereafter shall shine  
For ever and ever in glory divine!



### The Laurel Crown.

THE laurel crown! for duty done,  
For good achieved, and honours won,  
For all of natural gift, or art,  
That thrills and fills an earnest heart

With generous thoughts and stirring words  
Struck from its own electric chords,—  
On these your modern muses frown,  
Yet these deserve the laurel crown!

The laurel crown! for soaring song  
Eagle-pinion'd, free, and strong,  
That, as GOD gives grace and power,  
Consecrates each hallow'd hour  
Wisely, as a patriot ought,  
By burning word and glowing thought,—  
On this pour all your honours down,  
To this belongs the laurel crown!

The laurel crown! in common eyes  
A wreath of leaves, a paltry prize,  
A silly, worthless, weed-like thing,  
Fit coronet for folly's king:  
The laurel crown! in wisdom's ken  
A call from GOD to waken men,  
Lest in these mammon depths they drown,—  
This is thy glory, laurel crown!

Yes, laurel crown! if seen aright,  
A majesty of moral might  
To lead the masses on to good,  
And rule the surging multitude  
By nobler and more manly songs  
Than to some troubadour belongs,  
Who feebly warbles for renown,—  
Not such be thou my laurel crown!

## Home.

## A BALLAD FOR EVERYBODY.

I FORAGED all over this joy-dotted earth,  
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth  
Tied up with the bands of its wisdom and worth,—  
And lo! its chief treasure,  
Its innermost pleasure,  
Was always at Home!

I went to the Palace, and there my fair Queen  
On the arm of Her Husband did lovingly lean,  
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,  
In spite of the splendour,  
So happy and tender,  
For they were at Home!

I turn'd to the cottage, and there my poor hind  
Lay sick of a fever,—all meekly resign'd,  
For O! the good wife was so cheerful and kind,  
In spite of all matters,  
An angel in tatters,  
And she was at Home!

I ask'd a glad mother, just come from the post  
With a letter she kiss'd from a far-away coast,  
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most—  
And — gladness for mourning!  
Her boy was returning  
To love her — at Home!

I spoke to the soldiers and sailors at sea,  
Where best in the world would they all of them be?  
And hark! how they earnestly shouted to me,

With iron hearts throbbing,  
And choking and sobbing,  
— O land us at Home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew grey,  
And ask'd him what help'd him this many a day  
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?  
And it all was the beauty,  
The comfort and duty,  
That cheer'd him at Home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law  
Were wrangling and jangling at quibble and flaw,—  
O wondrous to me was the strife that I saw!  
But all that fierce riot  
Was calm'd by the quiet  
That blest them at Home!

I call'd on the school-boy, poor love-stricken lad,  
Who yearn'd in his loneliness, silent and sad,  
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad  
With his father and mother,  
And sister and brother,  
All happy at Home!

I tapp'd at the door of the year-stricken Eld,  
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quell'd,—  
But still all his garrulous fancies outwell'd  
Strange old-fashion'd stories  
Of pleasures and glories  
That once were at Home!

I whisper'd the prodigal, wanton and wild,  
— How changed from the heart that you had when a child,  
So teachable, noble, and modest, and mild!—

Though Sin had undone him,  
 Thank GOD that I won him  
 By looking at Home!

And then, when he wept and vowed better life,  
 I hastened to snatch him from peril and strife,  
 By finding him wisely a tender young Wife,—  
     Whose love should allure him,  
 And gently secure him  
     A convert at Home!

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,  
 And still as he ran had its goal overpast,  
 Found happiness, honour, and blessing at last  
     In all the kind dealings,  
     Affections and feelings,  
     That ripen at Home!

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### Rich and Poor.

A BALLAD FOR UNION.

O LADIES, lords, and gentlemen,  
 Attend to what I say,  
 For well I wot you'll like it when  
     You listen to my lay;  
 And labourers and weavers too,  
     Come near, whoever can,  
 I want the best of all of you,  
     To build a Noble Man.



The time is past for lofty looks,  
 As well as vulgar deeds;  
 Religion, common-sense, and books,  
 O these are magic seeds!  
 They kill whate'er in man was proud,  
 And nourish what is wise,  
 And feed the humblest of the crowd  
 With manna from the skies.

Ay, dreary days of highbred scorn,  
 You've somehow died away,—  
 And better were the fool unborn,  
 Who tries it on to-day:  
 Ay, wintry nights of lowbred sin,  
 You've stolen out of sight,  
 And all things base, without, within,  
 Are scatter'd by the light.

Take copy of the small, ye great!  
 In all that's free and frank;  
 Add cordial ways to courteous state,  
 And heartiness to rank:  
 Take copy of the great, ye small,  
 In all that's soft and fair,  
 Honourable to each and all,  
 And gentle everywhere!

The Gracious Source of all our wealth  
 In body, mind, or store,  
 Pours life and light and hope and health  
 Alike on rich and poor;  
 And though so many covet ill  
 Some neighbour's happier state,  
 They little heed how kind a Will  
 Has fixed them in their fate.

Think, justly think, what liberal aids  
Invention gives to all,  
While Truth shines out, and Error fades,  
Alike for great and small;  
How well the rail, the post, the press,  
Help universal Man,  
The highest peer, and hardly less  
The humblest artizan.

Religion, like an angel, stands  
To solace every mind;  
And Science, with her hundred hands,  
Is blessing all mankind;  
All eyes may see a beauteous sight,  
All ears may hear sweet sound,  
And sage-desired seeds of light  
Are broadcast all around.

Lo, the high places levelling down!  
The valleys filling up!  
Magnates, who ought to wear a crown,  
Drain Charity's cold cup;  
While Industry, of humblest birth,  
With Prudence well allied,  
O'ertops the topmost peaks of earth,  
The palaces of pride.

Be humble then, ye mighty men!  
Be humble, poor of earth!  
Be GOD alone exalted, when  
He speaks by plague and dearth!  
Let each be grateful, friendly, true,—  
And that will be the plan,  
To make of peer, and peasant too,  
A truly Noble Man!

## The Sabbath.

A BALLAD FOR THE LABOURER.

SIX days in a week do I toil for my bread,  
 And surely should feel like a slave,  
 Except for a providence fix'd overhead  
 That hallowed the duties it gave;  
 I work for my mother, my babes, and my wife,  
 And starving and stern is my toil,—  
 For who can tell truly how hard is the life  
 Of a labouring son of the soil?

A debt to the doctor, a score at the shop,  
 And plenty of trouble and strife,—  
 While backbreaking toil makes me ready to drop,  
 Worn out and aweary of life!  
 O, were there no gaps in the month or the year,  
 No comfort, or peace, or repose,  
 How long should I battle with miseries here,  
 How soon be weighed down by my woes?

Six days in the week, then, I struggle and strive,  
 And O! but the seventh is blest;  
 Then only I seem to be free and alive,  
 My soul and my body at rest:  
 I needn't get up in the cold and the dark,  
 I needn't go work in the rain,  
 On that happy morning I wait till the lark  
 Has trill'd to the sunshine again!

Unhurried for once, well shaven and clean,  
 With babes and the mother at meals,  
 I gather what home and its happiness mean,  
 And feel as a gentleman feels;

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Then drest in my best I go blithely to church,  
And meet my old mates on the way,  
To gossip awhile in the ivy'd old porch,  
And hear all the news of the day.

And soon as the chimes of the merry bells cease,  
—O rare is the bell-ringers' din!—  
We calmly compose us to prayer and to peace,  
As Jabez is tolling us in:  
And then in the place where my fathers have pray'd,  
I praise and I pray at my best,  
And smile as their child when I hope to be laid  
In the same bit of turf where they rest!

For wisely his Reverence tells of the dead  
As living, and waiting indeed  
A bright Resurrection,—'twas happily said,—  
From earth and its misery freed!  
And then do I know that though poor I am rich,  
An heir of great glories above,  
Till it seems like a throne,—my old seat in the niche  
Of the wall of the church that I love!

So, praise the Good LORD for his sabbaths, I say,  
So kindly reserved for the poor;  
The wealthy can rest and be taught any day,  
But we have but one and no more!  
Ay,—what were the labouring man without these  
His sabbaths of body and mind?  
A workweary wretch without respite or ease,  
The curse and reproach of his kind!

And don't you be telling me, sages of trade,  
The seventh's a loss in my gain;  
I pretty well guess of what stuff you are made,  
And know what you mean in the main:

You mete out the work, and the wages you fix,  
And care for the make, not the men;  
For seven you'd pay us the same as for six,  
And who would be day-winners then?

No, no, my shrewd masters, thank GOD that His law—  
The Sabbath—is law of the land;  
Thank GOD that his wisdom so truly foresaw  
What mercy so lovingly plann'd:  
My babes go to school; and my Bible is read;  
And I walk in my holiday dress;  
And I get better fed; and my bones lie abed,—  
And my wages are nothing the less.

Then Praises to GOD,—and all health to the Queen,—  
And thanks for the Sabbath, say I!  
It is as it shall be, and ever has been,  
The earthgrubber's glimpse at the sky;  
The Sabbath is ours, my mates of the field,—  
A holiday once in the seven;  
The Sabbath to Mammon we never will yield,  
It is Poverty's foretaste of Heaven!



### “The Lamp upon the Railway Engine.”

A BALLAD OF COMPOSURE.

SHINING in its silver cell,  
Like a Hermit calm and quiet,—  
Though so near it, hot as hell,  
Furious fires rave and riot,—

Posted as an eye in front,  
 'Mid the smoke and steam and singeing,  
 Steadily bears all the brunt,  
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

So, thou traveller of life,  
 In the battle round thee crashing  
 Heed no more the stormy strife  
 Than a rock the billows dashing:  
 Through this dark and dreary night,  
 Vexing fears, and cares unhingeing,  
 Shine, O Mind, aloft, alight,  
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

By the oil of Grace well fed,  
 Ever on the Future gazing,  
 Let the star within thy head  
 Steadily and calmly blazing  
 Hold upon its duteous way  
 Through each ordeal unflinching,  
 Trimm'd to burn till dawn of Day,  
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

Safe behind a crystal shield,  
 Though the outer deluge drench us,  
 Faith forbids a soul to yield,  
 And no hurricane can quench us:  
 No! though forced along by fate  
 At a pace so swift and swingeing,  
 Calmly shine in silver state,  
 Ye Lamps on every railway engine.



## Labour!

## A BALLAD FOR OUR MINES AND MANUFACTORIES.

FAIR work for fair wages!—it's all that we ask,  
An Englishman loves what is fair,—  
We'll never complain of the toil or the task,  
If livelihood comes with the care;  
Fair work for fair wages!—we hope nothing else  
Of the mill, or the forge, or the soil,  
For the rich man who buys, and the poor man who sells,  
Must pay and be paid for his toil!

Fair work for fair wages!—we know that the claim  
Is just between master and man;  
If the tables were turn'd, we would serve him the same,  
And promise we will when we can!  
We give to him industry, muscle, and thew,  
And heartily work for his wealth;  
So he will as honestly give what is due,  
Fair wages for labour in health!

Enough for the day, and a bit to put by  
Against illness, and slackness, and age;  
For change and misfortune are ever too nigh  
Alike to the fool and the sage;  
But the fool in his harvest will wanton and waste,  
Forgetting the winter once more,  
While true British wisdom will timely make haste  
And save for the "basket and store!"

Ay; wantonness freezes to want, be assured,  
And drinking makes nothing to eat,  
And penury's wasting by waste is secured,  
And luxury starves in the street!

And many a father with little ones pale,  
So rack'd by his cares and his pains,  
Might now be all right if, when hearty and hale,  
He never had squander'd his gains!

We know that prosperity's glittering sun  
Can shine but a little, and then,  
The harvest is over, the summer is done,  
Alike for the master and men:  
If the factory ship with its Captain on board  
Must beat in adversity's waves,  
One lot is for all! for the great cotton lord  
And the poorest of Commerce's slaves;

One lot! if extravagance reign'd in the home,  
Then poverty's wormwood and gall;  
If rational foresight of evils to come,  
A cheerful complacence in all;  
For sweet is the morsel that diligence earn'd,  
And sweeter, that prudence put by;  
And lessons of peace in affliction are learn'd,  
And wisdom that comes from on high!

For GOD, in His providence ruling above,  
And piloting all things below,  
Is ever unchangeable justice and love,  
In ordering welfare or woe:  
He blesses the prudent for heaven and earth,  
And gladdens the good at all times,—  
But frowns on the sinner, and darkens his mirth,  
And lashes his follies and crimes!

Alas! for the babes, and the poor pallid wife  
Hurl'd down with the sot to despair,—  
Yet,—GOD shall reward in a happier life  
Their punishment, patience, and pray'r!

But woe to the caitiff, who, starved by his drinks,  
 Was starving his children as well,—  
 O Man, break away from the treacherous links  
 Of a chain that will drag you to Hell!

Come along, come along, man! it's never too late,  
 Though drowning, we throw you a rope!  
 Be quick and be quit of so fearful a fate,  
 For while there is life there is hope!  
 So wisely come with us, and work like the rest,  
 And save of your pay while you can;  
 And Heaven will bless you for doing your best,  
 And helping yourself like a man!

For Labour is money, and Labour is health,  
 And Labour is duty on earth;  
 And never was honour, or wisdom, or wealth,  
 But Labour has been at its birth!  
 The rich,—in his father, his friend, or himself,  
 By head or by hand must have toil'd,  
 And the brow, that is canopied over with pelf,  
 By Labour's own sweat has been soil'd!

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### The New Name.

A RHYME FOR THE MILLION.

PENT in wynds and closes narrow,  
 Breathing pestilential air,  
 Crush'd beneath oppression's harrow,  
 Faint with famine, bow'd with care,—  
 Gaunt Affliction's sons and daughters!  
 Why so slow to hear the call  
 Which The Voice upon the waters  
 Preaches solemnly to all?

Hark! Old Ocean's tongue of thunder  
Hoarsely calling bids you speed  
To the shores he held asunder  
Only for these times of need;  
Now, upon his friendly surges  
Ever ever roaring Come,  
All the sons of hope he urges  
To a new, a richer home!

England and her sea-girt sisters  
Pine for want in seeming wealth;  
Though the gaudy surface glisters,  
This is not the hue of health;  
O! the honest labour trying  
Vainly here to earn its bread,—  
O! the willing workers dying,  
Unemploy'd, untaught, unfed!

Thousand sights that melt to pity,—  
Move to fear, or—tempt to scorn!  
Wretched swarms in field and city,  
Wherefore are these paupers born!—  
Shall I tell you, heirs of pleasure?  
Shall I teach you, sons of pain?  
Unto both, each in his measure,  
Stir I now this earnest strain.

Lo! to every human creature  
Born upon this bounteous earth,  
Speaks the God of grace and nature,  
Speaks for plenty or for dearth;  
Till the ground; if not, thou starvest;  
Fear shall drive to duteous toil;  
Till the ground; a golden harvest  
Then shall wave on every soil!

And behold! the KING All-glorious  
Unto Britain tythes the world,—  
Everywhere her crown victorious,  
Everywhere her cross unfurl'd!  
GOD hath giv'n her distant regions,  
Broad and rich; and store of ships;  
GOD hath added homeborn legions,  
Steep'd in trouble to the lips!

Join then in one holy tether  
Those whom Man hath put aside,  
Those whom GOD would link together,  
Earth and labour well-applied:  
Ho! thou vast and wealthy nation,  
Wing thy fleets to every place,  
Fertilizing all creation  
With the Anglo-Saxon race!

England's frank and sturdy bearing,  
Scotland's judgment, true and tried,  
Erin's headlong headstrong daring,  
And the Welchman's honest pride;—  
Send these forth, and tame the savage,  
Sow his realms with British homes,  
Where till now wild monsters ravage,  
Or the wilder Bushman roams!

Let, as erst in Magna Græcia,  
Nobles, sages, join the ranks;  
And for vacant Austral-Asia  
Leave for good these swarming banks;  
Not as exiled,—but with honour!  
Told in tale, and sung in song;  
With the Queen,—GOD's blessing on her!—  
Speeding this good work along!

Then the wilderness shall blossom,  
And the desert, as the rose;  
While dear Earth's maternal bosom  
With abundance overflows:  
Then shall Britain gladly number  
Crowds of children, now her dread,  
That her onward march encumber  
With the living and—the dead!

Ay, for bitter is the contest  
As a struggle, life for life,  
Where the very meal thou wantest  
Was for little ones and wife,—  
Where they slowly pine and perish  
That the father may be strong,  
Some taskmaster's wealth to cherish,  
By his labour, right or wrong!

Haste, then, all ye better natures,  
Help in what must bless the World:  
See, those cellar-crowded creatures  
To despair's own dungeon hurl'd;—  
Send—or lead them o'er the waters  
To the genial shores, that give  
Britain's sacred sons and daughters  
Man's great privilege—to Live!

There,—instead of scanty wages,  
Grinding rent and parish tax,—  
In the wood, unheard for ages,  
Rings the cheerful freeman's axe;  
Whilst in yonder cozy clearing,  
Home, sweet Home, rejoices life,  
Full of thoughts and things endearing,  
Merry babes and rosy wife!



There,—instead of festering alleys,  
 Noisome dirt, and gnawing dearth,—  
 Sunny hills and smiling valleys  
 Wait to yield the wealth of Earth!  
 All She asks is—human labour,  
 Healthy in the open air;  
 All she gives is—every neighbour  
 Wealthy, hale, and happy There!



### Calumny.

#### A BALLAD FOR THE UNLUCKY.

I CAME into trouble; and comforting friends  
 For charity hasten'd to find  
 The very just cause for such righteous amends  
 Rewarding a reprobate mind.

Some hinted, He lives upon victuals—and drink;  
 And so, to be honest, I do;  
 Some others,—No wonder, we cannot but think,  
 The false is unfortunate too:

One said, like a Solomon, Pride has a fall;  
 Another condemn'd me for Sloth;  
 Another thought neither accounted for all;  
 Another felt sure it was both.

Meanwhile was I diligent, humble, and pure,  
 And patiently kissing the rod,  
 And took it all well, for my spirit was sure  
 It came from a covenant God.

Then I look'd in His Bible, and found there a man,  
 Like me, with afflictions and friends;  
 And learnt that, let Satan do all that he can,  
 The Lord will make ample amends.

So, trouble went from me; and Job was made whole;  
 And friends slunk away in their shame:  
 For Heaven's rich merey gave body and soul  
 Health, honour, good-fortune, and fame.



### Merry to Animals.

#### A BALLAD OF HUMANITY.

O BOYS and men of British mould,  
 With mother's milk within you!  
 A simple word for young and old,  
 A word to warm and win you;  
 You've each and all got human hearts  
 As well as human features,  
 So hear me, while I take the parts  
 Of all the poor dumb creatures.

I wot your lot is sometimes rough;  
 But theirs is something rougher,—  
 No hopes, no loves,—but pain enough,  
 And only sense to suffer:  
 You, men and boys, have friends and joys,  
 And homes, and hopes in measure,—  
 But these poor brutes are only mutes,  
 And never knew a pleasure!

A little water, chaff and hay,  
 And sleep, the boon of Heaven,  
 How great returns for these have they  
 To your advantage given :  
 And yet the worn-out horse, or ass,  
 Who makes your daily gaining,  
 Is paid with goad and thong, alas !  
 Though nobly uncomplaining.

Stop, cruel boy ! you mean no ill,  
 But never thought about it,—  
 Why beat that patient donkey still ?  
 He goes as well without it :  
 Here, taste and try a cut or two,—  
 Ha ! you can shout and feel it ;  
 Boy—that was Mercy's hint to you,—  
 In shorter measure deal it.

Stop, sullen man ! 'tis true to tell  
 How ill the world has used you ;  
 The farmers did'nt treat you well,  
 The squire's self refused you :  
 But is that any reason why  
 A bad revenge you're wreaking  
 On that poor lame old horse,—whose eye  
 Rebukes you without speaking ?

O think not thou that this dumb brute  
 Has no strong Friend to aid him ;  
 Nor hope, because his wrongs are mute,  
 They rouse not GOD who made him !  
 A little while, and you are — dead,  
 With all your bitter feelings ;  
 How will the Judge, so just and dread,  
 Reward your cruel dealings ?

Go, do some good before you die  
To those who make your living;  
They will not ask you reasons why,  
Nor tax you for forgiving:  
Their mouths are mute; but most acute  
The woes whereby you wear them;  
Then come with me, and only see  
How easy 'tis to spare them!

Load for'ard; neither goad, nor flog;  
For *rest* your beast is flagging:  
And do not let that willing dog  
Tear out his heart with dragging:  
Wait, wait awhile; those axles grease,  
And shift this buckle's fretting;  
And give that galling collar ease;—  
How grateful is he getting!

So poor yourselves, and short of joys,  
Unkindly used, unfairly,  
I sometimes wonder, men and boys,  
You're merciful so rarely:  
If you have felt how hunger gripes,  
Why famish and ill use 'em?  
If you've been weal'd by sores and stripes,  
How can you beat and bruise 'em?

O, fear! lest God has taught in vain,  
And so your hearts you harden;  
Oh, hope! for lo! He calls again,  
And *now's* the time for pardon:  
Yes, haste to-day to put away  
Your cruelties and curses,—  
And man at least, if not his beast,  
Shall bless me for my verses.

## The Dog's Petition:

AGAINST "THE TRUCK SYSTEM."

HAVE pity, Master, on me ! I scarce can drag the load,—  
I all but pull my heartstrings out upon this stony road ;  
Yet, with a cudgel and a curse my willing toil you pay,  
And leap upon the truck behind, to help me on my way !

Half-starved, and weal'd, and bruised, and gall'd, in every bone I  
ache,  
And strain beneath the crushing load, as if my back would break,  
The while athirst I struggle on among these dusty ruts,  
And dread the mended places where the flint so sharply cuts !

O Man, O Master ! Nature's hand — (it is the hand of God !)  
For roads like this made stubborn hoofs,—my soft foot for the sod ;  
Built the strong frame of beasts of draught to pull your cart or van,  
But gave me nobler sense and wish to be *the friend of Man !*

With faithful zeal to watch the flock or homestead night and day,  
To chase your game, or bravely hunt the prowling beasts of prey ;  
With joyous love to welcome you, with courage to defend ;—  
O Man, art *thou* "the friend of God?" — then let me be *thy* friend.

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Yes,—learned lords and sporting men, who make or mar the laws,  
Why hesitate such ills to cure,—for is there not a cause ?  
The town is quit of dog-truck-scamps and cruelties like these,  
But in our lonely country lanes they torture as they please.

No eye to see, no hand to help,—(but His, long-suffering still,  
 Who yet shall bless good's bruised heel, and crush the head of ill !)  
 No pity in the cruel heart to stay the hand that flogs,—  
 O senators, consider well the case of country-dogs.

And for your clients, dog-truck-men,—ask all the country through  
 In every village, who is worst of all their roughest crew ?  
 They'll tell you, one and all alike, as honestly they can,  
 Our model rogue and thief and sot is — yonder dog-truck-man.



### “England's Heart !”

A WORD OF COMFORT TO THE LOYAL.

ENGLAND'S heart! O never fear  
 The sturdy good old stock;  
 Nothing's false or hollow here,  
 But solid as a rock:  
 England's heart is sound enough,  
 And safe in its old place,  
 Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,  
 And open as her face!

England's heart! With beating nerves  
 It rallies for the throne,—  
 And, with Luther, well preserves  
 The knee for GOD alone!  
 England's heart is sound enough,  
 Unshaken and serene,  
 Like her oak-trees true and tough.  
 And old,—but glad and green!



England's heart! All Europe hurl'd  
 To ruin, strife, and dearth,  
 Sees yet one Zoar in the world,  
 The Goshen of the earth!  
 England's heart is sound enough,—  
 And — though the skies be dark,  
 Though winds be loud, and waves be rough—  
 Safe, as Noah's ark!

England's heart,—Ay, God be praised,  
 That thus, in patriot pride,  
 An English cheer can yet be raised  
 Above the stormy tide:  
 Safe enough, and sound enough,  
 It thrills the heart to feel  
 A man's a bit of English stuff,  
 True from head to heel!

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### My Own Place.

A RHYME FOR ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,  
 Whatever I happen to be,  
 Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot  
 That Providence orders for me;  
 No covetous straining and striving to gain  
 One feverish step in advance,—  
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain  
 To hazard a change and a chance!

I care for no riches that are not my right,  
 No honour that is not my due;  
 But stand in my station by day, or by night,  
 The will of my Master to do;

He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,  
And set me my business here;  
And whether I live in His service, or die,  
My heart shall be found in my sphere!

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King;  
If poor, as the friend of my Lord;  
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring;  
If stalwarth, my pen or my sword:  
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift;  
If simpleness, bask in His love;  
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift;  
If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my GOD to bestow,  
I gratefully gather and prize;  
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know,  
But only a good in disguise;  
And whether my station be lowly or great,  
No *duty* can ever be mean,  
The factory-cripple is fix'd in his fate  
As well as a King or a Queen!

For duty's bright livery glorifies all  
With brotherhood, equal and free,  
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,  
That places us where we should be;  
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines  
As a jewel invested by Heaven;  
A monarch,—remember that justice assigns  
Much service, where so much is given!

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm  
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue,  
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm  
That round my proud poverty hung:

I felt that I stood like a man at my post,  
 Though peril and hardship were there,—  
 And all that your wisdom would counsel me most  
 Is — “Leave it; — do better elsewhere.”

If “better” were better indeed, and not “worse,”  
 I might go ahead with the rest;  
 But many a gain and a joy is a curse,  
 And many a grief for the best:  
 No! — duties are all the “advantage” I use;  
 I pine not for praise or for pelf;  
 And as for ambition, I care not to choose  
 My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot! — I stand  
 Where GOD has ordain’d me to be,  
 An honest mechanic — or lord in the land,—  
 HE fitted my calling for me:  
 Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,  
 With honour, or sweat, on my face,  
 This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,  
 I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.



### “What is a Poet?”

A RHYME FOR THE RHYMESTERS.

No jingler of rhymes, and no mingler of phrases,  
 No tuner of times, and no pruner of daisies,  
 No lullaby lyrist, with nothing to say,  
 No small sentimentalist, fainting away,  
 No Ardert of albums, no trifling Tyrtæus,  
 No bilious misanthrope loathing to see us,

No gradus-and-prosody maker of verses,  
 No Hector of tragedy vapouring curses,—  
 In a word — though a long one — no mere *poetaster*  
 The monkey that follows some troubadour master,  
 And filching from Byron, or Shelley, or Keats,  
 With cunning mosaic his coterie cheats  
 Into voting the poor petty-larceny fool  
 A charming disciple of Wordsworth's own school.

Not a bit of it! — Pilferers, duncy and dreary,—  
 Human society's utterly weary  
 Of gilt insincerities, hopping in verse,  
 And stately hexameters plumed like a hearse,  
 And second-hand sentiment, sugar'd with ice,  
 And a third course of passion, warm'd up very nice,  
 And peaches of wax, and your sham wooden pine,  
 The fitting dessert of a feast so divine!  
 With musical lies and mechanical stuff  
 The verse-ridden world has been pester'd enough:  
 But yet in its heart, if unsmother'd by words,  
 It thrills and it throbs from its innermost chords  
 To generous, truthful, melodious Sense,  
 To beautiful language and feelings intense,  
 To human affection sincerely pour'd out,  
 To eloquence,—tagg'd with a rhyme, or without;  
 To anything tasteful, and hearty, and true,  
 Delicate, graceful, and noble, and new!

Ay; find me the man — or the woman — or child,  
 Though modest, yet bold; and though spirited, mild;  
 With a mind that can think, and a heart that can feel,  
 And the tongue and the pen that are skill'd to reveal,  
 And the eye that hath wept, and the hand that will aid,  
 And the brow that in peril was never afraid;  
 With courage to dare, and with keenness to plan,  
 And tact to declare what is pleasant to man

While guiding and teaching and training his mind,  
 While spurring the lazy, and leading the blind;  
 With pureness in youth, and religion in age,  
 And cordial affections at every stage,—  
 The harp of this woman, this man, or this youth,  
 By genius well strung, and made tuneful by truth,  
 Shall charm and shall ravish the world at its will,  
 And make its old heart yet tremble and thrill,  
 While all men shall own it and feel it and know it  
 Gladly and gratefully,—Here is the Poet!



### Envy.

#### A WORD TO THE FEW.

WHITELIPP'D sneerer, well I wot  
 How you loathe the great and wise,—  
 How his brightness is a blot  
 On your thunder-mantled skies;  
 How his fame and good men's love  
 Make him hateful in your eyes,  
 And when thus he soars above,  
 How you ache to see him rise!

O you seeming friend, found out,  
 In detraction is your bliss,—  
 Whispering petty blame about,  
 With a subtle serpent's hiss:  
 Lo, the great man scorns it all;  
 Lo, the wise man makes it miss;  
 Lo, the good man greets your gall  
 With a kind forgiving kiss!

Brothers! who have nobly earn'd  
 Thanks and praise at least from man,  
 If your good with scorn is spurn'd,  
 And your blessing met by ban,  
 Brothers! heed we not their hate  
 Who would harm but never can,—  
 With the wise, the good, the great,  
 Let us conquer in the van!



### Welcome!

#### A WORD TO THE MANY.

YES! welcome, right welcome—and give us your hand,—  
 I like not to stand in the cold!  
 If new friends are true friends, I can't understand  
 Why hearts should hold back till they're old:  
 For life is so short, and there's so much to do,  
 And so many pleasures and cares—  
 And somewhere I've read that, though angels *are* few,  
 They're frequently met unawares!

The eye of sincerity shines like a star  
 Through the clouds of suspicion and doubt;  
 I love its fair lustre, and lure it from far,  
 And wouldn't for worlds put it out:  
 Away with such wisdom, as risking the chance  
 Of killing young love with old fears—  
 The face that is honest is known at a glance,  
 And needn't be studied for years!

And when petty Prudence would put me to school  
 About caution, and care, and all that,  
 I trust that, like some folks, I yield to the rule  
 Of wearing a head in my hat;



But more that remains is better than brains,  
 And I know not that some folks *are* blest  
 Like me, with a share in a custom more rare,  
 Of wearing a heart in the breast!

Then come with all welcome! I fear not to fling  
 Reserve to the winds and the waves,  
 And never can cling to the cold-blooded thing  
 Society makes of its slaves:  
 Thou dignified dullard, so cloudy and cold,  
 Get out of the sunshine for me;  
 But, hearty good friend! whether new one or old,  
 A Welcome for Ever to thee!

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### Balm.

#### A FEW CONSOLATORY STANZAS.

PATIENCE yet one little hour,  
 Pale, unloved, uncourted flower,  
     Seeing not the sun;  
 Patience,—heart of depth and duty,  
 Yearning for the smiles of beauty,  
     Never catching one:

Patience,—martyr following faintly,  
 Gentle nun, serene and saintly,  
     Kneeling in the dust;  
 Oh not vain thy long-enduring!  
 Still with meekest might securing  
     Triumph to thy trust!

Hushing every mutter'd murmur,  
 Tranquil Fortitude the firmer  
     Girdeth thee with strength;  
 While, no treason near her lurking,  
 Patience, in her perfect working,  
     Shall be Queen at length.

And, behold! thy pious daring  
 Is a glorious crown preparing  
     For thine own sweet brow;  
 Precious pearls of softest lustre  
 Shall with brightest jewels eluster  
     Where the thorns are now!

Faith and Patience! sister, brother,—  
 Lean in love on one another,  
     Calm for good or ill:  
 Comforted by surely knowing  
 That the Ruler is bestowing  
     Strength in sitting still!

O ye virgin spirits wasting,  
 O ye hearts of thousands, hasting  
     Darkly to decay,  
 Through the blight of disappointment,—  
 Tenderly, with precious ointment,  
     Lull those cares away.

Tenderly, with wise beguilings,  
 Court sweet Patience for her smilings  
     On that ruin drear;  
 Soon, with other sister graces,  
 Shall she make your hearts and faces  
     Laugh away their fear:

Soft Contentment, bright-eyed Duty,  
 Faith in his archangel beauty,  
                   Joy, and Love sublime;  
 Follow,—Patience, where thy finger  
 Gently beckons Hope to linger  
                   On the wrecks of time!

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Selfishness.

A BALLAD FOR THE WORLDLY.

How little and how lightly
 We care for one another!
 How seldom and how slightly
 Consider each a brother!
 For all the world is every man
 To his own self alone,
 And all beside no better than
 A thing he does n't own.

And O, the shame and sadness,
 To see how insincerely
 The heart, that in its gladness,
 Went forth to love men dearly,
 Is chill'd, and all its warmth repell'd
 As just a low mistake,
 And half the cordial yearnings quell'd
 It felt for others' sake.

The service it would render
 Is call'd intrusive boldness,
 And thus, that heart so tender,
 Now hardening to coldness,

Returns, returns,— a blighted thing !
 To scorn those early days,
 The freshness of its green young spring,
 Its beauty and its praise.



Self-Possession.

A BALLAD FOR A MAN'S OWN INNER WORLD.

WHIRLING, eddying, ebbing Present,
 Foamy tide of strife and noise,
 Mingled-bitter, mingled-pleasant,
 Loves and worries, cares and joys,—
 O ye changing, chancing surges !
 Calmly doth my Mind forecast
 How your restless spirit merges
 In the Future and the Past !

Lo, I stand your master-pilot ;
 Though the cataracts be near,
 Safe I swing round rock or islet,
 Strong, and still, and godlike Here !
 Stout I stand, and sway the tiller
 Through these rapids glancing down,
 While the very flood flows stiller,
 Frozen by my monarch-frown !

O'er the rock-entangled shallows
 Staunch I steer, adown the stream ;
 And the Past the Present hallows
 With its melancholy dream,—

And the Future, nearing surely
 Like Niagara's cliff ahead
 Steadily I reach, securely
 As a child that feels no dread!

Yea, though earth be torn asunder,—
 Or the secret heart be vexed,—
 Though with elemental thunder
 Or by petty cares perplexed,
 Still I stand, and rule the riot;
 Still my deep calm soul is blest
 With its own imperial quiet,
 The sublimity of Rest!

For, a staunch and stalwart true man,
 Fearing GOD, and none beside,—
 Nothing more, nor less, than human,
 Nothing human can betide
 That may disenthroned a spirit
 Doom'd to reign in Time's decay,
 Grandly fated to inherit
 Endless peace in endless Day!

Slander.

A BALLAD OF COMFORT.

NEVER you fear; but go ahead
 In self-relying strength:
 What matters it, that malice said,
 "We've found it out at length!"
 Found out? found what? — An honest man
 Is open as the light,
 So, search as keenly as you can,
 You'll only find — all right.

Yes, blot him black with slander's ink,
 He stands as white as snow!
 You serve him better than you think,
 And kinder than you know:
 What? is it not some credit, then,
 That he provokes your blame?
 This merely, with all better men,
 Is quite a kind of fame!

Through good report, and ill report,
 The good man goes his way,
 Nor condescends to pay his court
 To what the vile may say:—
 Ay, be the scandal what you will
 And whisper what you please,
 You do but fan his glory still
 By whistling up a breeze.

The little spark becomes a flame
 If you won't hold your tongue;
 Nobody pays you for your blame,
 Nor cares to prove it wrong;
 But if you will so kindly aid
 And prop a good man's peace,
 Why, really one is half afraid
 Your ill report should cease!

Look you! two children playing there
 With battledores in hand
 To keep the shuttle in the air
 Must strike it as they stand;
 It flags and falls, if both should stop,
 To look admiring on,—
 And so Fame's shuttlecock would drop
 Without a Pro and Con!

Sonnet.

Lo! ye shall take up serpents without fear,
 And walk on scorpions, scatheless of their sting,
 And, if ye drink of any deadly thing,
 It shall not hurt you! What a power is here!
 A sevenfold buckler to our calm strong hearts
 Against the feeble, blunted, broken darts
 Of Hate's fierce frown, or Envy's subtle sneer.
 O Christian, go straight on,—though Slander rear
 (To freeze thy warmth) her cold Medusa head;
 Go on in faith and love, at duty's call:
 With naked feet on adders shalt thou tread,
 Meet perils only to surmount them all,
 And, out of bad men's blame, as good men's praise,
 Build up God's blessing on thy words and ways!



The Golden Mean.

A BALLAD OF WISDOM.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

PAGEANTS rare of splendid waste
 Hurried on with glittering haste;
 Honours high, and fashions gay,—
 Teasing pomp by night and day;
 Luxuries that never cease
 Rich in every zest but—peace;
 Flattering homage, sickly sweet,
 Pleasures—pleasures? false and fleet,—
 Who shall swear that rank and wealth
 Have one bliss except by stealth,
 When the great, the rich, the proud
 Stoop to imitate the crowd?

Aching toil, or starving rest;
 Disappointment's bleeding breast;
 Hopes of better, never here;
 Luck a laggard in the rear;
 Cellar, children, curses, cries,
 Furious crime, or fawning lies,—
 Food? the foulest, scantily dealt;
 Pain? ay, pain, for ever felt;
 Who, with Francis, who can praise,
 Poverty, thy works and ways,
 Till they rise above despair,
 Till content hath smother'd care?

Give me, Blessed Father! give
 Just enough in love to live;
 Give me what is truly good—
 Grace, and food, and gratitude;
 Kindly give me patience, health,
 Anything but wasteful Wealth;
 Wisely in Thy mercy grant
 Anything but wasting Want;
 That I may not through excess
 Sin from want or wantonness,—
 That I may be clear and clean,
 Lucid in the Golden Mean.



Time.

A BALLAD FOR THE AGED.

LIGHT as flakes of falling snow
 Drop the silent-footed hours;
 And the days,—they come and go,
 And the years—we scarcely know
 How their frosts, and fruits, and flowers,

Transient crops of weal and woe,
Change, and pass, and perish so!
While we muse upon To-day
Lo! the dream has died away;
And there lives what was To-morrow,
With its present joy or sorrow,
Pains and pleasures, fear and hope,
A variable kaleidoscope:
So on, so on; till years have sped
By tens and twenties over head,
And those flakes that fell unfelt
Have grown to snows — that never melt!

“God preserve the Queen!”

A LOYAL BALLAD, *April*, 1848.

How glorious is thy calling,
My happy Fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling
In righteousness to stand,
Amid the earthquakes heaving thus
To rest in pastures green,—
Then, GOD be praised who helpeth us,
And — GOD preserve the Queen!

How glorious is thy calling!
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars,—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean,
Then, GOD be praised who guards from ill,
And — GOD preserve the Queen!

"GOD PRESERVE THE QUEEN!"

Within thy sacred border
 Amid the sounding seas,
 Religion, Right, and Order
 Securely dwell at ease;
 And if we lift this beacon bright,
 Among the nations seen,
 We bless the LORD who loves the **right**,
 And — GOD preserve the Queen!

Fair pastures and still waters
 Are ours withal to bless
 The thronging sons and daughters
 Of exile and distress;
 For who so free, as English hearts
 Are, shall be, and have been?
 Then, GOD be thank'd on our parts,
 And — GOD preserve the Queen!

Though strife and fear and madness
 Are raging all around,
 There still is peace and gladness
 On Britain's holy ground;
 But not to us the praise,—to us
 Our glory is to lean
 On Him who giveth freely thus,
 And — GOD preserve the Queen!

O nation greatly favour'd,
 If ever thou shouldst bring
 A sacrifice well savour'd
 Of praise to GOD THE KING,
 Now, now, let all thy children raise
 In faith and love serene,
 The loyal patriot hymn of praise
 Of — GOD preserve the Queen!

A Ballad for the Prince Alfred;

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, *August 6, 1849.*

A THOUSAND years ago,
A mighty spirit came
To earn himself through weal and woe
An everlasting name!

The Great, the Wise, the Good,
Was Alfred in his time,
And then before his GOD he stood
An heir of bliss sublime!

And many changes since
And wondrous things have been,
Till in another English prince,
Again is Alfred seen.

Though never call'd to rule,
Nor ever forced to fight,
May he grow up in Alfred's school
A child of love and light:

In Learning and in Grace
Exceeding great and wise,
With goodness run his happy race,
And reign beyond the skies!

A National Anthem for Liberia in Africa.

PRAISE ye the LORD! for this new-born Star,
On the blue firmament blazing afar,
Bless ye the LORD!—our souls to cheer
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Hail to Liberia's beacon bright,
Luring us home with its silver light,
Where we may sing without peril or fear
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Hail! new home on the dear old shore
Where Ham's dark sons dwelt ever of yore,
Thou shalt be unto us doubly dear,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Come, ye children of Africa, come,
Bring hither the viol, the pipe, and the drum,
To herald this Star on its bright career,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Come,—with peace and to all good-will;
Yet ready to combat for insult or ill,—
Come, with the trumpet, the sword, and the spear,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Thanks unto GOD! who hath broken the chain
That bound us as slaves on the Western main;
Thanks, white brothers! Oh, thanks sincere,
Whose “love of liberty brought us here!”

Yes,—ye have rescued us as from the grave,
And a freeman made of the desperate slave,
That ye may call him both brother and peer,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Thanks! O raise that shout once more,—
Thanks! let it thrill Liberia’s shore,—
Thanks! while we our standard rear,
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Thine, Columbia, thine was the hand
That set us again on our own dear land,
We will remember thee far or near,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Yes, Liberia! freemen gave
Freedom and Thee to the ransom’d slave;
Then out with a shout both loud and clear,
“Love of liberty brought us here!”

The Liberian Beacon.

A THOUSAND miles of rugged shore,
And not a lighthouse seen?
Alas, the thousand years of yore
That such a shame hath been!
Alas, that Afric’s darkling race,
The savages and slaves,
Never have known the gleam of grace
On their Atlantic waves!

Never—till Now! O glorious light,
The beacon is ablaze!
And half the terrors of the night
Are scattered by its rays!
Forth from the starry heaven'd West
Was lit this glowing torch,
For, dear Columbia's sons have blest
Liberia with—a Church!

Yes,—young Columbia leads the way,
And shows our hard old world
How slavery in the sight of day
Can wisest be downhurl'd;
Not by the bloody hand of power
That mangles while it frees,
But by Religion's calmer hour,
And Freedom of the seas!

Yes, brothers! Patience is the word,—
And Prudence in your zeal:
Where these sweet angels well are heard
They work the common weal:
The North must *wait*; the South *be wise*;
And both unite in love
To help the slave beneath the skies
Who is no slave above!

The Liberian Church.

A SONNET.

NOT freedom only be Liberia's boast,—
 Nor chiefly, Africa, thy sons return'd
 To those dear palmy plains and tropic coast
 For which so long in alien climes they yearned:
 No!—but a blessing, to be sought the most
 Wherever men for truest treasure search,
 Shall be thy praise, Liberia!—lo, at length,
 As in St. Cyprian's day, a Christian Church
 With its Apostle stands in holy strength,
 A newlit beacon on poor Afric's shore;
 And round it now the darkling heathen throng,
 And Ethiopia's outstretch'd hands implore
 Of thee, Salvation's hallow'd gospel song,
 Of thee, Liberia, blest for evermore.



A National Prayer against the Cholera.

O GOD! the Good, the Gracious, and the Just,
 Consider Thou, and hear Thy people's prayer;
 In thee alone Thy trembling creatures trust,
 And leave their sorrows to a Father's care.

Through CHRIST who died, we live again to Thee;
 Through CHRIST who lives, we come before Thy throne;
 Though all beside in us corruption be,
 The good He gives we gladly claim and own.

Now, for His sake, (Thy gift to us, our God,)
In mercy look on us, in mercy save;
Take, take away this sharp and chast'ning rod,
And leave us humbly to the good it gave.

We would be kind to Thine own flock, the poor;
We would be wise, and temperate, and clean;
By alms be peaceful, and by prayer secure,
Trust to Thy help, and on Thy promise lean.

Grateful, courageous, penitent, and kind,
O thus let us Thy holy lesson learn;
Win through the body mercies on the mind,
And from this baneful plague Thy blessings earn

Yea, Father, let thy wrath be overpast,
Now bid the sunshine of Thy love appear;
Sweep from the land that pestilential blast,
And haste to save us from the foe we fear!
Who, who shall combat his mysterious might?
Who, but the "stronger than the strong man armed?"—
Help the poor captives in that hideous flight,
And be their terror by Thy mercy charm'd!

Heal thou the sick; deliver Thou the whole;
Bid the fierce Angel spare, and not destroy;
With Thy salvation greet each parting soul,
And turn our sorrows into songs of joy.

Courage.

A BALLAD FOR TROUBLOUS TIMES.

DANGERS do but dare me,
Terrors cannot scare me,
GOD my guide, I'll bear me
Manfully for ever,—
Trouble's darkest hour
Shall not make me cower
To the Spectre's power,—
Never, never, never!

Up, my heart, and brace thee,
While the perils face thee,
In thyself encase thee
Manfully for ever,—
Foes may howl around me,
Fears may hunt and hound me,—
Shall their yells confound me?
Never, never, never!

Constant, calm, unfearing,
Boldly persevering,
In good conscience steering
Manfully for ever,—
Winds and waves defying,
And on GOD relying,
Shall HE find me flying?
Never, never, NEVER!

A Hymn and a Chant.

FOR THE HARVEST-HOME OF 1847

A HYMN.

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise!
The GOD of our salvation
Is love in all his ways;
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Every creature of His hand,
To succour him that needeth
And to gladden all the land!

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime;
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Re-echo the glad voice!

From glen, and plain, and city
Let gracious incense rise,
The LORD of life in pity
Hath heard his creatures' cries;
And where in fierce oppressing
Stalk'd fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple blessing
To fill and fatten earth!

Gaze round in deep emotion :
The rich and ripen'd grain
Is like a golden ocean
Becalm'd upon the plain ;
And we, who late were weepers
Lest judgment should destroy,
Now sing because the reapers
Are come again with joy !

O praise the hand that giveth
—And giveth evermore,—
To every soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er !
For every soul He filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of His love.

Then gather, Christians, gather
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth you rejoice :
For He hath turn'd the sadness
Of His children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
The harvest-home of earth !

A CHANT.

O BLESS the GOD of harvest, praise Him through the land,
Thank Him for His precious gifts, His help, and liberal love :
Praise Him for the fields, that have render'd up their riches,
And, dress'd in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil ;
Praise Him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,

And meadows, where the sweet-breath'd hay was stack'd in early summer;

Praise Him for the wheat-sheaves, gather'd safely into barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail;
Praise Him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise Him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;
Praise Him for the wholesome root, that fatten'd in the furrow,
Praise him for the mellow fruits, that bend the groaning bough:
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,
For skill and labour prosper'd well, by gracious suns and showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the GOD of harvest!

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise Him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks:
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,

For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the GOD of harvest!

Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,
And steers, resting after labour, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains,
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the GOD of harvest!

And ye, O some who never pray'd, and therefore cannot praise;
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unillumin'd night,
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,
Who lay down late, but render'd no thank-offering for that blessing
Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye gather'd,—
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the GOD of harvest!

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shriek'd for bread,
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on hunger,—

O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,
Come and join my cheerful praise, for GOD hath answer'd prayer :
Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better times,
Unity, gratitude, contentment; industry, peace, and plenty;
Bless Him that His chastening rod is now the sceptre of forgiveness,
And in your joy remember well to praise the GOD of harvest!

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful song,
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:
All ye that sow'd the seed in faith, with those who reap'd in joy,
And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scatter'd gleaners,
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the
 sheep,
And men that load the sluggish wain or neatly thatch the rick,—
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling
 cheers,
But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,
And join this cheerful song of praise,—to bless the GOD of harvest!

Harvest Hymn

FOR 1849.

AGAIN, through every county
 Of Britain's happy shores
The Great Creator's bounty
 Unstinted plenty pours;
Again to Him returning
 In thankfulness we raise,
Our hearts within us burning,
 The sacrifice of praise.

O great as is Thy glory,
Thy goodness doth excel!
What harp can hymn the story?
What tongue the tale can tell?
The boundless breadth of Nature
Is spread beneath Thy throne,
And every living creature
Is fed by Thee alone!

Rejoice! for overflowing
Is each abundant field;
The Lord has blest the sowing,
The Lord has blest the yield:
The mower has mown double,
The reaper doubly reap'd,
And from the shining stubble
Her head the gleaner heap'd!

Rejoice! for mercy blesses,
And judgment smites no more;
The GOD of grace possesses
Araunah's threshing-floor:
The gains of honest labour
Are shower'd from above,
And neighbour looks on neighbour
In happiness and love.

O men of all conditions,
The high, or humbly-born,—
Away with low seditions!
Away with lofty scorn!
Mix kindly with each other,—
For GOD has given to all
The common name of brother,
And gladdens great and small.

And Erin! thou that starvest
 So patient on thy sod,—
 To thee, to thee, this harvest
 Is come, the gift of GOD!
 Cheer up, though woes oppress thee;
 Be diligent and true;
 And, with thy Queen to bless thee,
 HER KING SHALL BLESS THEE TOO!

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### A Harvest Hymn

For 1850.

PRAISE ye the Lord for his bountiful favour,—  
 O let the people be glad and rejoice!  
 High shall the hymn, an acceptable savour,  
 Rise to His throne from the heart and the voice:  
 For the Great King in His royal redundancy  
 Fills us with blessings enough and to spare,  
 Fruits in full plenty, and bread in abundance,—  
 Glory to GOD for His fatherly care!

O all ye nations! from season to season  
 Kindly commands He the earth that it yield  
 Then let us render in right and in reason  
 Gratitude due for the gifts of the field;  
 Diligence, faith, and contentment are Duty,  
 And if He blesses them all with increase,  
 Thank Him, that earth in its bounty and beauty  
 Pours on us wealth, and abundance, and peace!

We are His children, and God our Father;  
Then will we love one another the more;—  
While He is generous, let us the rather  
Thank him for blessing the basket and store!  
Earth is Man's heritage, granted by heaven;  
If the Great Master has made us His heirs  
Here and hereafter redeem'd and forgiven,—  
O let us greet Him with praises and pray'rs!



### Hop-Picking.

A THYRSUS grove it seem'd, of standing spears  
Wildly festoon'd with gadding wreaths of green;  
Yet, not as if old Bacchus and his peers  
In tipsy rout and frolic there had been  
To hurl them up on end with all their sheen,—  
But orderly set forth in warrior rank  
Giants array'd, with fighting-room at flank,  
Caparison'd, and heavily plumed a-top  
With clustering bells:—and, are these Dryad bands,  
Or groups of Orcades, so blythely seen  
To gather in with songs that golden crop,  
Crushing its fragrance in their sportive hands?  
No! dreamer:—let Arcadian fancies drop;  
These are but hop-pickers,—and that the Hop.



## A Short Reply.

TO ONE WHO "DISLIKED POETRY."

LADY, thou lovest high and holy Thought  
 And noble Deeds, and Hopes sublime or beauteous,  
 Thou lovest charities in secret wrought,  
 And all things pure, and generous, and duteous;  
 What then if these be drest in robes of power,  
 Triumphant WORDS, that thrill the heart of man,  
 Conquering for good beyond the flitting hour,  
 With stately march, and music in the van?

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 Charity !

A WORD TO THE RICH.

*Written for the Liverpool Hospitals, Aug. 1849.*

FOR Charity's sake! to the poor of the land  
 Your generous blessing extend,—  
 While Need and Affliction with suppliant hand  
 Solicit your help as a friend;  
 Remember, the Master of these, as of us,  
 On earth was a brother in need,  
 And all that ye give to the desolate thus,  
 To Him do ye give it indeed!

To Him!—in his Judgment, a fiery sword  
 Hath smitten, and scatter'd, and slain:  
 To Him!—in His Mercy, the sword of the LORD  
 Returns to its scabbard again:

To Him!—for the GOD who was pleased to be Man,  
In reason expects of His kin  
To strive against evil, and do what we can  
To chase away sorrow and sin.

O Britain! dear home of the good and the great,  
The kind, and the fair, and the free,—  
The nations applaud thee for strength and for state,  
And marvel thy glory to see:  
Because — through the length and the breadth of thy land  
True Charity scatters her seed;  
And Heaven still strengthens the heart and the hand  
That blesses a brother in need!

Ay, Britain! the destitute's refuge and rest,  
O'ershadow'd with olives and palms,  
In war thou art prosper'd, in peace thou art blest  
Because of thy prayers and thine alms:  
The soft rain of heaven makes fertile thy fields,  
And so in sweet incense again  
It rises like dew o'er the harvest it yields,  
To solace the children of pain.

Then hasten, ye wealthy! to bless and be blest,  
By giving to GOD of His own:  
He asks you to help the diseased and distrest,  
He pleads in the pang and the moan!  
In vain?—can it be?—shall the Saviour in vain  
Petition His pensioners thus?  
Oh no! with all gladness we give Him again  
What He giveth gladly to us!

*The Man about Town.*

EVIL-EYED loiterer, pilgrim of fashion,  
 Sunless and hard is thy frost-bitten heart;  
 Scoffing at nature's affection and passion,  
 Till thou hast made the sad angels depart:  
 Sinner and fool! to be searing and sealing  
 All the sweet fountains of spirit and truth—  
 Quick to be free from the freshness of feeling,  
 Swift to escape from the fervours of youth.  
 Woe to thee—woe! for thy criminal coldness;  
 Oh, I could pity thee, desolate man,  
 But that those eyes, in their insolent boldness,  
 Tempt me to scorn such a state, if I can:  
 Wearied of hunting the shadows of pleasures,  
 Thou art half dead in the prime of thy days,  
 Emptied of Heaven's and Earth's better treasures,  
 Victim and slave to the world and its ways!  
 Early and late at thy dull dissipation,  
 Listlessly indolent even in sin,  
 What is thy soul but a pool of stagnation,  
 Calmness without, and corruption within?  
 Happiness, honour, and peace, and affection—  
 These were thy heritage every one,—  
 But as thou meetest them all with rejection,  
 They have rejected thee, Prodigal Son!  
 O that humility, gracious as duteous,  
 Lighten'd those eyelids so heavy with scorn!  
 O that sincerity, blessed as beauteous,  
 Gilded thy night with the promise of morn!  
 Frankness of mind is the best of high breeding—  
 Kindness of soul the true Gentleman's part;  
 And the first fashion all fashions exceeding,  
 Is the warm gush of a generous heart!

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## A Prayer for the Land.

*August 6, 1848.*

ALMIGHTY FATHER! hearken,—  
    Forgive, and help, and bless,  
Nor let thine anger darken  
    The night of our distress;  
As sin and shame and weakness  
    Are all we call our own,  
We turn to Thee in meekness,  
    And trust on Thee alone.

O GOD, remember Zion,—  
    And pardon all her sin!  
Thy mercy we rely on  
    To rein Thy vengeance in:  
Though dark pollution staineth  
    The temple Thou hast built,  
Thy faithfulness remaineth,—  
    And that shall cleanse the guilt!

To Thee, then, Friend All-seeing,  
    Great source of grace and love,  
In whom we have our being,  
    In whom we live and move,—  
Jerusalem, obeying  
    Thy tender word, "Draw near,"  
Would come securely, praying  
    In penitence and fear.

Thou knowest, LORD, the peril  
    Our ill deserts have wrought,  
If earth for us is sterile  
    And all our labour nought!

Alas,—our righteous wages  
Are famine, plague, and sword,  
Unless Thy wrath assuages  
In mercy, gracious LORD!

For lo! we know Thy terrors  
Throughout the world are rife,  
Seditions, frenzies, errors,  
Perplexities and strife!  
Thy woes are on the nations,  
And Thou dost scatter them,—  
Yet heed the supplications  
Of Thy Jerusalem!

Truth, LORD, we are unworthy,  
Unwise, untrue, unjust,  
Our souls and minds are earthy,  
And cleaving to the dust:  
But pour Thy graces o'er us,  
And quicken us at heart,—  
Make straight Thy way before us,  
And let us not depart!

Turn us, that we may fear Thee,  
And worship day by day,—  
Draw us, that we draw near Thee,  
To honour and obey;  
Be with us all in trouble,  
And, as our SAVIOUR still,  
Lord, recompense us double  
With good for all our ill!

Though we deserve not pity,  
Yet, LORD, all bounty yield,—  
All blessings in the city,  
And blessings in the field,

## A PRAYER FOR THE LAND.

On folded flocks and cattle,  
 On basket and on store,  
 In peace, and in the battle,  
 All blessings evermore !

All good for earth and heaven !—  
 For we are bold to plead  
 As through thy SON forgiven,  
 And in Him sons indeed !  
 Yea, FATHER ! as possessing  
 In Thee our FATHER-GOD,  
 Give, give us every blessing,  
 And take away Thy rod !

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 PRAISE !

A RESPONSE TO "THE PRAYER FOR THE LAND."

September 18, 1848.

WE thank Thee, King of Heaven !
 We bless Thee, glorious LORD !
 Because Thy grace hath given
 The mercies we implored ;
 Because Thy love rejoices
 To smile Thy wrath away,
 We come with hearts and voices
 To praise as well as pray !

O now regard with favour
 The sacrifice we bring,
 As incense of sweet savour,
 As Abel's offering ;
 As Noah's, when he raised Thee
 An altar near the ark ;
 As Jonah's, when he praised Thee
 Beneath the waters dark !

For lo! Thy bounteous promise
Is sure to those who pray,
Averting evil from us
And helping us always;
And though we all have wander'd
In sinfulness and shame,—
Yet once again our standard
We set up in thy name!

Thy constant mercy deigneth
A covenant of peace;
So long as earth remaineth,
Its plenty shall not cease;
Still in Thy holy keeping
Our grateful eyes behold
The sowing and the reaping,
As in the days of old!

Yea,—though in righteous reason
Thy judgments might have frown'd,
The harvest in its season
Hath joyfully come round;
And while our sins are grievous
And make us fear the rod,
Thy pity doth relieve us
Because we hope in GOD!

Thee, Thee alone for ever
Thy children still shall praise,
And duteously endeavour
To walk in all Thy ways;
Still hoping and still asking
Thy pardon and Thy love,
And in the sunshine basking
Of blessings from above!

Liberty — Equality — Fraternity.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY! — Who shall be free? —
 The winds of the air, and the waves of the sea,
 And the beast in his lair, and the bird on its tree,
 And the savage who battles with boars and with bears
 For the root that he grubs, or the flesh that he tears,—
 Liberty, these are for thee!

Liberty? — How can it be
 That reason, and duty, and science, and skill,
 And order, and beauty, are lawgivers still,
 And yet that responsible Man can be found
 Untrammell'd by rules, and by harness unbound? —
 Liberty, No man is free.

Liberty? — sadness to see
 Were the heart without love, or the mind without fear
 For The Father above, and His Family here;
 And faith and affection, constraining or fond,
 What are they but chains, an invincible bond,
 Liberty, manacled Thee?

Liberty, look not on me
 With a Siren's smile on thy beautiful face,
 And a treacherous wile in thy warm embrace:
 No! let me feel fetter'd,—a martyr, a slave
 To honour and duty from cradle to grave!
 Liberty, I'll none of Thee.

Liberty!—"fetter'd," yet free:

For the chain that we wear is of roses and balm,
 And the badge that we bear is The Conqueror's palm,
 And the licence we loathe is a freedom to Sin,
 And the thralldom we love is Obedience within,
 Liberty, leading to Thee!

Liberty!—for thou shalt be

My glorious reward in a happier clime,
 From the hand of my LORD, who hath bound me to Time
 As a bondsman here for a year and a day
 To reign as a King for ever and aye,
 Holy, and happy, and Free!

EQUALITY.

PINING Envy's feeble hope,
 Shipwreck's last despairing rope,
 Idle wish from Satan sent,
 Ruffian prize of Discontent,
 Dull debasing sordid thing
 Crushing down each generous spring,
 Stern Procrustes' iron bed
 To rack the feet or lop the head,—
 Where in all life's social book
 Shall your purblind statesman look,
 Where,—Equality, to find
 A sillier lie to cheat mankind?

Tell the truth, yea tell it out,
 Nature, without fear or doubt;
 Tell it out that never yet
 Have two utter equals met:
 Leaves and fruits on every tree,
 Fowls and fish of air and sea,

Stars on high with all their host,
Pebbles from a kingdom's coast;
Search them all, some difference still
Clings to each for good or ill;
Search the world — all worlds — around,
Perfect twins were never found;
Babes of various realm and race,
Men of every age and place,
Gifts of God, or wise denials,
Pleasures, sorrows, triumphs, trials,
All things differ everywhere,—
Never two can start quite fair,—
Never two could keep the start
In soul or body, mind or heart,
While the shortest winter's day
To its morrow gloom'd away!

Would then Vanity, and Sloth,
And Disappointment, scorning both,
And Pride and Meanness, hand in hand
With Crime and low Ambition stand
To scheme and plot a wholesome plan
Utterly to ruin Man,—
Then should they level love and hate,
And grind to atoms all things great,
Corrupt all good, befoul all fair,
Make gladness weep, and hope despair,
And, impotent to raise the dead,
Kill the living in their stead,
By working out the poison'd lie
Your sages call Equality.

No! thou phantom false and fair,
Rainbow-castle in the air,

Fit enough for fays or elves,
But not for mortals like ourselves,
In this hive of human kind,
Where some can see, and some are blind,
Where some will work though others play,
And many swear while many pray,
Where disease and age at length
Must bend and bow to manhood's strength,
Where every one of GOD's good gifts
The favour'd from his fellow lifts,—
Equal! — equal? — tush: the word
In truer letters spells absurd.

Equal? there is One alone
Reigns Coequal on His throne;
Nor can any creature dare
With such Essence to compare.
All things else through change and chance,
And time and place and circumstance,
And partial Providence most just,
And man's 'I will,' and GOD's 'you must,'—
All things, differing each from each,
Vainly still their lesson teach,
If Equality be thus
Possible or wise for us,
Where with various means and powers
In a trial-world like ours
We must work as best we may,
And leave it to The Judgment Day
To declare how ill or well
Earth's advantages may tell:
Then, shall equal meed be given
By the justice of High Heaven:
Then shall compensation true
Set us all in places new:

And,—how many counted first
There shall stand the worst accurst!
And,—how many here so poor,
Lazarus laid at Dives' door,
There, instead of last and least,
First shall sit at Life's great feast!

FRATERNITY.

AWAY, away, Suspicion!
And hail, thou generous heat;
With tears of just contrition
Let me wash my brother's feet:
For I have sinn'd,—how often!
While Charity stood by
This stony heart to soften,
And to melt this frozen eye!

Yes,—I have err'd, like others,
By coldness and constraint,
Forgetting we are brothers,
The sinner as the saint,—
All children of one Father,
All guilty and all weak,
And bound by these the rather
Every wanderer to seek!

Awake then! holy yearning
The hearts of men to thrill,—
Ascend! sweet incense burning
To warm the human will;
O let us dare with boldness
To burst this girdling chain
Of common social coldness,
And to love as babes again!

In frankness, and in fairness,
Go forth and reap the earth,—
Its richness and its rareness,
Its more than money's-worth;
Go forth, and win from others
Their honour and their love,
By treating them as brothers
And the sons of GOD above!

For in that brighter Sequel
To which our beings tend
At last we shall be equal
In One Redeeming Friend!
And He, who made us brothers,
Our LORD, and brother too,
Hath gone before the others
To prepare for them and you!

Thus then shall heirs of heaven,
But not the slaves of sin,—
Forgiving and forgiven
This holy triad win;
Free,—equal,—and fraternal,
In GOD's own way and time,
To live the life eternal,
And to love the love sublime!

Martin Luther.

LUTHER Eleutheros! thou lion-heart,
Call'd by a name predestined to be Free,
Nobly thou didst the Christian warrior's part,—
Paul and Ignatius fought again in thee:
My glorious namesake, what a praise to me,
By nation, name, and nature too, thou art,

Martin Eleutheros! my Saxon chief!

I, too, would scorn to bend a slavish knee,
Or bate one tittle of my firm belief,

Or seem some other than I boast to be—

No human master's servant: in thy strength,

The ROCK OF AGES, is my spirit strong;

And resolutely will I lead along,

Like thee, for truth, and good, and GOD at length.

Soho!

COOL and sweet is the breath of the morn,
And dew-beads glitter on thistle and thorn;
And linnets and larks are beginning to trill
Their psalm to the sun just over the hill,
And all things pleasant, and pure, and fair
Bathe in the balmy morning air.

Hist! the turf is under thy feet,
Over it steadily,—sure and fleet!
Steadily, Wonder!—quietly now;
Why, what a hot little fool art thou!
Wild and wanton!—it's very unkind
To leave poor Gael so panting behind;—

Ho! my greyhound! Soho!—a hare!
Good dog: after her!—soft and fair;
Off does she fly, and away does he bound,—
Glorious! how we are skimming the ground!
Heels above head,—over she goes!
And pussy squeals at my greyhound's nose

Home: hark back!—the games are done,
Though Cæsar's self has barely begun:
Look! let him change the spur for the pen,
To hunt and to harry the hearts of men,—
Possibles do, and impossibles dare,
And gallop in spirit everywhere!



Revisiting Charterhouse,

“AFTER LONG YEARS.”

Dec. 12, 1848.

A SHADOW, a vapour, a tale that is told,—
Ah! where is the figure so true
As justly to picture my by-gones of old
Uprising in dreamy review?
Those dim recollections, sepulchral and cold,
The ancient obscured by the new,
As over these hill-tops are mistily roll'd.
Those ghost-looking columns of dew!

I went to the place that had known me of yore,
To see its familiar face;
And mournfully stood,—for it knew me no more;
All strange did I stand in that place!
And it seem'd as if Hadēs had render'd its dead
When, less by the sight than the sound,
At the hint of a voice, in a snow-sprinkled head
Some school-fellow's features I found.

O changes in feeling, O chances of life!
O mercies, and perils, and fears!
What ages of trial, and travail, and strife
Have sped since those holiday years!
In half-drowning vision, as seen in a glass,
On a sudden the sorrows and joys
Of twenty long winters all hurriedly pass,
And, look for once more we are boys!

Yet here, like the remnant of some gallant crew
Just snatch'd from the deep in the dark,
We gaze on each other, a storm-batter'd few
Adrift on a perilous bark!
And mournful as Life, and mysterious as Death,
Our commonplace converse is heard,
For we feel as we speak that we live in a breath,
And haply might die in a word!

And feelings are fickle,—and riches have wings,
And nothing is steady or sure,
And even affections are changeable things,
And—where can a heart be secure?
Ah! clouded and dreary and solemn and still,
And as by some nightmare oppress,—
Come, heart! break away from this choke and this chill,
In GOD and thyself ever blest!

The Sisters.

A ROMAUNT, FOR MUSIC.

ALL-BEAUTEOUS Lady Arabell
Glanced scornfully aside,—
Alas! for he hath loved her well,
In spite of all her pride;
Yet coldly to that noble heart
In all its glowing youth,
Away! she cried,—and spurn'd aside
Its tenderness and truth.

Away!—and at her feet he fell
As cold and white as stone!
And heartless Lady Arabell
Has left him all alone;
Alone, to live? alone, to die?
Alone?—Yet who art thou,—
Some guardian angel from the sky
To bless and aid him now?

Ah! Florence loves young Cecil well,
And pines this many a day,—
For star-eyed sister Arabell
Hath won his heart away,—
Hath won it all by treacherous arts
To fling it all aside,
And break a pair of loving hearts
For triumph and for pride!

Fair Florence with her eyes of blue
And locks of golden light;
Dark Arabell's of raven hue
With flashing orbs of night;

And has young Cecil chosen well
Between that sister pair,
The proud and brilliant Arabell
Or gentle Florence fair?

O bitter morn! O blessed morn!
For lo, he turns to love
No more that raven queen of scorn,
But this sweet sister dove:
In spite of lustrous Arabell
And all her envious pride,
Young Cecil loves his Florence well,
And — Florence is his bride.

Energy.

INDOMITABLE merit
Of the Anglo-Saxon mind!
That makes a man inherit
The glories of his kind,
That scatters all around him
Until he stands sublime
With nothing to confound him,
The Conqueror of Time,—
O mighty Perseverance!
O Courage stern and stout!
That wills and works a clearance
Of every rabble rout,—
That cannot brook denial
And scarce allows delay,
But wins from every trial
More strength for every day,—

Antagonistic Power!

I praise,—for praise I can,—
 The GOD, the place, the hour
 That makes a man a Man,—
 The GOD—from whom all greatness,
 The place, Old England's shore,
 The hour, an hour of lateness
 (For Time shall soon be o'er)
 The Man,—ay, every brother
 Of Anglo-Saxon race
 Who owns an English mother
 And Freedom's dwelling-place!

I feel, I feel within me
 That courage self-possess'd,—
 The force, that yet shall win me
 The brightest and the best,—
 The stalwarth English daring
 That steadily steps on,
 Unswerving and unsparing,
 Until the world is won,—
 The boldness and the quiet
 That calmly go ahead,
 In spite of wrath and riot,
 In spite of quick and dead,—
 Hot Energy to spur me,
 Keen Enterprise to guide,
 And Conscience to upstir me,
 And Duty by my side,
 And Hope before me singing
 Assurance of success,
 And rapid Action springing
 At once to nothing less,
 And all the mighty movings
 That wrestle in my breast,

The longings and the lovings,
The Spirit's glad unrest,
That scorns excuse to tender
Or Fortune's favour ask,
And never will surrender
Whatever be the task!

I cannot wait for chances,
For luck I will not look;
In faith my spirit glances
At Providence, God's book;
And there discerning truly
That right is might at length,
I dare go forward duly
In quietness and strength,
Unflinching and unfearing,
The flatterer of none,
And in good courage wearing
The honours I have won!
Let circumstance oppose me,
I beat it to my will;
And if the flood o'erflows me,
I dive and stem it still;
No hindering dull Material
Shall conquer or control
My energies ethereal
My gladiator Soul!
I will contrive occasion,
Not tamely bide my time;
No Capture, but Creation
Shall make my sport sublime;
Let lower spirits linger
For hint and beck and nod,
I always see the finger
Of an onward-urging God!

Not selfish, not hard-hearted,
Not vain, nor deaf, nor blind,
From wisdom not departed,
But in humbleness of mind,
Still shall mine independence
Stand manfully alone,
Nor dance a dull attendance
At any mortal throne;
Disciple of no teacher
Except the ONE in Heaven,
And yielding to no creature
The Reason He hath given!
O thus, while contemplation
In faith beholds above
My glorious hope, Salvation,
Eternity of Love,
And while a Saxon spirit
Is bubbling from my heart
To strengthen and upstir it
To play a giant's part,
No hindrance, nor misfortune,
No man's neglect, nor ill,
Shall bend me to importune
One weak indulgence still,
But with my GOD to nerve me
My soul shall overwhelm
All circumstance to serve me
In my Spiritual Realm!

"Non Angli sed Angeli."

In Illustration of the Anglo-Saxon Map.

Ho! ye swift messengers out of the North,
 Mercy's ambassadors,—haste to go forth!
 Speedily let your broad sails be unfurl'd,
 Winging your errand all over the world,
 Wafting your message of peace and goodwill,
 Brotherhood, godliness, science, and skill!

Ye are the salt of the earth, and its health,—
 Ye are its gladness, its wisdom, and wealth,—
 Ye are its glory! O Britain, thy sons,
 Thy stout Anglo-Saxons, thy resolute ones,
 Ever triumphant on every shore,
 Are only triumphant for Good evermore!

Ministers bright of the bounties of God,
 Where is the land by these angels untrod?
 Tell it out, Africa, China, and Scinde,
 And Isles of the Sea, and the uttermost Inde,
 Tell out their zeal, and their grandeur of soul,
 From the sands of the Line, to the snows of the Pole!

Tell out the goodness, the greatness, the grace,
 That follow their footsteps in every place!
 Tell it out, thou, the first cradle of Man,
 Teeming with millions, serene Hindostan,—
 Tell how fair commerce, and just-dealing might,
 Have blest thee with peace, and adorn'd thee with light!

Boundless Australia, help of the age,
 And heirloom of hope on Futurity's page,
 Lo! thy vast continent, silent and sad,
 With the song of the Saxon has learnt to be glad;

Rejoicing to change the wild waste and the fen
Into wide-waving harvests and cities of men!

Mighty Columbia, Star of the West,
See, 'tis a world by the Saxon possest!
Glorious and glad, from the North to the South,
Your millions praise GOD with an Englishman's mouth!
And all love a land where at home they would be,
England, old England, the Home of the Free!

Dotted about on the width of the world,
Her beacon is blazing, her flag is unfurl'd;
Not a shore, not a sea, not a deep desert wild,
But pays its mute homage to Energy's child,—
Not a realm, not a people, or kingdom, or clan,
But owns him the chief of the children of Man!

The foaming Atlantic hath render'd its isles,
And the dark Caribbean its tropical smiles,
And Southern Pacific those many-hued flowers,
And Europe's Mid-Ocean these temples and towers,—
Their tribute the seas of Old India bring,
And Borneo is proud of her new British King!

Yes! for dear Britain, the Mother of Men,
Rules all, under GOD, by the sword and the pen:
She is the Delphi, the heart of the earth,
The rock-rushing spring of humanity's worth;
And, if two hemispheres prosper, the cause
Lies in old England's Religion and Laws!

Yes! for her realm is the Goshen of light;
The wings of these Angels have scatter'd the night!
Duteous and daring, as beauteous and strong,
They are helpers of Right, and avengers of Wrong,
Fair in their souls as their eyes and their locks,
Stout in their hearts as their oaks and their rocks!

Country Life. I.

THINK not thou that fields and flowers,
Copses and Arcadian bowers,
 Grow the crop of Peace:—
In this model life of ours
 Worries seldom cease!

Think not Envy, Hatred, Malice
Seethe alone in town and palace;
 For on Eden first,
Pour'd from evil's caldron-chalice,
 Those hot geysers burst!

Though the scene be sweet and smiling,
And the silence most beguiling,
 And so pure the air,—
Man, his paradise defiling,
 Pours a poison there!

Look at yonder simple village,
With its church and peaceful tillage,
 Seemingly so blest;—
Mutual hate and mutual pillage
 Truly tell the rest!

With the tongue's destroying sabre,
Neighbour battles against neighbour,
 Whilst each other's glance
Tyranny and servile Labour
 Scowling watch askance!

Wealth, well fawn'd on, and — well-hated;
 Want,—with brutal malice mated;
 And, to teach the twain,
 Shallow priestcraft, self-inflated,
 Dreary, dull, and vain!

Ay, Charles Lamb, the wise and witty,
 Gentle lover of the city,
 Sensibly he spoke,
 When he dealt his pungent pity
 To us country folk:

All for arson insecurely,
 All for slander little purely,
 Vext with petty strife,—
 Let no silly mortal surely
 Covet country life.

II.

Stop!—malign not country pleasure;
 For there is unminted treasure
 In its quiet calm;
 In its garden-loving leisure
 Gilead's very balm!

In its duties, peace-bestowing,
 In its beauties, overflowing
 All the dewy ground,
 In its mute religion, glowing
 Everywhere around:

In its unobtrusive sweetness,
 In its purity, and meetness
 For contented minds,
 And the beautiful completeness
 Man in Nature finds.

Yes,—it is no fault of Nature's,
If the vice of fallen creatures
 Spots her with a curse;
Man in towns hath viler features,
 And his guilt is worse.

Troubles, cares, and self-denials,
These are no such special vials
 Pour'd on fields and flowers;
But there always must be trials
 In this world of ours.

Country life,—let us confess it,—
Man will little help to bless it,
 Yet, for gladness there,
We may readily possess it
 In its native air.

Rides and rambles, sports and farming,
Home, the heart for ever warming,
 Books, and friends, and ease,—
Life must after all be charming,
 Full of joys like these.

Yes, however little gaily,
And—for man, however frailly
 Check'd with sin and strife,—
Wisdom rests contented daily
 With a country life.

Fons Parnassi.

THE SOLACE OF SONG.

EVER babbling, ever bubbling,
Bright as light, and calmly clear,
Cure for every trial troubling,
Solace ever new and near,
Fons Parnassi! free and flowing,
Fons Parnassi! glad and glowing,
Rarefied creative pleasure!
O they lie who say that Song
Is a merely graceful measure,
Just a luxury of leisure,
Not an anthem sweet and strong
Rich in spiritual treasure
That to Seraphs might belong,—
Not a tender consolation
All the cares of life among,
Not the balm of broad creation
In this maze of right and wrong,—
Not the secret soul's distilling,
Every nerve and fibre filling
With intense ecstatic thrilling,—
Evoe! Fons Parnassi,
Fons ebric Parnassi!

Ah! thou fairy fount of sweetness,
Well I wot how dear thou art
In thy purity and meetness
To my hot and thirsty heart,
When, with sympathetic fleetness,
I have raced from thought to thought,
And, array'd in maiden neatness,
By her natural taste well taught,

Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,
 My melodious Egeria,
 Winsomely finds out my fancies
 Frank as Sappho, as unsought,—
 And with innocent wife-like glances
 Close beside my spirit dances,
 As a sister Ariel ought,—
 Tripping at her wanton will,
 With unpremeditated skill,
 Like a gushing mountain rill,
 Or a bright Bacchante reeling
 Through the flights of thought and feeling,
 Half concealing, half revealing
 Whatsoe'er of Spirit's fire,
 Beauty kindling with desire,
 Can be caught in Word's attire!
 Evoe! Fons Parnassi!
 Fons ebrie Parnassi!

St. Martha's.

NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY, 1838.

HOLY precinct, mount of GOD,
 Where saints have bled, and pilgrims trod,
 Martyr's hill—thy nobler name,
 Martyr's hill—thy fairer fame
 Than as call'd of her, whose heart
 Chose but late the better part,—
 Unto thee my praise I bring,
 Thee my soul delights to sing.

Lo, the glorious landscape round!
Tread we not enchanted ground?
From this bold and breezy height
The charm'd eye sends its eagle flight
O'er the panoramic scene,
Undulating, rich, and green;
And with various pleasure roves
From hill and dale, to fields and groves,
Till the prospect mingling grey
With the horizon fades away,
Shutting in the distant view
By fainter lines of glimmering blue.

Start we from the warm South-East;
Spread the fine pictorial feast:
There the landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath;
Nearer, Holmbury's moated hill,
Highden-ball, and Ewhurst mill,
Dewy Hascomb's fir-fringed knoll,
Hind-head, and the Devil's-Bowl,
With peeps of far South-downs between
Seaward closing up the scene.

Like a thunder-cloud, beneath
Stretches drear the broad Blackheath:
Scatter'd coins have seal'd the sod
A classic site that Rome has trod,
Field of many a desperate strife
For conquest, liberty, or life,
When the legion's sullen tramp
Echoed oft from Farley-camp,
And some Cæsar's ruthless sword
Reap'd the rude barbarian horde,
Britons, patriots, free brave men,
But unskill'd to conquer — then.

Turn we to this woodland shade,
Beyond the Hanger's hazel glade:
Ah! 'tis sad, though little strange,
That times, and things, and men should change;
Sad, though little strange to see
Albury, such sad change in thee.
Thou wert in my infant dreams,
My childish pranks, my school-day schemes;
My heart's young home, my pride and praise;
Playground of my boyish days;
Link'd with learning, goodness, truth,
To the story of my youth;
Mixt with hope's romantic plan,
And loved,—now years have made me man.
But, the brightness of thy praise
Perish'd with those early days,—
Thy sweet prime, too fair to last,
Spring-like came, and smiled, and past;
And I note, adown the Vale,
Thy good-angel wandering pale,
With folded wing and tearful eye
Mourning for the days gone by;
Now, like some white wounded deer
Hiding in the greenwood here;
Now, beside that old church, faint
Leaning, like a dying saint.

Away: regard we yet again
Nature's beauty,—and her bane:
Alas! that man should e'er intrude
Where all but he are glad and good,—
Alas, for yonder fairy glen,
Nature's Eden, vext with men!
Mammon, from those long white mills
With foggy steam the prospect fills;

Chimneys red with sulphurous smoke
Blight these hanging groves of oak;
And sylvan Quiet's gentle scenes
List—to the clatter of machines.
Yet more, in yonder rural dell,
Where sylphs and fauns might love to dwell,
Among those alders, by the stream
Stealing on with silver gleam,
Blacken'd huts, set wide apart,
Grind their dark grain for murder's mart,
Or, bursting with explosive might,
Rage, and roar, and blast, and blight.

Enough, enough of toilsome Art;
Fresh sweet Nature woos thy heart:
Gaze then on this western plain,
A woody, various, rich champaign;
Each in its hollow nestling down,
The farm, the village, or the town;
Field on field, and grove on grove,
Wavelike, far as eye can rove,
Till intersecting lines of hill
The blue horizon faintly fill.

And, while thy spirit praises Earth,
Its precious gifts, its wealth and worth,
Forget not thou this glorious Sky,
Oh! lift thine eyes, thy heart on high;
Forget not Him, whose mercy gave
All the good we hope, or have;
Him, whose Presence, far and near,
Man's best wisdom learns to fear
Where above the green glad world
Heaven's banners float unfurl'd,
Gorgeous in each mighty fold
Bathed in black, or fringed with gold;

Or, as clouds of fleecy white
Sail in seas of azure light;
Or, as streamers hurrying by
Tell of tempests in the Sky;
Or, like snow-clad mountains, stand
Giant wardens of the Land.

Earthward once again; the North!
Draw its good, its evil forth:
Mile beyond mile of waving field,
Rare to see, and rich to yield;
The frequent village round its spire;
The snug domain of rural squire;
Yon dusky track of Waste and Moss;
That iron road-way drawn across;
Windsor, throned o'er half the land;
And gambling Epsom's far-famed stand;
While the dim distance in a shroud
Is wrapp'd by London's smoky cloud.

Near us, Guildford's ancient town
Between the hills is hiding down;
Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
Ranged about its castle-keep,
Relic of departed power,
Grey and crumbling square old tower.
Like some warder at his post
Honest Booker's lofty boast,
Fine and feudal, shames outright
Puny's telegraphic height,
While it overtops with pride
All the vassal scene beside,
And, above that verdant swell,
Sainted Catherine's Gothic cell.

Westward thence, a narrow track,
Stretches far the bare Hog's-back :
Ridging up, with hilly sides,
Lo, the bristling Boar divides
Right and left a kindred scene,
Purple moors and meadows green,
Or those seeming-vineyards wide,
Farnham's wealth, and Surrey's pride.

Forth from Merroe's happy plain
And noble Clandon's rich domain,
Newland's heights, and Coombe beyond,
And nutty Sherbourne's crystal pond,
Eastward to the landscape's end
The sloping chalky Downs extend,
Primal still, by man untamed,
Fresh, unbounded, unreclaim'd :
Now a lawn of herbage sweet
Smooth as velvet to the feet,
Now a jungle, matted dense,
A wilderness of briar-fence ;
Here, an earthwork, fosse and mound ;
There, a race-course curving round ;
Hollow'd pits, where in old times
Bad marauders hid their crimes :
Sad sepulchral groves of yew
Solemn ranged in order due,
Seeming of primeval birth,
Solid as the ribs of earth,
Where white Druids, years of yore,
Roam'd those mystic circles o'er,
Or calmly kneeling on the sod
Wisely worshipped Nature's GOD.

Yes, modern; would thy pride condemn,
Or shall thy wisdom pity them?
They built no prisons for—the poor,
Freely fed from door to door;
Their foolish mercy did not strive
To give the least that keeps alive,
Their charity sought not to know
How little poor men need below.
But thou,—what means yon human pound,
Brick'd and barr'd, and well wall'd round?
But that to thy shame and scorn
Penal poverty may mourn
How ill-christen'd liberals prove
Words by deeds, and faith by love:
For here, unpitied, spurn'd, alone,
The British slave must grind and groan,
Torn from children, friends, and wife,
And buried in the midst of life.

O Man, thy love is chill and small;
O Nature, thou art kind to all:
This full wide theatre of views
Bathed in Autumn's rainbow hues
Recreates my freshen'd sight
Soft with shade, and rich with light,
And, saved from thoughts of pride and pelf,
Restores me to my cheerful self.

Let then a lateborn son of Time
Shadow forth the Past sublime,
And while, the greensward laid along,
He weaves his meditative song,
Tell what various tribes have trod
With various hopes this ancient sod.

The painted Briton, long of yore,
 Hunting down the wolf or boar;
 The Roman watcher, posted here
 Leaning on his iron spear;
 The fair-hair'd Angle, piling high
 Beacon-fires against the sky;
 With vulture-eyes the hungry Dane
 Gloating o'er the fertile plain;
 Patriot Saxons, who withstood
 The Norman, conquering for good;
 Monks, to bless with book and bell;
 Crusaders, bidding all farewell;
 Footsore Pilgrims, hither come
 Midway from St. Becket's tomb;
 Round-heads, chaunting rebel prayers;
 Gay devoted Cavaliers;
 Rustics, on the Sabbath-day
 Duly toiling up to pray;
 Mourners, weeping round the bier
 Brought for humble burial here;
 And thousands, more, in dresses quaint,
 Than tongue can tell, or pencil paint,
 Have laugh'd, or wept, or fought their fill,
 Or lived, or died, on Martyrs' Hill.

Martyrs' Hill!—before my mind
 Rise the triumphs of Mankind;
 Martyrs' hill!—and to my thought
 Back the crimes of men are brought:
 Yea;—for on this sacred sod
 Doubtless perish'd saints of God,
 And Elijah's chariot came
 Mingling with the martyrs' flame,
 To bear them from that awestruck crowd
 In robes of light, on thrones of cloud.

Then, the seed of holy blood
Gave its hundredfold of good;
Barbarians heard, and thought, and felt,
Glow'd, admired, and mourn'd, and knelt;
Their very murderers came in fear
To bless the sainted victims here;
Penitent, with zealous haste
Aloft the rustic temple placed,
Keyless arches, rough and round,
Spanning high the blood-stain'd ground,
Of iron-sandstone rudely built,
Memorial of their grief—and guilt.

Thereafter, Newark's princely priest
Added all this Gothic East,—
The modest choir and transepts twain,
Fitting well the Christian fane,
Windows, deck'd in colours rich,
The pointed arch and florid niche,—
Contrast to yon Saxon nave
That simply mark'd the martyr's grave.

Swept along fate's rolling tide,
Generations lived, and died,
Thronging in succession there
With the sacrifice of prayer:
And a Martha's dubious name
Half eclipsed that better fame,
Symbol of degenerate years
When earth usurps our hopes and fears.
Ages came, and ages past;
Till the flood of Time at last
Wafted on the modern race
Loving gain, and hating grace:
So we draw to thy decay
Silent ruin of to-day,

An evil day of evil deeds,
Selfish sects and wrangling creeds,
When faith is dead, and zeal grown cold,
And churches can be bought and sold,
Or left a prey to rot and rain,
For lack of grace, and lust of gain.

Ruin, I have loved thee long,
And owed for years this humble song;
While I pay the grateful debt,
Hear me one petition yet.
When in GOD'S good time and way
I wake upon my dying day,
Should I still beneath thee dwell,
As my spirit sighs farewell,
Let the shadows from thy wall
Be my hallow'd funeral pall;
Let no city's close church-yard
Steal from thee thy native bard;
But where now I careless lie
Make me welcome when I die:
On this thyme-enamell'd height
Let me bid the world good-night,
Sacred to my memory be
All the scene that circles thee;
And plant o'er me, in goodwill,
A plain stone cross on Martyrs' Hill.

Appeal.

1840.

SHAME on thee, Christian, cold and covetous one!

The laws (I praise them not for this) declare

That ancient, loved, deserted house of prayer
As money's worth a layman landlord's own.

Then use it as thine own; thy mansion there
Beneath the shadow of this ruinous church
Stands new and decorate; thine every shed
And barn is neat and proper; I might search

Thy comfortable farms, and well despair
Of finding dangerous ruin overhead,
And damp unwholesome mildew on the walls;

Arouse thy better self,—restore it; see,
Through thy neglect the holy fabric falls!

Fear, lest that crushing guilt should fall on thee.

Rebuilt.

A. D. 1849.

RUIN!—Ruin now no more,

To the LORD we thus restore

Thine old glories, holy place,

Consecrate again to grace:

Thine old glories shine again,

Sculptured stone, and jewell'd pane;

As a cross upon the hill,

Nave, quire, and aisles are mapp'd out still,

And thy Norman tower on high

Boldly stands against the sky.

Thanks to Him who blesseth us
That the Body riseth thus,—
Thanks to Him!—yet more we need
A resurrection rare indeed,
In this, and us, the Spirit-part
Flaming with a martyr's heart;
In old St. Martha's, thus made new,
Religion's fervour, pure and true:
Send, O send that quickening might,
GOD of love, and life, and light!

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Reconsecrated.

MAY 15, 1850.

THE dews of Hermon rest upon thee now,  
Fair saint and martyr! and yet once again  
Faith, hope and charity, like gracious rain,  
Fall on thy consecrated virgin brow:  
For lo! the LORD is with thee, as of yore,  
And dwelleth in these hallow'd walls once more,—  
Rather,—hath never left them; for He heard  
When in thy desolate gates our earnest vow  
Rose from this ruin'd altar to His throne,—  
And resolutely were thy children stirr'd  
Not in thy sad estate, forlorn and lone,  
To leave thee prayerless,—but to win The Word,  
The living word and sacraments of grace  
Back to the echoes of this Holy Place.

## Sonnet, for St. Ann's, Alderney,

CONSECRATED, AUGUST 21, 1850.

ARISE, O LORD, into thy resting-place,  
 Thou, and thy strength! Be with thy servants here,—  
 To bless their work in faithfulness come near,—  
 For thine is all the glory, all the grace:  
 Add then Thy Presence, and in spirit appear  
 To consecrate this House! Not unto us,  
 But thanks be giv'n to Thee, that, (as a bride,  
 Apparell'd well to meet her coming LORD  
 In virgin garments meekly purified,)  
 Waiteth for heavenly benediction thus  
 "St. Ann's of Alderney," to heav'n restored;  
 O may that blessing on her sacred brow  
 Like Aaron's holy oil of joy be pour'd  
 Down to her beauteous feet in fulness Now!

## A Consecration.

SHALFORD, OCTOBER 29, 1847.

LIKE some fair Nun, the pious and the chaste,  
 Shalford, thy new-born temple stands serene,  
 Modestly deck'd in pure old English taste,  
 The village beauty of thy tranquil scene;  
 And we to-day have made religious haste

To see thee wedded to thy heavenly Spouse,  
Kneeling in unison of praise and pray'r  
To help the offering of thy maiden vows:  
Hark! what a thrilling utterance is there,  
"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,"—  
As God's high priest with apostolic care  
To HIM this tent of glory consecrates:  
Good work! to be remember'd for all time,  
The seed of mercies endless and sublime.

"Come in, thou King of Glory," yea, come in,  
Rest here awhile, great Conqueror for good!  
Bless thou this font to cleanse from Adam's sin,  
Spread thou this table with celestial food!  
And, kindled by Thy grace to gratitude,  
May thousands here eternal treasures win,  
As, hither led, from time to time with joy  
They seek their Father: lo! before mine eyes  
Visions and promises of good arise,—  
The tender babe baptized, the stripling boy  
Confirm'd for godliness, the maid and youth  
Wedded in love, the man mature made wise,  
The elder taught in righteousness and truth,  
And each an heir of life before he dies!



## A Thousand Lines, etc.

1845.

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### Sloth.

“A LITTLE more sleep, a little more slumber,  
A little more folding the hands to sleep,”  
For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,  
Over my mind are beginning to creep,—  
Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured  
By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,  
And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured  
In the soft nets of my beautiful brain!

Touch not these curtains!—your hand will be tearing  
Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things;—  
Call me not!—your cruel voice will be scaring  
Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings:  
Leave me, O leave me,—for in your rude presence  
Nothing of all my bright world can remain,—  
Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasure,  
Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain!

Cease your dull lecture on cares and employment,  
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,  
Leave me to peace,—let me husband enjoyment,—  
This is the heart and the marrow of life!



For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures  
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,  
Lazily listening the musical measures  
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain !

Hush,—for the halo of calmness is spreading  
Over my spirit as mild as a dove ;  
Hush,—for the angel of comfort is shedding  
Over my body his vial of love ;  
Hush,—for new slumbers are over me stealing,  
Thus would I court them again and again,  
Hush,—for my heart is intoxicate,—reeling  
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain !



### Activity.

OPEN the casement, and up with the Sun !  
His gallant journey is just begun ;  
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,  
Banner'd with glory, and burnish'd with gold,—  
Over the hills he comes sublime,  
Bridegroom of Earth, and brother of Time !

Day hath broken, joyous and fair ;  
Fragrant and fresh is the morning air,—  
Beauteous and bright those orient hues,  
Balmy and sweet these early dews ;  
O, there is health, and wealth, and bliss  
In dawning Nature's motherly kiss !

Lo, the wondering world awakes,  
With its rosy-tipp'd mountains and gleaming lakes,

With its fields and cities, deserts and trees,  
 Its calm old cliffs, and its sounding seas,  
 In all their gratitude blessing HIM  
 Who dwelleth between the Cherubim!

Break away boldly from Sleep's leaden chain;  
 Seek not to forge that fetter again;  
 Rather with vigour and resolute nerve,  
 Up, up, to bless man, and thy Master to serve,  
 Thankful, and hopeful, and happy to raise  
 The offering of prayer, and the incense of praise!

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,  
 Duty's Christian sentinel!  
 Sloth and Slumber never had part  
 In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart;  
 Soldier of GOD on an enemy's shore!  
 Slumber and sloth thrall *thee* no more.



### Adventure.

How gladly would I wander through some strange and savage land,  
 The lasso at my saddle-bow, the rifle in my hand,  
 A leash of gallant mastiffs bounding by my side,  
 And, for a friend to love, the noble horse on which I ride!

Alone, alone — yet not alone, for GOD is with me there,  
 The tender hand of Providence shall guide me everywhere,  
 While happy thoughts and holy hopes, as spirits calm and mild,  
 Shall fan with their sweet wings the hermit-hunter of the wild!

Without a guide,—yet guided well,—young, buoyant, fresh, and  
 free,

Without a road,—yet all the land a highway unto me,  
 Without a care, without a fear, without a grief or pain,  
 Exultingly I thread the woods, or gallop o'er the plain!

Or, brushing through the copse, from his leafy home I start  
The stately elk, or tusky boar, the bison, or the hart,  
And then,—with eager spur, to scour, away, away,  
Nor stop,—until my dogs have brought the glorious brute to bay!

Or, if the gang of hungry wolves come yelling on my track,  
I make my ready rifle speak, and scare the cowards back;  
Or, if the lurking leopard's eyes among the branches shine,  
A touch upon the trigger—and his spotted skin is mine!

And then the hunter's savoury fare at tranquil eventide,—  
The dappled deer I shot to-day upon the green hill-side;  
My feasted hounds are slumbering round beside the watercourse,  
And plenty of sweet prairie-grass for thee, my noble horse.

Hist! hist! I heard some prowler snarling in the wood;  
I seized my knife and trusty gun, and face to face we stood!  
The Grizzly Bear came rushing on,—and, as he rush'd, he fell!  
Hie at him, dogs! my rifle has done its duty well!

Hie at him, dogs! one bullet cannot kill a foe so grim;  
The God of battles nerve a Man to grapple now with him,—  
And straight between his hugging arms I plunge my whetted knife,  
Ha—ha! it splits his iron heart, and drinks the ruddy life!

Frantie struggles—welling blood—the strife is almost o'er,—  
The shaggy monster, feebly panting, wallows in his gore,—  
Here, lap it hot, my gallant hounds,—the blood of foes is sweet;  
Here, gild withal your dewlapp'd throats, and wash your brawny  
feet!

So, shall we beard those tyrants in their dens another day,  
Nor tamely wait, with slavish fear, their coming in the way;  
And pleasant thoughts of peace and home shall fill our dreams  
to-night,  
For lo, the God of battles has help'd us in the fight!

### The Song of Sixteen.

WHO shall guess what I may be?  
Who can tell my fortune to me?  
For, bravest and brightest that ever was sung  
May be — and shall be — the lot of the young!

Hope, with her prizes and victories won,  
Shines in the blaze of my morning sun,  
Conquering Hope, with golden ray,  
Blessing my landscape far away;

All my meadows and hills are green,  
And rippling waters glance between,—  
All my skies are rosy bright,  
Laughing in triumph at yester-night:

My heart, my heart within me swells,  
Panting, and stirring its hundred wells;—  
For youth is a noble seed, that springs  
Into the flower of heroes and kings!

Rich in the present, though poor in the past,  
I yearn for the future, vague and vast;  
And lo! what treasure of glorious things  
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings;

Pleasures are there, like dropping balms,  
And glory and honour with chaplets and palms,  
And mind well at ease, and gladness, and health,  
A river of peace, and a mine of wealth!

Away with your counsels, and hinder me not,—  
On, on let me press to my brilliant lot;  
Young and strong, and sanguine and free,  
How knowest thou what I may be?

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### Forty.

Alas, poor youth! in pitiful truth,  
Thy pride must feel a fall, poor youth:  
What thou shalt be well have I seen,—  
Thou shalt be only what others have been.

Haply, within a few swift years,  
A mind bow'd down by troubles and fears,  
The commonest drudge of men and things,  
Instead of your—conquering heroes and kings;

Haply, to follies an early wreck,—  
For the cloud of presumption is now like a speck,  
And with a whelming, sudden sweep  
The storm of temptation roars over the deep;

Lower the sails of pride, rash youth,—  
Stand to the lowly tiller of truth;  
Quick, or your limber bark shall be  
The sport of the winds on a stormy sea.

Care and peril in lieu of joy,—  
Guilt and dread may be thine, proud boy:  
Lo, thy mantling chalice of life  
Is foaming with sorrow, and sickness, and strife;

Cheated by pleasure, and sated with pain,—  
 Watching for honour, and watching in vain,—  
 Aching in heart, and ailing in head,  
 Wearily earning daily bread.

—It is well. I discern a tear on thy cheek :  
 It is well,—thou art humbled, and silent, and meek :  
 Now,—courage again! and, with peril to cope,  
 Gird thee with vigour, and helm thee with hope!

For life, good youth, hath never an ill  
 Which hope cannot scatter, and faith cannot kill;  
 And stubborn realities never shall bind  
 The free-spreading wings of a cheerful mind.



### The Song of Seventy.

I AM not old,—I cannot be old,  
 Though threescore years and ten  
 Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,  
 The lives of other men:

I am not old; though friends and foes  
 Alike have gone down to their graves,  
 And left me alone to my joys or my woes,  
 As a rock in the midst of the waves:

I am not old,—I cannot be old,  
 Though tottering, wrinkled, and grey;  
 Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,  
 Call me not old to-day.



For, early memories round me throng,  
Old times, and manners, and men,  
As I look behind on my journey so long  
Of threescore miles and ten ;

I look behind, and am once more young,  
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,  
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,  
Before they call'd me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—  
Shrivell'd, and haggard, and grey,  
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,  
As she was on her wedding-day :

I do not see you, daughters and sons,  
In the likeness of women and men,  
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,  
My fond little children then :

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee,  
Or plays with his hoop or kite,  
I can well recollect I was merry as he—  
The bright-eyed little wight !

'Tis not long since,—it cannot be long,—  
My years so soon were spent,  
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,  
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream,—it is all a dream !  
A strange, sad dream, good sooth ;  
For old as I am, and old as I seem,  
My heart is full of youth :

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,  
 And ear hath not heard it sung,  
 How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,  
 Is the heart, for ever young;

For ever young,—though life's old age  
 Hath every nerve unstrung;  
 The heart, the heart is a heritage  
 That keeps the old man young!

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### Nature's Nobleman.

AWAY with false Fashion, so calm and so chill,  
 Where pleasure itself cannot please;  
 Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still  
 Affects to be quite at its ease;  
 For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,  
 The freest is first of the band,  
 And nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
 Is a man with his heart in his hand!

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,  
 He warmly can love,—and can hate,  
 Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust  
 To Fashion's intolerant state:  
 For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,  
 Though lowly or poor in the laud,  
 Is Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,  
 The man with his heart in his hand!

*His* fashion is passion, sincere and intense,  
*His* impulses, simple and true,  
 Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good sense,  
 And cordial with me, and with you:

For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,  
 It is *you*, man! or *you*, man! who stand  
 Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,—  
 A man with his heart in his hand!

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Never give up!

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once to despair;
 Fling off the load of Doubt's heavy fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
 Never give up! or the burthen may sink you,—
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
 And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
 And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
 Ever success,—if you'll only hope on:
 Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
 And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
 Is the true watchword of Never give up!

Never give up!—though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
 Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
 Never give up!—if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
 And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
 Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

The Sun.

BLAME not, ye million worshippers of gold —
 Modern idolators — their works and ways,
 When Asia's children, in the times of old,
 Knelt to the sun, outpouring prayer and praise
 As to GOD'S central throne; for when the blaze
 Of that grand eye is on me, and I stand
 Watching its majesty with painful gaze,
 I too could kneel among that Persian band,
 Had not the Architect of yon bright sphere
 Taught me Himself; bidding me look above,
 Beneath, around, and still to find Him — here!
 King of the heart, dwelling in no fixt globe,
 But gladly throned within the spirit of love,
 Wearing that light ethereal as a robe.



The Moon.

I KNOW thee not, O Moon,—thou cavern'd realm,
 Sad satellite, a giant ash of death,
 Where cold, alternate, and the sulphurous breath
 Of ravaging volcanoes, overwhelm
 All chance of life like ours,—art thou not
 Some fallow world, after a reaping time
 Of creatures' judgment, resting in thy lot?
 Or haplier must I take thee for the blot
 On GOD'S fair firmament, the home of crime,
 The prison-house of sin, where damnèd souls
 Feed upon punishment? — O thought sublime,
 That, amid Night's black deeds, when evil prowls
 Through the broad world, then, watching sinners well,
 Glares over all the wakeful eye of — Hell!

The Stars.

FAR-FLAMING stars, ye sentinels of Space,
 Patient and silent ministers around
 Your Queen, the Moon, whose melancholy face
 Seems ever pale with pity and grief profound
 For sinful Earth,—I, a poor groveller here,
 A captive Eagle chain'd to this dull ground,
 Look up and love your light in hope and fear;
 Hope, that among your myriad host is one,
 A kingdom for my spirit, a bright place
 Where I shall reign when this short race is run,
 An heir of joy, and glory's mighty son!
 Yet, while I hope, the fear will freeze my brain—
 What if indeed for worthless me remain
 No waiting sceptre, no predestined throne?

Our Kingdom.

HENCE, doubts of darkness! I am not mine own,
 But ransom'd by the King of that bright host:
 In him my just humility shall boast,
 And claim through him that sceptre and that throne.
 Yes, world of light,—when by the booming sea
 At eve I loiter on this shingly coast,
 In seeming idleness,—I gaze on thee,
 (I know not which—but one,) fated to be
 My glorious heritage, my heavenly home,
 A temple and a paradise for me,
 Whence my celestial form at will may roam
 To other worlds, unthought and unexplored,
 Whose atmosphere is bliss and liberty,
 The palaces and gardens of the LORD!

Forgive and Forget.

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel or God can declare
“I now can forgive and forget.”

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heap'd;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art:

Remember thy follies, thy sins, and — thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too,—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue:
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals,—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn
And whisper, Forgive and forget.



“My Mind to me a Kingdom is.”

EUREKA! this is truth sublime,
Defying change, outwrestling time —
Eureka! well that truth is told,
Wisely spake the bard of old —
Eureka! there is peace and praise
In this short and simple phrase,
A sea of comforts, wide and deep,
Wherein my conscious soul to steep,

A hoard of happy-making wealth
To doat on, miserly, by stealth,
Through Time my reason's ripest fruit,
For all eternity its root,
Earth's harvest, and the seed of heaven,
To me, to me, by mercy given!

Yes, Eureka,—I have found it,
And before the world will sound it;
This remains, and still shall stay
When life's gauds have past away,
This of old my treasure-truth,
The bosom joy that warm'd my youth,
My happiness in manhood's prime,
My triumph down the stream of time,
Till death shall lull this heart in age,
And deathless glory crown my page,
My grace-born truth and treasure this,—
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Noble solace, true and strong,
Great reward for human wrong,
With an inward blessing still
To compensate all earthly ill,
To recompense for adverse fates,
Woes, or wants, or seorns, or hates,
To cherish, after man's neglect,
When foes deride, and friends suspect,
To soothe and bless the spirit bow'd
Down by the selfish and the proud,
To lift the soul above this scene
Of petty troubles trite and mean,
O there is moral night in this,—
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Carve it deep, with letters bold,
 In the imperishable gold,
 Grave it on some primal rock
 That hath stood the earthquake shock,
 Make that word a citizen
 Dwelling in the hearts of men,
 Stamp it on the printed page,
 Sound it in the ears of age,
 Gladden sympathising youth
 With the soft music of this truth,
 This echo'd note of heavenly bliss,
 "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Ay, chide or scorn,—I will be proud,—
 I am not of the common crowd;
 No serf is here to outward things,—
 He rules with chiefs! he reigns with kings!
 Tell out thy secret joys, my mind,
 Free and fearless as the wind,
 And pour the triumphs of the soul
 In words that like a river roll,
 Foaming on with vital force
 From their ever-gushing source,
 Fountains of truth, that overwhelm
 With swollen streams this royal realm,
 And in Nilotic richness steep
 My heart's Thebaid, rank and deep!
 Or bolder, as my thoughts inspire,
 Change that water into fire!
 From the vext bowels of my soul
 Lava currents roar and roll,
 Bursting out in torrent wide
 Through my crater's ragged side,
 Rushing on from field to field
 Till all with boiling stone is seal'd,
 And my hot thoughts, in language pent,
 12 Stand their own granite monument!

Yes! all the elements are mine,
 To crush, create, dissolve, combine,—
 All mine,—the confidence is just,
 On God I ground my high-born trust
 To stand, when pole is rent from pole,
 Calm in my majesty of soul,
 Watching the throes of this wreck'd world,
 When from their thrones the Alps are hurl'd,
 When fire consumes earth, sea and air,
 To stand, unharm'd, undaunted there,
 And grateful still to boast in this,
 "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Brother poet, dead so long,
 Heed these echoes to thy song,
 And love me now, where'er thou art,
 Yearning with magnetic heart
 From thy throne in some bright sphere
 On this poor brother, grovelling here:
 For I too, I, can stoutly sing
 I am every inch a king!
 A king of Thought, a Potentate
 Of glorious spiritual state,
 A king of Thought, a king of Mind,
 Realms unmapp'd and undefined,—
 A King! beneath no Man's control,
 Invested with a royal soul,
 Crown'd by God's imperial hand
 Before Him as a King to stand,
 And by His wisdom train'd and taught
 To rule my realms as King of Thought.

O thoughts,—how ill my fellow-men,
 O thoughts,—how scantily my poor pen
 Can guess or tell the myriad host
 Wherewith you crowd my kingdom's coast!

For I am hemm'd and throng'd about
With your triumphant rabble-rout,
Hurried along by that mad flood,
The joy-excited multitude,
A conqueror, borne upon the foam
Of his great people's gladness home,
A monarch in his grandest state,
On whom a thousand thousand wait!
Lo, they come — my Tribes of Thought,
Fierce and flush'd and fever-fraught!
From the horizon all around
I hear with pride their coming sound;
See! their banners circling near,—
Glittering groves of shield and spear.
Flying clouds of troopers gay,
Serried lines in dark array,
Veterans calm with temper'd sword,
And a dishevell'd frantic horde,—
On they come with furious force,
Tramping foot, and thundering horse,
On they come, converging loud,
With clanging arms, a glorious crowd,
Shouting impatient, fierce and free,
For me their Monarch, yea, for me!

Then, in my majesty and power,
I quell the madness of the hour,
Bid that tumultuous turmoil cease,
And frown my multitudes to peace.
Each to his peril and his post!
All hush'd throughout my mighty host:
Courage clear and duty stern,—
Heads that freeze and hearts that burn;
Marshall'd straight in order due,
Legions! pass in swift review,

Bending to my blazon'd Will,
Loyal to that standard still,
And hailing me with homage then
King of Thoughts — and thus, of Men!

What? am I powerless to control
Nations, by my single soul?
What? have I not made thousands thrill
By the mere impulse of my will,
When the strong Thought goes forth, and binds
Captive a wondering herd of minds?
And is not this to reign alone
More than the ermine and the throne,
The jewell'd state, the gilded rooms,
The mindless jay in peacock plumes?
Yes,—if the inmate soul outweighs
Its dull clay house in power and praise,
Yes,—if Eternity be true,
And Time both false and fleeting too,
Then, humbler kings, my boast be this,
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

And what, though weak and slow of speech,
Ill to comfort, dull to teach?
What, though hiding from the ken
Of my small prying fellow-men,—
Still within my musing mind
Wisdom's secret stores I find,
And, little noticed, sweetly feed
On hidden manna, meat indeed,
Blessed thoughts I never told
Unconsider'd, uncontroll'd,
Rushing by as thick and fast
As autumn leaves upon the blast,
Or better like the gracious rain
Dropping on some thirsty plain.

And is not this to be a king,
To carry in my heart a spring
Of ceaseless pleasures, deep and pure,
Wealth cannot buy, nor power procure?
Yea,—by the poet's artless art,
And the sweet searchings of his heart,
By his unknown unheeded bliss,
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Place me on some desert shore
Foot of man ne'er wander'd o'er;
Lock me in a lonely cell
Beneath some prison citadel;
Still, here or there, within I find
My quiet kingdom of the Mind:
Nay,—mid the tempest fierce and dark,
Float me on peril's frailest bark,
My quenchless soul could sit and think
And smile at danger's dizziest brink:
And wherefore?—GOD, my GOD, is still
King of kings in good and ill,
And where He dwelleth — everywhere —
Safety supreme and peace are there;
And where He reigneth — all around —
Wisdom, and love, and power are found,
And reconciled to Him and bliss,
“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Thus for my days; each waking hour
Grand with majesty and power,
Every minute rich in treasure,
Gems of peace and pearls of pleasure.
And for my nights — those wondrous nights!
How manifold my Mind's delights,
When the young truant, gladly caught
In its own labyrinths of thought,

Finds there another realm to range,
The dynasties of Chance and Change.
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams?
Their name, their very essence, seems
A tender light, not dark nor clear,
A sad sweet mystery wild and dear,
A dull soft feeling unexplain'd,
A lie half true, a truth half feign'd;
O dreams,—what know I not of dreams?
When Reason, with inebriate gleams,
Looses from his wise control
The prancing Fancies of the soul,
And sober Judgment, slumbering still,
Sets free Caprice to guide the Will.
Within one night have I not spent
Years of adventurous banishment,
Strangely groping like the blind
In the dark caverns of my mind?
Have I not dwelt, from eve till morn,
Lifetimes in length for praise or scorn,
With fancied joys, ideal woes,
And all sensation's warmest glows,
Wondrously thus expanding Life
Through seeming scenes of peace or strife,
Until I verily reign sublime,
A great creative king of Time?
And there are people, things, and places,
Usual themes, familiar faces,
A second life, that looks as real
As this dull world's own unideal,
Another life of dreams by night,
That, still forgotten, wanes in light,
Yet seems itself to wake and sleep,
And in that sleep dreams doubly deep,
While those same dreams may dream anon,
Tangled mazes wandering on!

Yes, I have often, weak and worn,
Feebly waked at earliest morn,
As a shipwreck'd sailor, tost
By the wild waves on some rough coast,
Of perils past remembering nought
But some dim cataracts of thought,
And only roused betimes to know
That yesterday seems years ago!
And I can apprehend full well
What old Pythagoras could tell
Of other scenes, and other climes,
And other Selves in other times;
For, oft my consciousness has reel'd
With scores of "Richmonds in the field,"
As, multi-form, with no surprise,
I see myself in other guise,
And wonderless walk side by side
With mine own soul, self-multiplied!
If it be royal then to reign
Over an infinite domain,
If it be more than monarch can
To lengthen out the life of man,
Yea, if a godlike thing it be
To revel in ubiquity,
Is there but empty boast in this,
"My mind to me a kingdom is?"

—Peace, rash fool; be proud no more,
Count thy faults and follies o'er,
Turn aside, and note within
Thy secret charnel-house of Sin,
Thy bitter heart, thy covetous mind,
Evil thoughts, and words unkind:
Can so foul and mean a thing
Reign a spiritual King?

Art thou not—yea thou, myself,
In hope a slave to pride and pelf?
Art thou not,—yea thou, my mind,
Weak and naked, poor and blind?
Yea, be humble; yea, be still;
Meekly bow that rebel Will;
Seek not selfishly for praise;
Go more softly all thy days;
For to thee belongs no power,
Wretched insect of an hour,—
And if GOD, in bounteous dole,
Hath grafted life upon thy soul,
Know thou, there is out of Him
Nor light in mind, nor might in limb;
And, but for One, who from the grave
Of sin and death stood forth to save,
Thy mind, that royal mind of thine,
So great, ambitious, and divine,
Would but a root of anguish be,
A madness and a misery,
A bitter fear, a hideous care
All too terrible to bear,
Kingly,—but king of pains and woes,
The sceptred slave to throbs and throes!

Justly then, my God, to Thee,
My royal soul shall bend the knee,
My royal soul, Thy glorious breath,
By Thee set free from guilt and death,
Before Thy majesty bows down,
Offering the homage of her crown,
Well pleased to sing in better bliss,
“My GOD to me a kingdom is.”

Tarring Church.

1844.

MOTHER,—beneath fair Tarring's heavenward spire,
 Where in old years thy youthful vows were paid,
 When GOD had granted thee thy heart's desire,
 And she went forth a wife, who came a maid,
 With mindful steps thus wisely have we stray'd,
 Full of deep thoughts: for where that sacred fire
 Of Love was kindled, in the self-same spot,
 Thou, and the dear companion of thy lot,
 Thy helpmate all those years, mine honour'd sire,
 To-day have found fulfill'd before your eyes
 The promise of old time;—look round and see
 Your children's children! lo, these babes arise,
 And call you blessed: Blessed both be ye!
 And in your blessing bless ye these, and me.

 The same.

June 29, 1848.

FOR memories, and prayer, and pious thought
 Of days departed, and the dear ones dead,
 Tarring, once more thy sacred walls I sought:
 So, to some native spot, some genial bed,
 The botanist goes forth to seek and find
 His curious fern or lichen; so, my mind
 In melancholy pleasure wisely taught
 Culls here its rarest weed: with tender care
 Gather it up and store it. Years ago
 From this old choir a young and loving pair
 Went out just wedded; and the glittering show
 Of pleasure, wealth, and promise glad and gay,
 Pass'd through these portals;—GOD was with you there,
 My Father and my Mother!—these were They.

The same Place and Day.

MOTHER! this day, one little year ago,
 Thy spirit pass'd from pain to peacefulness;
 Look down then in thy love, and smile upon
 My duteous pilgrimage; look down and bless
 In thine own tender love of old, thy son.

For in this spot, where on thy bridal-dress
 The villagers threw flowers, now my heart,
 To honour thee, where'er in bliss thou art,
 Pours forth its deep libation. Many years
 Have sped away, and thou, the blushing bride,
 After long sojourn down this vale of tears
 With *him* thy lover ever at thy side,
 Didst reap the promise of that word to thee
 Fulfill'd,—“Thy children's children thou shalt see.”

Sonnet, on a Birth.

At length, a dreary length of many years,
 God's favour hath shone forth! and blest thee well,
 O handmaid of the Lord, for all thy tears,
 For all thy prayers, and hope, and faith—and fears,
 With that best treasure of consummate joy
 A childless wife alone can fully tell
 How sorely long withheld—her first-born boy:
 This blessing is from heav'n; to heav'n once more,
 Another Hannah with her Samuel,
 Render thou back the talent yielding ten,
 A spirit, train'd right early to adore,
 A heart, to yearn upon its fellow-men,
 A being, meant and made for endless heaven,
 This, give to GOD: this, GOD to thee hath given.

Duty.

PEARLS before swine: this is an old complaint;
 In very humbleness, and not in pride
 The spirit feels it true; yet makes a feint
 To rest with man's neglect well satisfied,
 And have its wealth of words, its stores of thought,
 Despised or unregarded: woe betide
 The heart that lives on praise! considering nought
 Of Duty's royal edicts, that command
 Thy talents to be lent, thy lamp to shine:
 Soul, be not faint; nor, body, stay thy hand;
 Heed only this,—not whether those be swine,
 But whether these be pearls, precious and pure;
 That so, whatever fate the world make thine,
 With God for Judge, thy guerdon be secure.



Counsel.

FOR MUSIC.

THERE is a time for praising,
 And a better time for pray'r,—
 The heart its anthem raising,
 Or uttering its care:
 One minute is for smiling,
 Another for the tear,—
 Hope, by turns, beguiling,
 Or her haggard brother, Fear.

But, if in joy thou praisest
The generous Hand that gave,—
And if in woe thou raisest
The pray'r that He may save;
Thy griefs shall seem all pleasure
As the chidings of a Friend,
And thy joy's ecstatic measure
A beginning without end!

Home.

FOR MUSIC.

I NEVER left the place that knew me,
And may never know me more,
Where the cords of kindness drew me,
And have gladden'd me of yore,
But my secret soul has smarted
With a feeling full of gloom
For the days that are departed
And the place I call'd my Home.

I am not of those who wander
Unaffection'd here and there,
But my heart must still be fonder
Of my sites of joy or care;
And I point sad memory's finger
(Though my faithless foot may roam)
Where I've most been made to linger
In the place I call'd my Home.

Byegones.

FOR MUSIC.

"LET byegones be byegones,"—they foolishly say,
And bid me be wise and forget them;
But old recollections are active to-day,
And I can do nought but regret them:
Though the present be pleasant, all joyous and gay,
And promising well for the morrow,
I love to look back on the years past away,
Embalming my byegones in sorrow.

If the morning of life has a mantle of grey,
Its noon will be blyther and brighter;
If March has its storm, there is sunshine in May,
And light out of darkness is lighter:
Thus the present is pleasant, a cheerful to-day,
With a wiser, a soberer gladness,
Because it is tinged with the mellowing ray
Of a yesterday's sunset of sadness.

Rule, Britannia!

A STIRRING SONG FOR PATRIOTS, IN THE YEAR 1860.

To the tune of "Wha wouldna fight for Charlie?"

RISE! ye gallant youth of Britain,
Gather to your country's call,
On your hearts her name is written,
Rise to help her, one and all!

Cast away each feud and faction,
Brood not over wrong nor ill,—
Rouse your virtues into action,
For we love our country still,—
Hail, Britannia! hail, Britannia!
Raise that thrilling shout once more,
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia,
Conqueror over sea and shore!

France is coming, full of bluster,
Hot to wipe away her stain,
Therefore, brothers, here we muster
Just to give it her again!
And if foeman, blind with fury,
Dare to cross our ocean-gulf,
Wait not then for judge nor jury,—
Shoot them as you would a wolf!
For Britannia, just Britannia,
Claims our chorus as before,
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia,
Conqueror over sea and shore.

They may writhe, for we have gall'd them
With our guns in every clime,—
They may hate us, for we called them
Serfs and subjects in old time!
Boasting Gaul, we calmly scorn you
As old Æsop's bull the frogs,
Come and welcome! for, we warn you,
We shall fling you to our dogs!
For Britannia, our Britannia,
Thunders with a lion's roar,
Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!
Conqueror over sea and shore.

See, uprear'd our holy standard!
 Crowd around it, gallant hearts!
 What? should Britain's fame be slander'd
 As by fault on *our* parts?
 Let the rabid Frenchman threaten,
 Let the mad invader come,
 We will hunt them out of Britain,
 Or can die for hearth and home!
 For Britannia, dear Britannia
 Wakes our chorus evermore,
 Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!
 Conqueror over sea and shore.

Rise then, patriots! name endearing,
 Flock from Scotland's moors and dales,
 From the green glad fields of Erin,
 From the mountain homes of Wales,—
 RISE! for sister England calls you,
 RISE! our commonweal to serve,
 RISE! while now the song enthralls you,
 Thrilling every vein and nerve,
 Hail, Britannia! hail, Britannia!
 Conquer, as thou didst of yore!
 Rule, Britannia! Rule, Britannia!
 Over every sea and shore.



The Emigrant Ship.

FOR MUSIC.

FAR away, far away,
The emigrant ship must sail to-day:
Cruel ship,—to look so gay
Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad, and sore, sad and sore,
Many a fond heart bleeds at the core:
Cruel dread,—to meet no more,
Bitter sorrow, sad and sore.

Many years, many years,
At best will they battle with perils and fears:
Cruel pilot,—for he steers
The exiles away for many years.

Long ago, long ago!
For the days that are gone their tears shall flow:
Cruel hour,—to tear them so
From all they cherish'd long ago.

Fare ye well, fare ye well!
To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell:
Cruel tale it were to tell
How the exile sighs farewell.

Far away, far away!
Is there indeed no hope to-day?
Cruel and false it were to say
There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away!
Every night and every day
Kind and wise it were to pray,
God be with them far away!

The Assurance of Warre.

I HAVE achieved a tower of fame
More durable than gold,
And loftier than the royal frame
Of Pyramids of old,—
Which none inclemencies of clime,
Nor fiercest winds that blow,
Nor endless change, nor lapse of time,
Shall ever overthrow!

I cannot perish utterly:
The brighter part of me
Must live—and live—and never die,
But baffle Death's decree!
For I shall always grow, and spread
My new-blown honours still,
Long as the priest and vestal tread
The Capitolian hill.

I shall be sung, where thy rough waves,
My native river, foam,—
And where old Daunus scantily laves
And rules his rustic home;
As chief and first I shall be sung,
Though lowly, great in might
To tune my country's heart and tongue,
And tune them both aright.
13

Thou then, my soul, assume thy state,
 And take thine honours due;
 Be proud, as thy deserts are great,—
 To thine own praise be true!
 Thou too, celestial Muse, come down,
 And with kind haste prepare
 The laurel for a Delphic crown
 To weave thy Poet's hair.

HOR. *Od.* XXX. lib. iii.

The Assurance of Ovid.

Now have I done my work!—which not Jove's ire
 Can make undone, nor sword, nor time, nor fire.
 Whene'er that day, whose only powers extend
 Against this body, my brief life shall end,
 Still in my better portion evermore
 Above the stars undying shall I soar!
 My name shall never die: but through all time,
 Wherever Rome shall reach a conquer'd clime,
 There, in that people's tongue, shall this my page
 Be read and glorified from age to age;—
 Yea, if the bodings of my spirit give
 True note of inspiration, I shall live!

OVID. *Met. sub finem.*

Post-Letters.

LOTTERY tickets every day,—
 And ever drawn a blank:
 Yet none the less we pant and pray
 For prizes in that bank:

Morn by morn, and week by week,
They cheat us, or amuse,
Whilst on we fondly hope, and seek
Some stirring daily news.

The heedless postman on his path
Is scattering joys and woes;
He bears the seeds of life and death,
And drops them as he goes!
I never note him trudging near
Upon his common track,
But all my heart is hope, or fear,
With visions bright, or black!

I hope — what hope I not? — vague things
Of wondrous possible good;
I dread — as vague imaginings,
A very viper's brood:
Fame's sunshine, fortune's golden dew
May now be hovering o'er, —
Or the pale shadow of ill news
Be cowering at my door!

O Mystery, master-key to life,
Thou spring of every hour,
I love to wrestle in thy strife,
And tempt thy perilous power;
I love to know that none can know
What this day may bring forth,
What bliss for me, for me what woe
Is travailing in birth!

See, on my neighbour's threshold stands
Yon careless common man,
Bearing, perchance, in those coarse hands
— My Being's alter'd plan!

My germs of pleasure, or of pain,
Of trouble, or of peace,
May there lie thick as drops of rain
Distill'd from Gideon's fleece!

Who knoweth? may not loves be dead,—
Or those we loved laid low,—
Who knoweth? may not wealth be fled,
And all the world my foe?
Or who can tell if Fortune's hour
(Which once on all doth shine)
Be not within this morning's dower,
A prosperous morn of mine?

Ah, cold Reality!—in spite
Of hopes, and endless chance,
That bitter postman, ruthless wight,
Has cheated poor Romance:
No letters! O the dreary phrase:
Another day forlorn:—
And thus I wend upon my ways
To watch another morn.

Cease, babbler!—let those doubtings cease:
What? should a son of heaven
With the pure manna of his Peace
Mix up this faithless leaven?
Not so!—for in the hands of God,
And in none earthly will,
Abides alike my staff, and rod,
My good, and seeming ill.

Advice.

MAKE haste, make haste, my prudent little friends!

You lag behind the world, both blind and halt,—

For your own credit leave off finding fault,

And wisely bustle up to make amends:

Look you! time was, when even such small salt
As your encouragement and speaking fair

Would have been prized and grateful; savouring well
The taste of bitterness, the touch of care

The proud young spirit felt, but scorn'd to tell,

When, keenly sensitive of man's despite,

While conscious that from kinder Heav'n above

A gift had been vouchsafed of purest light,

That spirit coveted your looks of love,

And yearn'd around, and ye refused his Right.

Thanks.

YET were there other some, the generous few

Kindly prophetic, helping with their praise

Balmy and precious as the morning dew

Or early sunshine in those anxious days:

All thanks, all thanks!—I now can shine on you;

And love you for the love that linger'd not

Till honour and success hath wreath'd my pen,

Till GOD had seal'd to me a blessed lot,—

That pleasant heritage, the hearts of men.

All thanks, ye noble souls! Behold, the rill

Your dewy praise did graciously distil

Soon gather'd to a stream, and swelling then

Grew to a river, and that river wide

Far out to sea now rolls its ceaseless tide.

Society.

ALAS, we do but act; we are not free:
 The presence of another is a chain
 My trammell'd spirit strives to break, in vain:
 How strangely different myself from me!
 Thoughtful in solitude, serenely blest,
 Crown'd and enthroned in mental majesty,
 Equal to all things great, and daring all,
 I muse of mysteries, and am at rest:
 But in the midst, some dull intruded guest
 Topples me from my heights, holding in thrall
 With his hard eye the traitor in my breast,
 That before humbler intellects is cow'd,
 Silently shrinking from the common crowd,
 And only with the highest self-possess.



The Real, and the Ideal.

MATTER, unlit by love, unlink'd to Mind,
 Never hath reached the poet's inner heart:
 Tho' the strong magic of his plastic art
 With Prospero's own power avails to bind
 Caliban's husk to play its coarser part
 Of dutiful captivity to Thought,—
 Yet, to seek sympathy, and seeking find
 Where'er in human or divine he ought,
 Herein is found his joy! Think it not strange
 If Nature's most sublime or beauteous form,
 Some pastoral vale, or snowy mountain range,
 Or cataract, or lake, or tropic storm,
 Rouse not the soul, like actions great or kind;
 Those charm mine eyes,—but these my spirit warm.

Original Prologue,

TO ANONYMOUS POEMS.

MY heart presents her gift: in turn, of thee
 I ask a little time, an idle hour,
 Kindly to spend with these my thoughts and me,
 Wooing the fragrance of the Muses' bower:
 Not without crest or coat, yet nameless now,
 As one to earn his spurs, and prove his power,
 A candidate unknown, with vizor'd brow,
 Bearing no charge upon mine argent shield,
 Full of young hopes, I dare the tented field!
 —Not so: this is no time for measuring swords;
 Thou art no craven, though thy spirit yield,
 For yonder are fair looks, and friendly words:
 Choose a more peaceful image:—here reveal'd,
 Taste a small sample of my humble hoards.

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Epilogue.

ARE there no sympathies, no loves between us?  
 Is my hope vain?—I have not vexed thee long,  
 Nor lent thee thoughts from God and good that wean us;  
 Nor given thee words that warp from right to wrong:  
 And if, at times, my too triumphant song  
 Hath seem'd self-praise,—doth it indeed demean us,  
 That when a man feels hotly at his heart  
 The quick spontaneous fire of thoughts and words,  
 He will not play the hypocrite's ill part,  
 Flinging aside the meed his mind affords?  
 No! with all gratitude and humbleness  
 I claim mine own; nor can affect to scorn  
 A gift, of my Creator's goodness born,  
 His grace to give, my glory to possess.

## Hactenus, etc.

PUBLISHED IN 1848.

## The New Year.

THE old man he is dead, young heir,  
And gone to his long account;  
Come, stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair,  
And into his saddle mount!

The old man's face was a face to be fear'd,  
But thine both loving and gay;  
O who would not choose for that stern white beard,  
A bright young cheek alway?

The old man he had outlived them all,  
His friends, he said, were gone;  
But hundreds are wassailing now in the hall,  
And true friends every one!

The old man moan'd both sore and long  
Of pleasures past, he said;  
But pleasures to come are the young heir's song,  
The living, not the dead!

The old man babbled of old regrets,  
Alack! how much he owed:  
But the young heir has not a feather of debts  
His heart withal to load!

The old man used to shudder, and seem  
Remembering secret sin;  
But the happy young heir is as if in a dream,  
Paradise all within!

Alas! for the old man,—where is he now?  
And fear for thyself, young heir;  
For he was innocent once as thou,  
As ruddy and blythe and fair:

Reap wisdom from his furrow'd face,  
Cull counsel from his fear;  
O speed thee, young heir, in gifts and in grace,  
And blessings on thee,—New Year!

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All's for the best!

ALL's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,  
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,  
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,  
Courage for ever is happy and wise:  
All for the best,—if a man would but know it  
Providence wishes us all to be blest,  
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,  
Heaven is gracious, and — All's for the best!

All for the best! set this on your standard,  
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,  
Who to the shores of Despair may have wander'd,  
A waywearied swallow, or heartstricken dove:

All for the best!—be a man but confiding,  
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,  
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding  
 Wisely and warily all for the best.

All for the best! then fling away terrors,  
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,  
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors  
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man:  
 All's for the best!—unbiass'd, unbounded,  
 Providence reigns from the East to the West;  
 And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,  
 Hope and be happy that All's for the best!



### The Riddle read.

WORLD of sorrow, care, and change,  
 Even to myself I seem,  
 As adown thy vale I range,  
 Wandering in a dream:  
 All things are so strange.

For, the dead who died this day,  
 Fair and young, or great and good,  
 Though we mourn them, where are they?  
 —With those before the flood;  
 Equally past away!

Living hearts have scanty time  
 To feel some other heart most dear,  
 Scarce can love the love sublime  
 Unselfishly sincere,—  
 Death nips it in its prime!

Minds have hardly power to learn  
How much there is to know aright,  
Can dimly through the mist discern  
Some little glimpse of light,—  
The order is, Return!

Willing hands but just begin  
Wisely to work for GOD and man,  
And some poor wages barely win  
As one who well began,—  
The Master calls, Come in!

Well,—this is well: for well begun  
Is all the good man here may do;  
He cannot hope to see half done;  
A furlong is crept through,  
And lo, the goal is won!

This is the life of sight and sense,  
And other brighter lives depend  
On all we here can just commence;  
But long before an end  
GOD calls his servant hence.

Take courage, courage: not in vain  
The Ruler hath appointed thus;  
Account it neither grief nor pain  
His mercy spareth us —  
It is the labourer's gain.

Here we begin to love and know;  
And when GOD's willing grace perceives  
The plant of Heav'n hath roots to grow,  
He plucks the ranker leaves,  
And doth transplant it so!

## Old Haunts.

FOR MUSIC.

I LOVE to linger on my track  
 Wherever I have dwelt and parted,  
 In after years to loiter back,  
 And feel as once I felt,—young-hearted!  
 My foot falls lightly on the sward,  
 Yet leaves a deathless dint behind it,  
 With tenderness I still regard  
 Its unforgotten print, to find it!  
  
 Old places have a charm for me  
 The new can ne'er possess, for ever,  
 Old faces—how I long to see  
 Those looks that here can bless me never!  
 Yet, these are gone:—while all around  
 Is changing with each changing hour,  
 I'll anchor on the solid ground  
 And root my memories there in power!

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 The Battle of Rokeia.

A MILITARY BALLAD.

YE children of the veterans  
 Who fought for faithless Spain,  
 And for ungrateful Portugal  
 Pour'd out their blood like rain,—  
 Come near me, and hear me,  
 For I would tell you well  
 How gallantly your fathers fought,  
 Or gloriously they fell!



I sing Roleia's bloody strife,  
The first of many frays,  
When iron Wellesley led us on  
Invincible always;  
Roleia gay and evergreen,  
Festoon'd with vines and flowers,  
Roleia, scorch'd and blood-bedew'd,—  
And half that blood was ours!

The seventeenth of August  
It shone out bright and clear,  
And still we press'd the Frenchman's flank,  
And hung upon his rear;  
From Brilos and Obidos  
Had we driven the bold Laborde,  
And now among the mountain rocks  
We sought him with the sword!

All golden is the plain with wheat,  
All purple are the hills  
With luscious vineyards ripe and sweet,  
And laced with crystal rills;  
Yet must the rills run down with gore,  
The corn be trampled red,  
Before Roleia's threshing-floor  
Is glutted with her dead!

O cheerily the bugles spoke,  
And all our hearts beat high  
When over Monte Junto broke  
The sun upon the sky;  
Right early from Obidos  
We gladly sallied then  
A goodly host, in columns three,  
Of fourteen thousand men.

Brave Ferguson led on the left,  
And Trant the flanking right,  
With iron Arthur in the midst,  
The focus of the fight;  
And fast by Wellesley's gallant side  
The Craufurd rode amain,  
And Hill, the British soldier's pride,  
And Nightingale, and Fane.

Crouching like a tiger,  
In his high and rocky lair,  
The Frenchman howl'd and show'd his teeth,  
And—wish'd he was n't there;  
For Craufurd, Hill, and Nightingale  
Flew at him as he lay,  
And up our gallant fellows sprang  
As bloodhounds on the prey.

And look! we hunt the bold Laborde  
To Zambugeira's height,—  
While Trant with Fane and Ferguson  
Outflank him left and right;  
And then with cheers we charge the front,  
With cheers the foe reply,—  
No child's play was that battle brunt,  
We swore to win or die!

Rattled loud the musket's roar,—  
We struggled man to man,—  
The rugged rocks were wash'd in gore,  
With gore the gullies ran!  
Fiercely through those mountain paths  
Our bloody way we force,—  
And find in strength upon the heights  
The Frenchman, foot and horse:

Ah, then, my Ninth, and Twenty-ninth,  
Your courage was too hot,  
For down on your disorder'd ranks  
Secure they pour the shot;  
But all their horse and foot and guns  
Could never make you fly,—  
The losing Frenchman fights and runs,  
But Britons fight—and die!

Up to the rescue, Ferguson!  
And keep the hard-fought hill;  
Their chiefs are pick'd off, one by one,  
And lo, they rally still;  
They rally, and rush stoutly on,—  
The bold Laborde gives way,—  
The day is lost! the day is won!  
And ours is the day!

Then well retreating sage and slow  
Alternately in mass  
With charging horse, the wily foe  
Gains Runa's rocky pass;  
And left us thus Roleia's field,  
With other fields in store,  
Vimiera, Torres Vedras,  
And half a hundred more!

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### Retrospect.

How many years are fled,—  
How many friends are dead:  
Alas, how fast  
The past hath past,—  
How speedily life hath sped!

Places, that knew me of yore,  
Know me for theirs no more;  
And sore at the change  
Quite strange I range  
Where I was at home before.

Thoughts and things each day  
Seem to be fading away;  
Yet this is, I wot,  
Their lot to be not  
Continuing in one stay. tay.

A mingled mesh it seems  
Of facts and fancy's gleams;  
I scarce have power  
From hour to hour  
To separate things from dreams.

Darkly, as in a glass,  
Like a vain shadow they pass;  
Their ways they wend  
And tend to an end,  
The goal of life, alas!

Alas? and wherefore so,—  
Be glad for this passing show;  
The world and its lust  
Back must to their dust  
Before the soul can grow.

Expand, my willing mind,  
Thy nobler life to find,  
Thy childhood leave  
Nor grieve to bereave  
Thine age of toys behind.

### Peace and Quietness.

PEACE is the precious atmosphere I breathe;  
And my calm mind goes to her dewy bower,  
A trellis rare of fragrant thoughts to wreath,  
Mingling the scents and tints of every flower:  
For pity, vex her not; those inner joys  
That bless her in this consecrated hour,  
Start and away, like plovers, at a noise,  
Sensitive, timorous:—O do not scare  
My happy fancies, lest the flock take wing,  
Fly to the wilderness and perish there!  
For I have secret luxuries, that bring  
Gladness and brightness to mine eyes and heart,  
Memory, and Hope, and keen Imagining,  
Sweet thoughts and peaceful, never to depart.

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THEN give me Silence; for my spirit is rare,  
Of delicate edge and tender: when I think,  
I rear aloft a mental fabric fair;  
But soon as words come hurtling on the air,  
Down to this dust my ruined fancies sink:  
Look you! on yonder Alp's precipitous brink  
An avalanche is tottering;—one breath  
Loosens an icy chain;—it falls,—it falls,  
Filling the buried glens and glades with death!  
Or as, when on the mountain's granite walls  
The hunter spies a chamois,—hush! be calm,  
A word will scare it,—even so, my Mind  
Creative, energizing, seeks the balm  
Of Quiet: Solitude and Peace combined.

### The Early Gallop.

*(Written in the saddle, on the crown of my hat.)*

At five on a dewy morning,  
Before the blazing day,  
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse  
Over the hills away,—  
To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse  
And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,  
Ha! man, if you can, match bliss like this  
In all the joys of towns!

With glad and grateful tongue to join  
The lark at his matin hymn,  
And thence on faith's own wing to spring  
And sing with cherubim!  
To pray from a deep and tender heart,  
With all things praying anew,  
The birds and the bees, and the whispering trees,  
And heather bedropt with dew,—  
To be one with those early worshippers  
And pour the carol too!

Then, off again with a slacken'd rein,  
And a bounding heart within,  
To dash at a gallop over the plain,  
Health's golden cup to win!  
This, this is the race for gain and grace  
Richer than vases and crowns;  
And you that boast your pleasures the most  
Amid the steam of towns,  
Come, taste true bliss in a morning like this,  
Galloping over the Downs!



## Ascot:

JUNE 3, 1847—WHEN HERO WON.

MODERN Olympia! shorn of all their pride—  
 The patriot spirit, and unlured praise—  
 Thou art a type of these degenerate days,  
 When love of simple honour all hath died;  
 Oh dusty, gay, and eager multitude,  
 Agape for gold—No! do not thus condemn;  
 For hundreds here are innocent and good,  
 And young, and fair, among—but not of—them;  
 And hundreds more enjoy with gratitude  
 This well-earn'd holiday, so bright and green:  
 Do not condemn! it is a stirring scene,  
 Though vanity and folly fill it up; .  
 Look how the mettled racers please the Queen!  
 Ha! brave John Day—a Hero wins the cup!

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 Life.

A BUSY dream, forgotten ere it fades,
 A vapour, melting into air away,
 Vain hopes, vain fears, a mesh of lights and shades,
 A chequer'd labyrinth of night and day,
 This is our life; a rapid surgy flood
 Where each wave hunts its fellow; on they press;
 To-day is yesterday, and hope's young bud
 Has fruited a to-morrow's nothingness:
 Still on they press, and we are borne along,
 Forgetting and forgotten, trampling down
 The living and the dead in that fierce throng,
 With little heed of Heaven's smile or frown,
 And little care for others' right or wrong,
 So we in iron selfishness stand strong.

Waterloo.

A BALLAD FOR THE SOLDIER.

THERMOPYLAE and Cannæ
Were glorious fields of yore,
Leonidas and Hannibal
Right famous evermore;
But we can claim a nobler name,
A field more glorious too,
The chief who thus achieved for us
Victorious Waterloo.

Let others boast of Cæsar's host
Led on by Cæsar's skill,
And how fierce Attila could rout,
And Alaric could kill,—
But we—right well, O hear me tell
What British troops can do,
When marshall'd by a Wellington
To win a Waterloo!

O for a Pindar's harp to tune
The triumphs of that day!
O for a Homer's pictured words
To paint the fearful fray!—
Alas, my tongue and harp ill-strung
In feeble tones and few,
Hath little skill—yet right good-will
To sing of Waterloo.

Then gather round, my comrades,
And hear a soldier tell
How full of honour was the day
When—every man did well!

And though a soldier's speech be rough,
His heart is hot and true
While thus he tells of Wellington
At hard-fought Waterloo.

Sublimely calm, our iron Duke,
A lion in his lair,
Waited and watch'd with sleepless eye
To see what France would dare,
Nor deign'd to stir from Brussels
Until he surely knew
The foe was rushing on his fate
At chosen Waterloo.

What? should the hunter waste his strength
Nor hold his good hounds back
Before he knows they near the foes
And open on the track?
No: let "surprise" blight Frenchmen's eyes,
For truly they shall rue
The giant skill that, stern and still,
Drew them to Waterloo.

Hotly the couriers gallop up
To Richmond's festive scene,—
Alone, alone the chieftain stood
Undaunted and serene:
Ready, ready,—staunch and steady,—
And forth the orders flew
That march'd us off to Quatre Bras,
And whelming Waterloo.

Begin, begin with Quatre Bras,
That twinborn field of flame,
Where many a gallant deed was done
By many a gallant name;

That battle-field, which seem'd to yield
An earnest and review
Of all that British courage dared
And did at Waterloo.

We heard from far old Blucher's guns,
At Ligny's blazing street,
And hurried on to Weimar's aid,
Right glad the foe to meet;
A score of miles to Quatre Bras;
But still to arms we stood
And cheerly rush'd without a pause
To win the Boissy wood:

Then, just like cowards, three to one,
Before we could deploy,
To crush us, Ney and Excelmans
Flew down with fiendish joy;
But stout we stood in hollow squares,
And fought, and kept the ground,
While lancer spears and cuirassiers
Were charging us all round!

Ay, ay, my men, we battled then
Like wolves and bears at bay,
And thousands there among the dead
With sable Brunswick lay:
And back to back in that attack
The ninety-second fought,—
And "steadily" the twenty-eighth
Behaved as Britons ought.

Then up came Maitland with the guards,
Hurrah! they clear the wood;
But still the furious Frenchman charged,
And still we stoutly stood,

Till gentle night drew on, and that
Drew off the treacherous Ney,
For when the morning dimly broke
—The fox had stole away!

Thus much, my lads, for Quatre Bras;
And now for Waterloo,
Where skill and courage did it all,
With GOD's good help in view!
For we were beardless raw recruits,
And they, more numerous far,
Were fierce mustachioed mighty men,
The veterans of war.

The GOD of battles help'd us soon,
As godless France drew nigh,
—It was the great eighteenth of June,
The sun was getting high;—
And suddenly two hundred guns
At once with thundering throats
Peal'd out their dreadful overture
In deep volcano notes.

Then, by ten thousands, horse and foot,
Came on the foaming Gaul,
And still with bristling front we stood
As solid as a wall:
And stout Macdonnell's Hougoumont,
The centre of the van,
Was storm'd and storm'd and storm'd—in vain,
—He held it like a man!

O who can count the myriad deeds
That hundreds did in fight?
Ponsonby falls, and Picton bleeds,
And — both are quench'd in night:

And many a hero subaltern
And hero private too
Beat Ajax and Achilles both
In winning Waterloo!

What shall I say on that dread day
Of Ferrier and his band?
Ten times he chased the foes away,
And charged them sword in hand;
Six of those ten he led his men
With blood upon his brow,—
And in the eleventh dropp'd and died
To live in glory now!

Or, give a stave to Shaw the brave,
—In death the hero sleeps,—
Hemm'd by a score, he knock'd them o'er,
And hew'd them down in heaps;
Till, wearied out, the lion stout
Beset as by a pack
Of hungry hounds, fell full of wounds,
But none upon his back!

And Halkett then before his men
Dash'd forward and made prize
(While both the lines for wonderment
Could scarce believe their eyes)
Of a gaily-plumed French general
Haranguing his array,
But Halkett caught him, speech and all,
And bore him right away!

Thee too, De Lancey, generous chief,
For thee a niche be found,—
Wounded to death, he scorn'd relief
Whilst others bled around:

And D'Oyley and Fitzgerald died,
Just as the day was won,—
And Gordon by his general's side —
The side of Wellington!

And Somerset and Uxbridge then
Gave each a limb to death;
Curzon and Canning cheer'd their men
With their last dying breath;
And gallant Miller stricken sore
With fainting utterance cries,
“Bring me my colours! wave them o'er
Your colonel till he dies!”

Then furious wax'd the Emperor
That Britons wouldn't run,
“Les bêtes, pourquoi ne fuient-ils pas?
Et donc, ce Vellington?”
But Vellington still holds his own
For eight red hours and more,
“Why comes not Marshal Blucher down?
— Ha! — there's his cannon's roar,—

“Up, guards, and at them! charge!”—the word
Like forkèd lightning passes,
And lance, and bayonet, and sword
Rush on in glittering masses!
Back, back, the surging columns roll
In terrified dismay,
And onward shout against the rout
The conquerors of the day!

O now, the tide of battle
Is turn'd to seas of blood,
When case and grape-shot rattle
Among the multitude,

And Fates, led on by Furies,
Destroy the flying host,
And Chaos mated with Despair
Makes all the lost most lost!

Woe, woe! thou caitiff-hero,
Thou Emperor—and slave,
Why didst not thou, too, nobly bleed
With those devoted brave?
No, no,—the coward's thought was self,
And "Suave qui peut" his cry,
And verily at Waterloo
Did great Napoleon die!

He died to fame, while yet his name
Was on ten thousand tongues
That trusted him, and pray'd to him
And—cursed him for their wrongs!
O noble souls! Imperial Guard,
Had *your* chief been but true,
Ye would have stood and stopp'd the rout
At crushing Waterloo!

Still as they fled from Wellington
To Blucher's arms they flew;
These two made up the Quatre Bras
To clutch a Waterloo!
Ha! Blucher's Prussian vengeance
Was fully sated then,
When hated France upon the field
Left forty thousand men.

Thus, comrades, hath a soldier told
What Wellington's calm skill,
When help'd by troops of British mould
And God's almighty will,

Against a veteran triple force
 On battle-field can do:—
 Then, three times three for Wellington,
 The Prince of Waterloo!

"Are you a great Reader?"

I HOPE to ripen into richer wine
 Than mixt Falernian; those decanter'd streams
 Pour'd from another's chalice into thine
 Make less of wisdom than the scholar dreams;
 Precept on precept, tedious line on line,
 That never-thinking, ever-reading plan,
 Fashion some patchwork garments for a man,
 But starve his mind: it starves of too much meat,
 An undigested surfeit; as for me,
 I am untamed, a spirit free and fleet
 That cannot brook the studious yoke, nor be
 Like some dull grazing ox without a soul,
 But feeling racer's shoes upon my feet
 Before my teacher starts, I touch the goal.

The Verdict.

I LEAVE all judgments to that better world
 And my more righteous Judge: for He shall tell
 In the dread day when from their thrones are hurl'd
 Each human tyranny and earthly spell,
 That which alone of all He knoweth well—

The heart's own secret: He shall tell it out
 With all the feelings and the sorrows there,
 The fears within, the foes that hemm'd without,
 Neglect and wrong and calumny and care:
 For He hath saved thine ev'ry tearful pray'r
 In His own lachrymal; and noted down
 Each unconsider'd grief with tenderest love:
 Look up! beyond the cross behold the crown,
 And for all wrongs below all rights above!



Guernsey.

GUERNSEY! to me and in my partial eyes
 Thou art a holy and enchanted isle,
 Where I would linger long, and muse the while
 Of ancient thoughts and solemn memories,
 Quickening the tender tear or pensive smile:
 Guernsey!—for nearly thrice a hundred years
 Home of my fathers! refuge from their fears,
 And haven to their hope,—when long of yore
 Fleeing Imperial Charles and bloody Rome,
 Protestant martyrs, to thy sea-girt shore
 They came to seek a temple and a home,
 And found thee generous,—I their son would pour
 My heartfull all of praise and thanks to thee,
 Island of welcomes,—friendly, frank, and free!

All's Right.

FOR MUSIC.

O NEVER despair at the troubles of life,
All's right!
In the midst of anxiety, peril, and strife,
All's right!
The cheerful philosophy never was wrong
That ever puts this on the tip of my tongue,
And makes it my glory, my strength, and my song,
All's right!

The Pilot beside us is steering us still,
All's right!
The Champion above us is guarding from ill,
All's right!
Let others who know neither Father nor Friend
Go trembling and doubting in fear to the end,—
For me, on this motto I gladly depend,
All's right!



The Complaint of an Ancient Briton,

DISINTERRED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Two thousand years ago
They heap'd my battle-grave,
And each a tear and each a stone
My mourning warriors gave;

For I had borne me well,
And fought as patriots fight,
Till, like a British chief, I fell
Contending for the right.
Seam'd with many a wound,
All weakly did I lie;
My foes were dead or dying round,—
And thus I joy'd to die!
For their marauding crew
Came treacherously to kill,—
The many came against the few
To storm our sacred hill.
We battled, and we bled,
We won, and paid the price,
For I, the chief, lay down with the dead
A willing sacrifice!
My liegemen wail'd me long,
And treasured up my bones,
And rear'd my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones:
High on the breezy down,
My native hill's own breast,
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,
They left me to my rest.
I hoped for peace and calm
Until my judgment hour,
And then to awake for the victor's palm
And patriot's throne of power!
And lo! till this dark day
Did men my grave revere;
Two thousand years had posted away,
And still I slumber'd here:
But now, there broke a noise
Upon my silent home,
'Twas not the Resurrection voice
That burst my turfy tomb,—

But men of prying mind,
Alas, my fellow men,
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,
With sacrilegious ken!
Mine honour doth abjure
Your new barbarian race;
Restore, restore my bones secure
To some more sacred place!
With mattock and with spade
Ye dare to break my rest;
The pious mound is all unmade
My clan had counted blest:
Take, take my buckler's boss,
My sword, and spear, and chain,—
Steal all ye can of this world's dross,
But—rest my bones again!
I know your modern boast
Is light, and learning's spread,—
Learn of a Celt to show them most
In honour to the Dead!

Wisdom.

It is the way we go, the way of life;
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
A grain of peace amid a load of strife,
With toil and grief, and grief and toil again.
Yea:—but for this; the firm and faithful breast,
Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
And dreads no evil while it does no wrong:

This, this is wisdom, manful and serene,
Towards GOD all penitence and prayer and trust,
But to the troubles of this shifting scene
Simply courageous and sublimely just:
Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within,—
There is no foe nor woe nor grief but — Sin.



The Heart's Husband.

FOR MUSIC.

Go, leave me to weep for the years that are past,
For my youth, and its friends, and its pleasures all dead,
My spring and my summer are fading too fast,
And I long to live over the days that are fled;
It is not for sorrows or sins on my track
That I mournfully cast my fond yearnings behind,—
—Ah no,—from affection I love to look back,
It is only my Heart that has wedded my Mind.

And still, let the Mind that has married a Heart,
Though loving, be strong as a King in his pride,
And ever command that all weakness depart
From the realm that he rules in the soul of his bride;
For what, if all time and all pleasures decay?
My Mind is myself, an invincible chief,—
Like a child's broken toys are the years past away,
And my Heart half-ashamed has forgotten her grief.

Prophets.

PROPHETS at home,—I smile to note your wrongs;
 How scantily praised at each ancestral hearth
 Are ye, caress'd by million hearts and tongues,
 And full of honours over half the earth:
 O petty jealousies and paltry strife!
 The little minds that chronicle a birth
 Stood once for teachers in the task of life;
 But, as the child of genius grew apace,
 Dismay'd at his gigantic lineaments,
 They fear'd to find his glory their disgrace,
 His mind their master: so their worldly aim
 Is still to vex him with discouragements,
 To check the spring-tide budding of his fame,
 And keep it down, to save themselves a name.

Wheat-corn and Chaff.

My little learning fadeth fast away,
 And all the host of words and forms and rules
 Bred in my teeming youth of books and schools
 Dwindle to less and lighter; night and day
 I dream of tasks undone, and lore forgot,
 Seeming some sailor in the "ship of fools,"
 Some debtor owing what he cannot pay,
 Some conner of old themes remember'd not:
 Despise such small oblivion; 'tis the lot
 Of human life, amid its chance and change,
 To learn, and then unlearn; to seek and find
 And then to lose familiars grown quite strange:
 Store up, store wisdom's corn in heart and mind,
 But fling the chaff on every winnowing wind.

The true Epicure.

How saidst thou?—Pleasure: why, my life is pleasure;
 My days are pleasantness, my nights are peace:
 I drink of joys which neither cloy nor cease,
 A well that gushes blessings without measure.
 Ah, thou hast little heed how rich and glad,
 How happy is my soul in her full treasure,
 How seldom but for honest pity sad,
 How constantly at calm!—my very cares
 Are sweetness in my cup, as being sent;
 And country quiet, and retired leisure
 Keep me from half the common fears and snares;
 And I have learnt the wisdom of content:
 Yea, and to crown the cup of peace with praise
 Both God and man have blest my works and ways.



The Wappy Man.

A MAN of no regrets
 He goes his sunny way,
 Owing the past no load of debts
 The present cannot pay:
 He wedded his first love
 Nor loved another since;
 He sets his nobler hopes above;
 He reigns in joy a Prince!

A man of no regrets,
 He hath no cares to vex,
 No secret griefs, nor mental nets
 Nor troubles to perplex:

Forgiveness to his sin,
And help in every need,
Blessings around, and peace within,
Crown him a King indeed!

A man of no regrets,
Upon his Empire free
The sun of gladness never sets,—
Then who so rich as he?
Yea, God upon my heart
Hath pour'd all blessings down:
Then yield to Him, with all thou art,
The homage of thy crown!

~~~~~

### Heraldic.

HIGH in Battle's antler'd hall,  
Ancient as its Abbey wall,  
Hangs a helmet, brown with rust,  
Cobweb'd o'er, and thick in dust;  
High it hangs, 'mid pikes and bows,  
Scowling still at spectral foes,  
Proud and stern, with visor down,  
And fearful in its feudal frown.

When I saw, what ail'd thee, heart,  
Wherefore should I stop, and start?—  
That old helm, with that old crest,  
Is more to me than all the rest;  
Batter'd, broken, though it be,  
That old helm is all to me.

Yon black greyhound know I well :  
 Many a tale hath it to tell  
 How in troublous times of old  
 Sires of mine, with bearing bold,  
 Bearing bold, but much mischance,  
 Sway'd the sword, or poised the lance,—  
 Much mischance, desponding still,  
 They fought and fell, foreboding ill :  
 And their scallop, gules with blood,  
 Fess'd amid the azure flood,  
 Show'd the pilgrim, slain afar  
 Over the sea in Holy War ;  
 While that faithful greyhound black  
 Vainly watch'd the wild boar's track,  
 And the legend and the name  
 Proved all lost but hope and fame,—  
*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur,*  
 Mais "*L'Espoir est ma force*" sans peur.

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### Chrenos.

VANITY, vanity ! dead hopes and fears,  
 Dim flitting phantoms of departed years,  
 Unsatisfying shadows, vague and cold,  
 Of thoughts and things that made my joys of old,  
 Sad memories of the kindly words and ways  
 And looks and loves of friends in other days,—  
 Alas ! all gone,—a dream, a very dream,  
 A dream is all you are, and all you seem !

O life, I do forget thee : I look back,  
 And lo, the desert wind has swept my track :  
 I stand upon this bare and solid ground,  
 And, strangely waken'd, wonder all around ;



How came I here? and whence? and whither tend?  
Speak, friend!—if death and time have spared a friend:  
Behold, the place that knew me well of yore  
Knoweth me not; and that familiar floor  
Where all my kith and kin were wont to meet  
Is now grown strange, and throng'd by other feet.  
O soul, my soul, consider thou that spot,  
Root there thy gratitude, and leave it not;  
Still let remembrance, with a swimming eye,  
Live in those rooms, nor pass them coldly by;  
Still let affection cling to those old days,  
And, yearning fondly, paint them bright with praise:  
O once my home—with all thy blessings fled,  
O forms and faces—gather'd to the dead,  
O scenes of joy and sorrow—faded fast!  
—How hollow sound thy footsteps, ghostlike PAST!  
An aching emptiness is all thou art,  
A famine hid within the cavern'd heart.

Thou changeless ONE,—how blest to have no change,—  
Only with Thee, my GOD, I feel not strange:  
Thou art the same for ever and for aye,—  
To-morrow and to-day as yesterday,  
Thou art the same,—a tranquil Present still;  
There I can hide, and bless Thy sovereign will:  
Yea, bless Thee, O my Father, that Thy love  
Call'd in an instant to the bliss above  
From ills to come and grief and care and fear  
Thy type to me, most honour'd and most dear!  
O true and tender spirit, pure and good,  
So vext on earth and little understood,  
Thy gentle nature was not fit for strife,  
But quail'd to meet the waking woes of life;  
And therefore GOD Our Father kindly made  
Thy sleep a death, lest thou shouldst feel afraid!

## The Dead.

## A DIRGE.

I LOVE the dead!  
The precious spirits gone before,  
And waiting on that peaceful shore  
To meet with welcome looks  
and kiss me yet once more.

I love the dead!  
And fondly doth my fancy paint  
Each dear one, wash'd from earthly taint,  
By patience and by hope  
made a most gentle saint.

O glorious dead!  
Without one spot upon the dress  
Of your ethereal loveliness,  
Ye linger round me still  
with earnest will to bless.

Enfranchised dead!  
Each fault and failing left behind,  
And nothing now to chill or bind,  
How gloriously ye reign  
in majesty of mind!

O royal dead!  
The resting, free, unfetter'd dead,  
The yearning, conscious, holy dead,  
The hoping, waiting, calm,  
the happy changeless dead!

I love the dead!  
And well forget their little-ill,  
Eager to bask my memory still  
In all their best of words  
and deeds and ways and will.

I bless the dead!  
Their good, half choked by this world's weeds,  
Is blooming now in heavenly meads,  
And ripening golden fruit  
of all those early seeds.

I trust the dead!  
They understand me frankly now,  
There are no clouds on heart or brow,  
But spirit, reading spirit,  
answereth glow for glow.

I praise the dead!  
All their tears are wiped away,  
Their darkness turn'd to perfect day,—  
How blessed are the dead,  
how beautiful be they!

O gracious dead!  
That watch me from your paradise  
With happy tender starlike eyes,  
Let your sweet influence rain  
me blessings from the skies.

Yet, helpless dead,  
Vainly my yearning nature dares  
Such unpremeditated prayers;—  
All vain it were for them;  
as even for me theirs.

Immortal dead!  
Ye in your lot are fix'd as fate  
And man or angel is too late  
To beckon back by prayer  
                    one change upon your state.

O, godlike dead,  
Ye that do rest, like Noah's dove,  
Fearless I leave you to the love  
Of Him who gave you peace,  
                    to bear with you above!

And ye, the dead,  
Godless on earth, and gone astray,  
Alas, your hour is past away,—  
The Judge is just; for you  
                    it now were sin to pray.

Still, all ye dead,  
First may be last and last be first,—  
Charity counteth no man curst,  
But hopeth still in Him  
                    whose love would save the worst.

Therefore, ye dead,  
I love you, be ye good or ill,  
For God, our God, doth love me still,  
And you He loved on earth  
                    with love that nought could chill.

And some, just dead,  
To me on earth most deeply dear,  
Who loved and nursed and blest me here,  
I love you with a love  
                    that casteth out all fear:

Come near me, Dead!  
In spirit come to me, and kiss,—  
No!—I must wait awhile for this:  
A few, few years or days,  
And I too feed on bliss!

---

The Thanks of Parliament to Wellington  
and his Army.

OUTSPAKE a nation's voice,  
Concentred in her king,  
While cannons roar, and hearts rejoice,  
And all the steeples ring:

Outspake old England then  
By prelates and by peers:  
By all her best and wisest men,  
Her sages and her seers—

Old England and her pair  
Of sisters, north and west,  
The comely graces, fresh and fair,  
Who charm the world to rest.

All honour to the brave!  
The living and the dead,  
Who only fought to bless and save,  
And crush the hydra's head:

All honour and all thanks  
To every mother's son,  
Saxon, or Celt, or Gael, or Manx,  
Who fought with Wellington!

For heroes were they all,  
To conquer or to die,  
By Ahmednuggra's bastion'd wall,  
Or desperate Assye:

And, heroes still, they strive  
Against the dangerous Dane,  
When France stirr'd up the northern hive,  
To sting us on the main:

All heroes, heroes still,  
For Lusitania's right;  
By red Roleia's hard-fought hill,  
And Vimiera's fight:

And stout the heroes stood  
On Talavera's day;  
And wrote their conquering names in blood,  
At Salamanca's fray:

Still heroes, on they went  
O'er Cuidad's gory fosse,  
And stern Sebastian's battlement,  
And thundering Badajos:

And, heroes ever, taught  
Old Soult to fly and yield,  
Shouting "Victory" as they fought  
On red Vittoria's field;

And, heroes ay, they flew  
To Orthez, conquering yet;  
Until, at whelming Waterloo,  
The Frenchman's sun had set!

Then, thanks! thou glorious chief,  
And thanks! ye gallant band,  
Who, under GOD, to man's relief  
Stretch'd out the saving hand:



All Britain thanks you well,  
By peasant, peer, and king;  
To all who fought for us, or fell,  
Immortal honours bring!

Peal fast the merry chime,  
And bid the cannon roar  
In praise of heroes, whom all time  
Shall cherish evermore!

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To Laura.

(FROM PETRARCH.)

MY Laura, my love, I behold in thine eyes  
Twin day-stars that Mercy has given,  
To teach me on earth to be happy and wise  
And guide me triumphant to heaven!

Their lessons of love through a lifetime have taught  
My bosom thy pureness and sweetness;  
They have roused me to virtue, exalted my thought,  
And made my celestial meetness.

They have shed on my heart a delightful repose;  
All else it hath barr'd from its portal;  
So deeply the stream of my happiness flows,  
I know that my soul is immortal.

## To America.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain,—noblest child!

I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,  
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled

To love the mother of so blest a birth:  
For we are one, Columbia! still the same  
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,  
The natural nobility of earth:

Yes, we are one; the glorious days of yore  
When dear old England earn'd her storied name,

Are thine as well as ours for evermore;

And thou hast rights in Milton, ev'n as we,  
Thou too canst claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood-notes  
wild,"—

And chiefest, brother, we are both made free  
Of one Religion, pure and undefiled!

## II.

I BLAME thee not, as other some have blamed,—

The highborn heir had grown to man's estate;  
I mock thee not as some who should be shamed,  
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;

Far otherwise, by generous love inflamed,  
Patriot I praise my country's foreign Son,  
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great

That diadems thy head!—go on, go on,  
Young Hereules, thus travelling in night,  
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,

Thou new Themistocles for enterprise  
Go on and prosper, Acolyte of fate!

And, precious child, dear Ephraim, turn those eyes,—  
For thee thy Mother's yearning heart doth wait.

## III.

LET aged Britain claim the classic Past,  
A shining track of bright and mighty deeds,  
For thee I prophesy the Future vast  
Whereof the Present sows its giant seeds :  
Corruption and decay come thick and fast  
O'er poor old England; yet a few dark years,  
And we must die as nations died of yore !  
But, in the millions of thy teeming shore —  
Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers —  
We live again, Columbia! yea, once more  
Unto a thousand generations live,  
The mother in the child; to all the West  
Through Thee shall We earth's choicest blessings give,  
Even as our Orient world in Us is blest.

## IV.

THOU noble scion of an ancient root,  
Born of the forest-king! spread forth, spread forth,—  
High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,  
Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth :  
From sea to sea, from South to icy North,  
It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,  
To stretch thy sinewy boughs : Go,—wondrous child !  
The glories of thy destiny fulfil;—  
Remember then thy mother in her age,  
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild,  
Stand thou with us when all the nations rage  
So furiously together!—we are one :  
And, through all time, the calm historic page  
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son !

## Pain.

DELAY not, sinner, till the hour of pain  
 To seek repentance: pain is absolute,  
 Exacting all the body and the brain,  
 Humanity's stern king from head to foot:  
 How canst thou pray, while fever'd arrows shoot  
 Through this torn targe,—while every bone doth ache,  
 And the scared mind raves up and down her cell  
 Restless, and begging rest for mercy's sake?  
 Add not to death the bitter fears of hell;  
 Take pity on thy future self, poor man,  
 While yet in strength thy timely wisdom can,—  
 Wrestle to-day with sin; and spare that strife  
 Of meeting all its terrors in the van,  
 Just at the ebbing agony of life.

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 The Toothache.

A RAGING throbbing tooth,—it burns, it burns!  
 Darting its fiery fibres to the brain,  
 A stalk of fever on a root of pain,  
 A red-hot coal, a dull sore cork by turns,  
 A poison, kindred to the viper's fang,  
 Galling and fretting: ha! it stings again,  
 Riving the sensitive nerve with keenest pang.  
 Well; from this bitter let me cull the sweet,  
 For Goodness never did afflict in vain,  
 But wills that Pain should sit at Wisdom's feet:  
 Serve GOD in pleasant health; repent, and pray,  
 While the frail body rests at grateful ease;  
 And, sympathise with sickness and decay,  
 Charitable to Man: remember these.

*No Surrender!*

FOR MUSIC.

EVER constant, ever true,  
Let the word be, No surrender:  
Boldly dare and greatly do!  
This shall bring us bravely through,  
No surrender, No surrender!  
And though Fortune's smiles be few,  
Hope is always springing new,  
Still inspiring me and you  
With a magic — No surrender!

Nail the colours to the mast,  
Shouting gladly, No surrender!  
Troubles near are all but past —  
Serve them as you did the last,  
No surrender, No surrender!  
Though the skies be overcast  
And upon the sleety blast  
Disappointments gather fast,  
Beat them off with No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,  
Mind, the word is No surrender;  
Battle, though it be uphill,  
Stagger not at seeming ill,  
No surrender, No surrender!  
Hope,—and thus your hope fulfil,—  
There's a way where there's a will,  
And the way all cares to kill  
Is to give them — No surrender!

*Never mind!*

SOUL, be strong, whate'er betide,  
GOD himself is guard and guide,—  
With my Father at my side,  
Never mind!

Clouds and darkness hover near,  
Men's hearts failing them for fear,  
But be thou of right good cheer,  
Never mind!

Come what may, some work is done,  
Praise the Father through the Son,  
Goals are gain'd and prizes won,  
Never mind!

And if now the skies look black,  
All the past behind my back  
Is a bright and blessed track;  
Never mind!

Stand in patient courage still,  
Working out thy Master's will,  
Compass good, and conquer ill;  
Never mind!

Fight, for all their bullying boast,  
Dark temptation's evil host,  
This is thy predestined post;  
Never mind!

Be then tranquil as a dove;  
Through these thunder-clouds above  
Shines afar the heaven of love;  
Never mind!



### The Cromlech du Tus, Guernsey.

HOARY relic, stern and old,—  
Heaving huge above the mould  
Like some mammoth, lull'd to sleep  
By the magic-murmuring deep  
Till those grey gigantic bones  
Gorgon-time hath frown'd to stones,—  
Who shall tell thine awful tale,  
Massy Cromlech, at "The Vale?"

Ruthless altar, hungry tomb!  
Superstition's throne of gloom,  
Where in black sepulchral state  
High the hooded Spectre sate  
Terrible and throng'd by fears  
Brooding for a thousand years  
As a thunder-cloud above  
All that wretched men may love,—  
Is there no grim witness near  
That shall whisper words of fear,  
Every brother's heart to thrill,  
Every brother's blood to chill,  
While thy records are reveal'd  
And thy mysteries unseal'd?—

Lift, with Titan toil and pain,  
Lift the lid by might and main,—  
Lift the lid and look within  
On — this charnel-house of Sin!  
O twin brethren, how and when  
Dwelt ye in this rocky den?  
Rise, dread martyrs! for your bones  
Chronicle these Cromlech-stones;

Rise, ye grisly, ghastly pair,  
—Skeletons! how came ye there—  
Kneeling starkly side by side  
More like life than those who died?  
More like life?—O what a spell  
Of horror cowers in that cell!  
More like life!—Alive they went  
Into that stone tenement,  
Bound as in religious ease  
Meekly kneeling on their knees,  
And the cruel thongs confined  
All but the distracted mind  
That with terror raved to see  
Woe! how slow such death would be:  
Woe! how slow and full of dread:  
Pining, dying, but not dead,—  
Pining, dying in the tomb,  
Drown'd in gulfs of starving gloom,  
With corruption, hideous fear,  
Creeping noiselessly more near,  
While the victims slowly died  
Link'd together side by side  
Till in manacled mad strife  
Both had struggled out of life!  
Yea: some idol claim'd the price  
Of this living sacrifice;  
Some grim demon's dark high priest  
Bound these slaves for Odin's feast,  
Offering up with rites of hell  
Human pangs to Thor or Bel!—

Christians, ponder on these bones;  
Kneel around the Cromlech-stones:  
Kneel and thank our GOD above  
That His name, His heart is Love:

That His thirst is—not for blood  
 But, for joy and gratitude;  
 That He bids no soul be sad  
 But is glad to make *us* glad;  
 That He loves not man's despair,  
 But delights to bless his prayer!

~~~~~

My Children. 1845.

My little ones, my darling ones, my precious things of earth,
 How gladly do I triumph in the blessing of your birth;
 How heartily for praises, and how earnestly for prayers,
 I yearn upon your loveliness, my dear delightful cares!

O children, happy word of peace, my jewels and my gold,
 My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends when old,
 I will be everything to you, your playmate and your guide,
 Both Mentor and Telemachus for ever at your side!

I will be everything to you, your sympathising friend,
 To teach and help and lead and bless and comfort and defend;
 O come to me and tell me all, and ye shall find me true,
 A brother in adversity to fight it out for you!

Yea, sins or follies, griefs or cares, or young affection's thrall,
 Fear not, for I am one with you, and I have felt them all;
 I will be tender, just, and kind, unwilling to reprove,
 I will do all to bless you all by wisdom and by love.

My little ones, delighted I review you as ye stand
 A pretty troop of fairies and young cherubs hand in hand,
 And tell out all your names to be a dear familiar sound
 Wherever English hearths and hearts about the world abound.

My eldest, of the speaking eyes, my Ellin, nine years old,
Thou thoughtful good example of the loving little fold,
My Ellin, they shall hear of thee, fair spirit, holy child,
The truthful and the well-resolved, the liberal and the mild.

And thee, my Mary, what of thee?—the beauty of thy face?
The coyly-pretty whims and ways that ray thee round with grace?
—O more than these; a dear warm heart that still must thrill
and glow

With pure affection's sunshine, and with feeling's overflow!

Thou too, my gentle five-year old, fair Margaret the pearl,
A quiet sick and suffering child, sweet patient little girl,—
Yet gay withal and frolicsome at times wilt thou appear,
And like a bell thy merry voice rings musical and clear.

And next my Selwyn, precious boy, a glorious young mind,
The sensitive, the passionate, the noble, and the kind,
Whose light-brown locks bedropt with gold, and large eyes full
of love,

And generous nature mingle well the lion and the dove.

The last, an infant toothless one, now prattling on my knee,
Whose bland benevolent soft face is shining upon me;
Another silver star upon our calm domestic sky,
Another seed of happy hope, dropt kindly from on high.

A happy man,—be this my praise,—not riches, rank, or fame,
A happy man, with means enough,—no other lot or name;
A happy man, with you for friends, my children and my wife,
—Ambition is o'ervaulted here in all that gladdens life!

A Debt of Love. 1838.

THOU, more than all endeared to this glad heart
By gentle smiles, and patience under pain,
I bless my GOD, and thee, for all thou art,
My crowning joy, my richest earthly gain!
To thee is due this tributary strain
For all the well-observed kind offices
That spring spontaneous from a heart, imbued
With the sweet wish of living but to please;
Due for thy liberal hand, thy frugal mind,
Thy pitying eye, thy voice for ever kind,
For tenderness, truth, confidence,—all these:
My heaven-blest vine, that hast thy tendrils twined
Round one who loves and won thee, not unsued,
Accept thy best reward,—thy husband's gratitude.

To little Ellen. 1837.

MY precious babe, my guileless little girl,—
The soft sweet beauty of thy cherub face
Is smiling on me, radiant as a pearl
With young intelligence and infant grace:
And must the wintry breath of life efface
Thy purity, fair snow-drop of the spring?
Must evil taint thee,—must the world enthrall
Thine innocent mind, poor harmless little thing?
Ah, yes, thou too must taste the cup of woe,
Thy heart must learn to grieve, as others do,
Thy soul must feel life's many-pointed sting:
But fear not, darling child, for well I know
Whatever cares may meet thee, ills befall,
Thy GOD,—thy father's GOD,—shall lead thee safe through all

On the Birth of little Mary. 1838.

Lo, Thou hast crown'd me with another blessing,
 Into my lot hast dropt one mercy more;—
 All good, all kind, all wise in Thee possessing,
 My cup, O bounteous Giver, runneth o'er,
 And still Thy princely hand doth without ceasing pour!
 For the sweet fruit of undecaying love
 Clusters in beauty round my cottage door,
 And this new little one, like Noah's dove,
 Comes to mine ark with peace, and plenty for my store.
 O happy home, O light and cheerful hearth!
 Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
 On these fair faces we have lit with life,
 And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
 Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth.

~~~~~  
Margaret. 1840.

A SONG of gratitude and cheerful prayer  
 Still shall go forth my pretty babes to greet,  
 As on life's firmament, serenely fair,  
 Their little stars arise, with aspects sweet  
 Of mild successive radiance; that small pair,  
 Ellin and Mary, having gone before  
 In this affection's welcome, the dear debt  
 Here shall be paid to gentle Margaret:  
 Be thou indeed a Pearl,—in pureness, more  
 Than beauty, praise, or price; full be thy cup,  
 Mantling with grace, and truth with mercy met,  
 With warm and generous charities flowing o'er;  
 And when the Great King makes His jewels up,  
 Shine forth, child-angel, in His coronet!



## On little Selwyn. 1842.

NOT slender is the triumph and the joy,  
To know and feel that, for his father's sake,  
The world will look with favour on my boy;  
—On thee, my pretty little prattling son,—  
On thee!—and that it shall be thine to take  
(With whatsoever else of this world's spoil)  
For heritage the honours I have won.  
Speed on, my second self, speed nobly on!  
Forget, in good men's praise, the strife and toil  
Which Folly's herd shall still around thee make  
If thou dost well; speed on in gifts and grace,  
Beloved of GOD and man, even as now;  
Speed,—and in both worlds win the glorious race,  
Bearing thy father's blessing on thy brow!



## On little William. 1844.

Look on this babe; and let thy pride take heed,  
Thy pride of manhood, intellect, or fame,  
That thou despise him not: for he indeed,  
And such as he, in spirit and heart the same,  
Are GOD's own children in that kingdom bright  
Where purity is praise,—and where before  
The FATHER's throne, triumphant evermore,  
The ministering angels, sons of light,  
Stand unreprieved; because they offer there,  
Mix'd with the Mediator's hallowing prayer,  
The innocence of babes in Christ like this:  
O guardian Spirit, be my child thy care,  
Lead him to GOD, obedience and bliss,  
To GOD, O fostering cherub, thine and his!

## Henry de B. T. 1847.

HAIL then a sixth! my doubly triple joy,  
 Another blessing in a third-born boy,  
 Another soul by generous favour sent  
 To teach and train for heaven through content,  
 Another second-self with hopes like mine  
 In better worlds beyond the stars to shine,  
 Another little hostage from above  
 The pledge and promise of Our Father's love!  
 GOD guard the babe: and cherish the young child;  
 And bless the boy with nurture wise and mild;  
 And lead the lad; and yearn upon the youth;  
 And make the man a man of trust and truth;  
 Through life and death uphold him all his days,  
 And then translate him to Thyself with praise!

~~~~~

 The Seventh: Walter F. T. 1848.

So, one by one, Thy jewels are made up
 Ev'n to the perfect number, glorious LORD!
 So, one by one, ambrosially pour'd
 These rills of happiness o'erflow my cup.
 Add yet this grace, Contentment with Enough:
 That, resting always on Thy gracious word,
 My band of innocent babes, my beauteous band,
 Through all the maze of life, thorny and rough,
 To Thee in prayer continually given,
 Safely may pass along; and, hand in hand,
 A lustrous company, a blessed seven,
 Pure as the Pleiads, as the Sages wise,
 With hearts commingled like the rainbow dyes,
 May shine together, heirs of earth and heaven!

Errata.

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

O FRIENDS and brothers, judge me not unheard;
 Make not a man offender for a word:
 For often have I noted seeming fault
 That harm'd my rhymes, and made my reasons halt,
 Whilst all that error was some printer's sloth,
 Who scorning rhyme and reason slew them both:
 Be ye then liberal to your far-off friend,
 Where garbled, guess him; and where maim'd, amend;
 Trust him for wit, when types have marr'd the word,
 And wisdom too, where only blockheads err'd.

Venus.

A Reply to Longfellow's Poem on Mars, in "Voices of the Night."

THOU lover of the blaze of Mars,
 Come out with me to-night,
 For I have found among the stars
 A name of nobler light.

Thy boast is of the unconquer'd Mind,
 The strong, the stern, the still;
 Mine of the happier Heart, resign'd
 To Wisdom's holy will.

They call my star by beauty's name,
 The gentle Queen of Love;
 And look! how fair its tender flame
 Is flickering above:

O star of peace, O torch of hope,
I hail thy precious ray
A diamond on the ebon cope
To shine the dark away.

Within my heart there is no light
But cometh from above,
I give the first watch of the night
To the sweet planet, Love :

The star of Charity and Truth,
Of cheerful thoughts and sage,
The lamp to guide my steps in Youth
And gladden mine old age !

O brother, yield : thy fiery Mars
For all his mailèd might
Is not so strong among the stars
As mine, the Queen of night :

A Queen to shine all nights away,
And make the morn more clear,
Contentment gilding every day,—
—There is no twilight here !

Yes ; in a trial world like this
Where all that comes—is sent,
Learn how divine a thing it is
To smile and be content !

"The warm young Heart."

FOR MUSIC.

A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace
 Were a pleasant sight to see,
 And gold, and gems, and diadems,
 Right excellent they be:
 But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
 Are things of a worldly mart,
 The wealth that I prize, above ingots or eyes,
 Is a heart,—a warm young heart!

O face most fair, shall thy beauty compare
 With affection's glowing light?
 O riches and pride, how pale ye beside
 Love's wealth, serene and bright!
 I spurn thee away, as a cold thing of clay,
 Though gilded and carved thou art,
 For all that I prize, in its smiles and its sighs,
 Is a heart—a warm young heart!

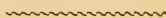
~~~~~  
 Tu Cidli, asleep.

(From Klopstock.)

SHE slumbers.—O blessed sleep, rain from thy wings  
 Thy life-giving balm on her delicate frame;  
 And send thou from Eden's ambrosial springs  
 A few flashing drops of their crystallous flame,—

Then spread them, soft painter, upon her white cheek  
 Where sickness hath eaten the roses away;  
 Love's gentle refresher, Care's comforter meek,  
 Thou moon of sweet blessings, pour down the kind ray —

To smile on my Cidli: she slumbers: be still,  
 Hush'd be thy soft-flowing notes, O my lyre,  
 Thy laurels mine anger shall scathe and shall kill,  
 If idly thou waken my sleeping desire.



### Alfred.

*Born at Wantage, in Berkshire, Oct. 25, 849.*

COME, every true-born Englishman! come Anglo-Saxons all!  
 I wake a tune to-day to take and hold your hearts in thrall;  
 I sing The King, the Saxon king, the glorious and the great,  
 The root and spring of everything we love in Church and State.

'Tis just a thousand years to-day,— Oh! years are swift and brief,—  
 Since erst uprose in majesty the day-star of our Chief,  
 Since Wantage bred a wondrous child, whom God hath made the  
 Cause

Of half the best we boast in British liberties and laws.

Last-born of royal Ethelwolf, he left his island home,  
 Ulysses-like, to study men and marvels in old Rome;  
 And, thence in wrath returning, overthrew the pirate Dane,  
 And, young as Pitt, at twenty-two, began a Hero's reign.

Oh! Guthran swore, and Hubba smote, and sturdy Hinguar storm'd,  
 And still like locusts o'er the land the red marauders swarm'd;  
 But ALFRED was a David, to scatter every foe,—  
 The shepherd, psalmist, warrior, king, unblamed in weal and woe.



Ay, hiding with the herdsman, or harping in the camp,  
Or earnestly redeeming time beneath the midnight lamp,  
Or ruling on his quiet throne, or fighting in the fen,  
Our Alfred was indeed an Agamemnon, king of Men!

Unshrinking champion of the Right, in patriot strength he stood,—  
Declare it, threescore fields of fight! and mark it down in blood:  
Unflinching chief, unerring judge, he stoutly held the helm,—  
Tell out those thirty years of praise, all Albion's happy realm!

A Solomon for wisdom's choice,—that he loved learning well  
Let Oxford chimes with grateful voice from all their turrets tell;  
A Numa, and Justinian too, let every parish sound  
His birthday on the merry bells through all the country round!

A Nestor, while in years a youth, he taught as Plato taught,  
A Constantine, a Washington, he fought as Scipio fought,  
A Wellington,—his laurel'd sword with Peace was glory-gilt,  
And Nelson's earliest wooden walls of Alfred's oaks were built!

O gallant Britons, bless the GOD who gave you such a prince,  
His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since,  
The fountain of your liberties, your honours and your health,  
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

And now, arouse thee, Royal Ghost! in majesty look round;  
On every shore, in every clime, thy conquering sons are found;  
By kingdoms and dominions, by continents and isles,  
The Anglo-Saxon realm is *fifty hundred thousand miles!*

Ay, smile on us, and bless us in thy loftiness of love,—  
The name of Anglo-Saxon is all other names above,  
By peoples and by nations, by tribe and sept and clan,  
*Two hundred millions* claim it in the family of Man!

They claim it, and they claim thee too, their father and their king!  
O mighty Shade! behold the crowds who claim thy sheltering wing:  
Thou hast o'ershadow'd, like an Alp, the half of this broad earth  
And where thy shadow falls is Light, and Anglo-Saxon worth!

The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,  
The stalwarth love of freedom, with Religion well allied,  
The trust in God for ever, and the hope in Man for time,  
These characters they learnt of thee, and stand like thee sublime.

Where'er thy gracious children come, a blessing there they bring,  
The sweet securities of Home around that place they fling,  
Warm Comfort, and pure Charity, and Duty's bright blue eye,  
And Enterprize, and Industry, are stars upon that sky!

Stout Husbandry amid those fields with soft Contentment meets,  
And honest Commerce, early up, is stirring in those streets;  
And all the glories of the sword, and honours of the pen,  
Make us the Wonder of the world, the Cynosure of men!

And, hark! upon my harp and tongue a sweeter note of praise,  
How should a Saxon leave unsung what best he loves always?  
O dearer, deeper, nobler songs to thrill the heart and mind,—  
The crown of womanhood belongs to *English womankind*!

Young maiden, modest as the morn, yet glowing like the noon,  
True wife, in placid tenderness a lustrous silver moon,  
Dear mother, loving unto death and better loved than life,  
Where can the wide world match me such a mother, maid, or wife?

Fair Athelswytha, Alfred's own, is still your spirits' queen,  
The faithful, the courageous, the tender, the serene,  
The pious heroine of home, the solace, friend, and nurse,  
The height of self-forgetfulness, the climax of all verse!

And now, Great Alfred's countrymen and countrywomen all,—  
 Victoria! Albert! graciously regard your minstrel's call!  
 Up, royal, gentle, simple folk! up first, ye men of Berks!  
 And give a nation's monument to Alfred's mighty works!

In Anglo-Saxon majesty, simplicity and strength,  
 O children, build your Father's tomb, for very shame at length:  
 The birthday of your king has dawn'd a thousand times this day,  
 It must not die before you set your seal to what I say!

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### The Day of a Thousand Years!

849. OCTOBER 25, 1849.

TO-DAY is the day of a thousand years!  
 Bless it, O brothers, with heart-thrilling cheers!  
 Alfred for ever!—to-day was He born,  
 Day-star of England to herald her morn,  
 That, everywhere breaking and brightening soon,  
 Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon,  
 And fills us with blessings in Church and in State  
 Children of Alfred, the Good and the Great!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
 The Day of a thousand years!

Anglo-Saxons! in love are we met,  
 To honour a name we can never forget!  
 Father, and Founder, and King of a race  
 That reigns and rejoices in every place,—  
 Root of a tree that o'ershadows the earth,  
 First of a Family blest from his birth,

Blest in this stem of their strength and their state,  
 Alfred the Wise, and the Good, and the Great!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
 The Day of a thousand years!

Children of Alfred, from every clime,  
 Your glory shall live to the death-day of Time!  
 And then in bliss shall ever expand  
 O'er measureless realms of the Heavenly Land!  
 For you, like him, serve GOD and your Race,  
 And gratefully look on the birthday of Grace.—  
 Then honour to Alfred! with heart-stirring cheers!  
 To-day is the day of a thousand years!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
 The Day of a thousand years!

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### The Alfred Medals.

#### I. (OVERSE.)

IN simple majesty serenely mild,  
 By pain well chasten'd, and made wise through grief,  
 Calm like a king, while gentle like a child,  
 Yet firm as may become the nation's chief,  
 Alfred! I stand in thought before thee now,  
 And to thy throne in duteous homage bow,  
 After a thousand years! My soul is glad,  
 Thus to have roused to thankful thoughts of thee,  
 From this dull mist of modern base and bad,  
 The world of Englishmen; that haply we,  
 United now again, as once thy will  
 Determined, and still mindful of thy worth,  
 O Paragon of goodness, force, and skill!  
 Like thee, may be a blessing upon earth.

## II. (REVERSE 1.)

THY children, King of Men! thy faithful ones,  
The boldly cheerful, true in head and heart,  
Salute thy crown with reverence as thy sons,  
And joy to see thee honour'd as thou art,  
By millions everywhere: behold, O King!  
These, whom old England's laws, old England's tongue  
And all the good that of thy sowing sprung  
Have nourish'd up like thee in everything,  
Claim thee for Father; yea, yon untold host,  
Ever the first to conquer and control,  
Ambassadors of truth to every coast,  
And mercy's messengers from pole to pole,  
Thee, mighty King, their bright example boast,  
And date their glories from thy Saxon soul.

## III. (REVERSE 2.)

THEN, Brothers, be at peace and love each other,  
Let us contend for mastery no more,—  
Britain! Columbia! let the name of brother  
Echo with tenderness from shore to shore:  
We dare not hope that alien wars are o'er;  
We fear there yet must rage the strife of tongues;  
The races and religions of mankind,  
Mixing tumultuously their rights and wrongs,  
Yet with the flesh will battle out the mind:  
But us, one speech unites; to us, one birth,  
One altar, and one home, one Past belongs:  
One glorious Present over all the earth;  
One Future! hark, the strain prophetic swelling,—  
Brothers in unity together dwelling!

### Socrates to Lysias.

No! Lysias!—all that honied eloquence  
 May not be buttress to my righteous cause;  
 The majesty of Truth and Innocence  
 Deigns not to hoodwink nor to cheat the laws:  
 What, if my foe's benighted moral sense  
 Will not, or cannot, see my holy ends?  
 To lure the youth of Athens to all good,—  
 To knit mankind in one, a world of friends,—  
 To win their worship from mere stone and wood,  
 And preach the Unknown God!—O God of all,  
 Thy will be done! let falsehood work my fall,  
 Martyr for truth I rise! and dwell at ease;  
 The only Advocate on whom I call  
 Is GOD Himself,—to plead for Socrates!

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### The Memorial Window

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. AN ILLUSTRATION.

HONOUR and Arms! The seals of Grace  
 upon this oriel glow;  
 Arms, as when brothers may embrace,  
 and not to fight a foe;  
 The arms of peace, heraldic arms,  
 with blazon richly dight,  
 Made gorgeous with chivalric charms,  
 and gilt with glory's light!



Honour and Arms! O brethren dear,  
I see your flashing eyes,  
I feel your true hearts hurrying near  
from all outlandish skies,  
To bask one hour in one dear spot,  
the kernel of your love,  
In poor old England unforgot,  
the blest of GOD above!

Centre of all, Britannia's shield  
in praise unsullied shines,  
Rose, shamrock, thistle, round its field  
a wreath of beauty twines;  
Sweet Erin's harp of melody,  
with Scotia's canton fair,  
And thine own royal lions three  
majestic roaming there.

Next, to thy right, a mighty son,  
a stalwarth giant grown,  
A wanton and a truant one,  
and yet a child to own!  
The sturdy stripes,—the glittering stars,  
long may they blaze above,  
Not on the bloody helm of Mars,  
but in the crown of love!

Nearer thy heart another stands,  
a twin, but one in two,  
And bringing homage with both hands  
from one wide heart most true;  
Stern Caledonia's thistly praise  
reveals her hardy child,  
Where Canada's mild beaver strays  
to stock the western wild.

Shining above, in orient light  
the morning sun upsoars,—  
Hindūstan's elephantine might  
is shadow'd on those shores;  
Their luscious fruits of tropic toil  
the sea-girt Indies breed,  
And forth from Afric's southern soil  
springs Anglo-Saxon seed.

Beneath our Britain's blazon fair  
Australia's emu stands,  
And kangaroos are skipping there  
on rich unpeopled lands;  
New Zealand's war-boat paddles fast;  
and Borneo's royal ship  
Makes many a pirate scuffling past  
beware "the Badger's" grip!

Old Egbert's cross in golden light  
is shining over all,  
And, on its right, no viper's bite  
harms Malta's holy Paul;  
While huge Gibraltar's rock outstands,  
for bristling cannon cleft,  
Like Hercules with Samson's hands  
to pillar up the left.

Below, with praise each lesser star  
in mingled lustre smiles,  
The storm-swept Falklands seen afar  
and soft Ionian Isles,  
With soft Sierra's libell'd beach,  
and Mandarin'd Hong Kong,  
And all who speak in English speech,  
or sing an English song.

O heralds! when and where before  
were Earth's true honours seen,  
In brightness and in beauty more  
than on this Gothic screen?  
Where Britain, like a mother hen,  
is gathering to her wings  
The world of Anglo-Saxon men,  
creation's priests and kings!

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### A Call to poor Sempstresses.

DAUGHTERS of poverty, jaded and ill,  
So vainly prolonging the strife,  
How scarce for to-day, the day's task to fulfil,  
And, as for to-morrow, despondingly still  
In dread of the battle of life,—

Toiling in pain for a pittance of bread,  
Or starving, with nothing to do,  
Friendless, and fever'd in heart and in head,  
And longing for rest to lie down with the dead,  
—A word, my poor sisters, with you!

There is a fair land in a sweet southern clime,  
Another young England indeed,  
Which God, in His providence working sublime,  
Has kindly reserved till the fulness of time,  
To succour His children in need;

A happy new home, which He wills you to seek,  
With plenty to have and to spare,  
And hope in your bosom, and health on your cheek,  
And human affections all eager to speak  
Of tenderness waiting you there!

The valleys are rich, and the mountains are green,  
And the woods in magnificent state  
To the distant horizon o'ershadow the scene,  
Where never till now Adam's footstep has been,  
And Eve is delaying so late.

Then haste for your happiness,—joyfully haste  
From perils and pains to be free;  
For, Providence calls you to gladden the waste  
And freedom, and plenty, and pleasure to taste  
In homes that are over the sea.

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### A Call to the Rich.

*(In aid of Mr. Sydney Herbert's exertions on behalf of distressed  
Needlewomen.)*

O CHRISTIAN patriots, men of mighty heart!  
One added word to you: the hour is ripe;  
Thousands are thronging eager to depart  
From this fierce rivalry in mammon's mart,  
To happier shores, where penury's hard gripe  
On earth's rich zone is loosen'd: hasten then,  
Pour out your offerings with a liberal hand,  
Earnest in zeal to help your fellow-men,  
And from old England this reproach to wipe,  
That, crowded up in corners of the land,  
Virtuous toil can starve in sorrow's den!  
Up! use your wealth aright; and prove its worth  
By generous aid to yonder homeless band,  
Who look to you to find them homes on earth.

## Our Thanksgiving Hymn.

NOVEMBER 15, 1849.

O FATHER of mercies, O Spirit of love,  
O SON of the Blessed who reignest above,  
Thou Good One, and Great One! in homage to Thee,  
We bring the glad heart, and we bend the true knee.

Thy people would praise Thee, O Thou beyond praise!  
For wondrous in love are Thy works and Thy ways;  
Thy children would pour from the heart and the voice  
Their psalm of thanksgiving in GOD to rejoice!

Because Thou hast heard us! and answer'd the pray'r  
We made in the season of death and despair;  
Because over judgment, and terror, and pain,  
Thy mercy hath triumph'd, and saved us again!

Ah! well we remember how dark and how dread  
The pestilence brooded o'er living and dead;  
And can we forget with what mercy and might  
The prayer which Thou blessest hath scatter'd the blight!

Yet more! for the fulness of plenty and peace  
Hath made us in wealth as in health to increase,  
And so would we thank Thee, because thou hast given  
The fatness of earth, and the favour of heaven!

Then, Father of mercies, accept what we bring,—  
Our incense of praise to the SAVIOUR and King!  
Hosannah!—to Thee let us gratefully live,—  
Hallelujah!—O LORD, when Thou hearest, forgive.

## Acceptable Thanks!

A SEQUEL TO "OUR THANKSGIVING HYMN."

THANKSGIVING! O brothers, how pleasant a thing  
It is the glad anthem to raise  
In deep adoration of Heaven's High King,  
So far above blessing and praise!

Thanksgiving! O children of God in all ranks,  
How then shall we worthily give  
A holy oblation, acceptable thanks,  
To Him in whose favour we live?—

By penitence, patience, contentment, and prayer,  
By peace upon earth and goodwill,  
By speeding the woes of affliction to share,  
And hasting the hungry to fill:

By making, as masters, this Thanksgiving Day  
A holiday, happy and true,  
Not meanly withholding the journeyman's pay,  
But giving it all as his due!

By bringing an Englishman's home to the poor,  
A home of clean comfort, and peace;  
By driving disease and despair from his door,  
And making his hardships to cease:

By Water, and Air,—the free bounties of Heaven;  
By wise recreation and rest;  
By fairly earn'd wages ungrudgingly given  
For Labour,—the honest man's test!



O thus, if the rich for the poor man will move  
 To better his home and his hearth,—  
 O thus, if the poor his rich brother will love,  
 And honour his betters on earth,—

Then GOD will be pleased! and this Thanksgiving Day  
 Will indeed be a Summer of days,  
 For Man will be gladden'd by Man as he may,  
 And GOD by acceptable praise!

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*To a young Poet.*

FROM PETRARCH.

SLOTH and the sensual mind have driven away  
 All virtues from the world: where'er I range,  
 I note on every side an evil change;  
 Our steps are now unlit by heavenly ray:  
 The poet, walking in his crown of bay,  
 Is pointed at—for scorn; the selfish herds  
 Of mammon-worshippers insulting say  
 “What is the worth of all these metred words?  
 Your crowns of bay and myrtle are but leaves:”  
 And so Philosophy goes starved and lone,  
 And Vice is glad, while widow'd Virtue grieves:  
 Still, be not thou dishearten'd, generous one,  
 Follow that path, which enter'd ne'er deceives,  
 But leads if not to Gain, to Glory's throne.

### Confession.

ALAS, how many vain and bitter things  
 My zeal, and pride, and natural haste have wrought;  
 Yea, thou my soul, by word and deed and thought,  
 The curse of selfishness hath scorch'd thy wings:  
 There is a fire within, I feel it now,  
 A smouldering mass of strong imaginings  
 That heat my heart, and burn upon my brow,  
 And vent their hissing lava on my tongue  
 Scathing, unsparing:—yet, my will is just,  
 My wrath is ever quickened by a wrong,  
 I flame—to strike oppressors to the dust,  
 To crush the cruel, and confound the base,  
 To welcome insolence with calm disgust,  
 And brand the scoffer's forehead with disgrace.

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### To the Port of Memory.

NOTHING of thee shall perish, rare old Man!  
 Thou art an heirloom to the world and us;  
 Let even me then bring my homage thus,  
 And greet thee with such greeting as I can:  
 For thou art not thine own; the nations claim  
 Thee for their children's children, veteran,  
 A spirit walking in immortal fame,  
 The friend of Memory: Death is none of thine,  
 Nor Self, the death of soul; thou wilt not spurn  
 An acolyte, whose venturous footsteps turn  
 Out of the track to offer at thy shrine:  
 Because, Italian suns and classic skies  
 Have ripen'd all thy heart blood into wine  
 Excellent, spiritual, pure and wise.

## A Song.

AN Memory! why reproach me so  
 With shadows of the past,  
 The thrilling hopes of long ago  
 That came and went so fast?  
 Ye tender tones of that dear voice,  
 Ye looks of those loved eyes,—  
 Return,—and bid my heart rejoice,  
 For true love never dies!

Rejoice? — O word of hope! I may  
 When those indeed return;  
 For looks and tones so past away  
 In solitude I yearn!  
 Let others fancy I forget  
 The light of those dear eyes,—  
 I love,—O how I love thee yet!  
 For true love never dies.

---

 Cheer up!

FOR MUSIC.

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind!  
 Hope is a better companion than fear,  
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;  
 All will be right,  
 Look to the light,—  
 Morning is ever the daughter of night,  
 All that was black will be all that is bright,  
 Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,  
 Many a sorrow a blessing most true,  
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise  
 With lore ever precious and joys ever new;  
     Stand in the van,  
     Strive like a man!  
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan,  
 Trusting in GOD, while you do what you can,  
     Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

~~~~~  
 "Together."

FOR MUSIC.

THE elm-tree of old felt lonely and cold
 When wintry winds blew high,
 And, looking below, he saw in the snow
 The ivy wandering nigh:
 And he said, Come twine with those tendrils of thine
 My scathed and frozen form,
 For heart and hand together we'll stand
 And mock at the baffled storm,
 Ha, ha! Together.

And so when grief is withering the leaf
 And checking hope's young flower,
 And frosts do bite with their teeth so white
 In disappointment's hour,
 Though it might overwhelm either ivy or elm
 If alone each stood the strife,
 If heart and hand together they stand
 They may laugh at the troubles of life,
 Ha, ha! Together.

Friends.

I CANNOT move a mile upon this earth,
 I could not, did I walk from end to end,
 But there I find a heart of wit and worth,
 Some gracious spirit to be hail'd a friend :
 O there are frequent angels unawares,
 And many have I met upon my way,
 Kind Christian souls, to make me rich with prayers,
 Whilst in like coin their mercies I repay ;
 And oft the sun of praise hath lit mine eyes,
 Generous praise and just encouragement,
 From some who say I help them to be wise,
 And teach them to be happy in content :
 Ah soul, rejoice ! for thou hast thickly sown
 The living world with friendships all thine own.



M. C.

FORGOTTEN ! — not forgotten, kind good man,
 Though seldom fully prized at thy great worth,—
 I will embalm thy memory as I can,
 And send this blessing to the ends of earth !
 For thou wert all things kindly unto all,
 Benevolent and liberal from birth,
 Ever responsive to affection's call
 And full of care for others,—full of care—
 Weary with others' burdens, generous heart,
 And yet thine own too little strong to bear :
 Father ! I owe thee all, and cannot pay
 The happy debt, until I too depart ;
 Then, will I bless and love it all away
 In that bright world, my Father, where thou art !

Horace's Philosophy.

WISELY for us within night's sable veil
 GOD hides the future; and, if man turn pale
 For dread distrusting, laughs their fear to scorn.
 For thee, the present calmly order well:
 All else as on a river's tide is borne,
 Now flowing peaceful to the Tuscan sea
 Down the mid-channel on a gentle swell,
 Now, as the hoarse fierce mandate of the flood
 Stirs up the quiet stream, time-eaten rocks
 Go hurrying down, with houses, herds, and flocks,
 And echoes from the mountain and the wood.
 He stands alone, glad, self-possess'd, and free,
 Who grateful for to-day can say, I live;
 To-morrow let my Father take or give;

As He may will, not I — with dark or light
 Let GOD ordain the morrow, noon or night.
 He, even He, can never render vain
 The past behind me; nor bring back again
 What any transient hour has once made fact.
 Fortune, rejoicing in each cruel act,
 And playing frowardly a saucy game,
 Dispenses changeful and uncertain fame,
 Now kind to me, and now to some beside.
 I praise her here; but if it should betide
 She spreads her wings for flight, I hold no more
 The good she gave, but in mine honest worth
 Clad like a man, go honourably forth
 To seek the undowried portion of the poor.

HORACE, lib. iii. 29.

"The last Time."

ANOTHER year? another year!

Who dare depend on other years?
The judgment of this world is near,
And all its children faint for fears:
Famine, pestilence, and war,
Mixt with praises, prayers, and tears,
Civil strife and social jar,
Spurr'd by pen, and stirr'd by sword,
Herald Him who comes from far
In Elijah's fiery car,
Our own returning LORD!

Look around,—the nations quail!

All the elements of ill
Crowd like locusts on the gale
And the dark horizon fill:
Woe to earth, and all her seed!
Woe they run to ruin still:—
He that runneth well may read
Texts of truth the times afford,
How, in earth's extremest need
Cometh, cometh soon indeed
Our own redeeming LORD!

Lo, the marvels passing strange

Every teeming minute brings;
Daily turns with sudden change
The kaleidoscope of things;
But the Ruler, just and wise,
Orders all, as King of kings,—
Hark! His thunders shake the skies,

Lo! His vials are outpour'd!
Earth in bitter travail lies
And creation groans and cries
For our expected LORD!

Stand in courage, stand in faith!
Tremble not as others may;
He that conquers hell and death
Is the friend of those who pray:
And in this world's destined woe
He will save his own away
From the trial's furnace glow,—
Till the harvest all is stored,
Rescued from each earthly foe,
And the terrible ones below
By our avenging LORD!

Yea, come quickly! SAVIOUR, come!
Take us to thy glorious rest,
All thy children yearn for home,
Home, the heaven of thy breast!
Help, with instant gracious aid!
That in just assurance blest
We may watch,—nor feel afraid,
Every warning in thy word,
Signs and tokens all array'd
In proof of that for which we pray'd,
The coming of the LORD!

Geraldine :

A SEQUEL TO COLERIDGE'S CHRISTABEL.

(Published in 1838.)

PART I.

BEING THE THIRD OF CHRISTABEL.

It is the wolf, on stealthy prowl,
Hath startled the night with a dismal howl;
It is the raven, whose hoarse croak
Comes like a groan from the sear old oak;
It is the owl, whose curdling screech
Hath peopled with terrors the spectral beech!
For again the clock hath toll'd out twelve,
And sent to their gambols the gnome and the elfe,
And awoken the friar his beads to tell,
And taught the magician the time for his spell,
And to her caldron hath hurried the witch,
And aroused the deep bay of the mastiff-bitch.

The gibbous moon, all chilling and wan,
Like a sleepless eyeball looketh on,
Like an eyeball of sorrow behind a shroud
Forth looketh she from a torn grey cloud,
Pouring sad radiance on the black air,—
Sun of the night,—what sees she there?

O lonely one, O lovely one,
What dost thou here in the forest dun,

Fair truant,—like an angel of light
 Hiding from heaven in deep midnight?
 Alas! there is guilt in thy glittering eye
 As fearfully dark it looks up to the sky;
 Alas! a dull unearthly light
 Like a dead star, bluely white,
 A seal of sin, I note it now,
 Flickers upon thy ghastly brow;
 And about the huge old oak
 Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
 And terrible shapes with evil names
 Are leaping around a circle of flames,
 And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,
 And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven,—
 And—art thou not afraid?

All dauntless stands the maid
 In mystical robe array'd,
 And still with flashing eyes
 She dares the sorrowful skies,
 And to the moon, like one possest,
 Hath shown,—O dread! that face so fair
 Should smile above so shrunk a breast,
 Haggard and brown, as hangeth there,—
 O evil sight!—wrinkled and old,
 The dug of a witch, and clammy cold,—
 Where in warm beauty's rarest mould
 Is fashion'd all the rest;
 O evil sight! for, by the light
 From those large eyes streaming bright,
 By thy beauty's wondrous sheen,
 Lofty gait and graceful mien,
 By that bosom half reveal'd,
 Wither'd, and as in death congeal'd,
 By the guilt upon thy brow,
 Ah! Geraldine, 'tis thou!

Muttering wildly through her set teeth,
She seeketh and stirreth the demons beneath,
And — hist! — the magical mandate is spoken,
The bonds of the spirits of evil are broken,
There is a rush of invisible wings
Amid shrieks, and distant thunderings,
And now one nearer than others is heard
Flapping this way, as a huge sea-bird,
Or liker the deep-dwelling ravenous shark
Cleaving thorough the waters dark,—

It is the hour, the spell hath power!
Now haste thee, ere the tempest lour,—

Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin.
And sulphurous flashes blear and singe
That sweetest of eyes with its delicate fringe,
Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,
The eye of a snake blinks deep in her head;
For raven locks flowing loose and long
Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,
And sea-green scales are beginning to speck
Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening neck;
The white round arms are sunk in her sides,—

As when in chrysalis canoe
A may-fly down the river glides,
Struggling for life and liberty too,—
Her body convulsively twists and twirls,
This way and that it bows and curls,
And now her soft limbs melt into one
Strangely and horribly tapering down,
Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen
A serpent-monster, scaly and green,
Horror! — can this be Geraldine?

Haste, O haste,—'tis almost past,
The sand is dripping thick and fast,
And distant roars the coming blast,—

Swiftly the dragon-maid unroll'd
The burnish'd strength of each sinewy fold,
And round the old oak trunk with toil
Hath wound and trailed each tortuous coil,
Then with one crush hath splitten and broke
To the hollow black heart of the sear old oak!

The hour is fled, the spell hath sped;
And heavily dropping down as dead,
All in her own beauty drest,
Brightest, softest, loveliest,
Fair faint Geraldine lies on the ground,
Moaning sadly;
And forth from the oak
In a whirl of thick smoke
Grinning gladly,
Leaps with a hideous howl at a bound
A squat black dwarf of visage grim,
With crutches beside each twisted limb
Half hidden in many a flame-colour'd rag,—
It is Ryxa the Hag!

Ho, ho! what wouldst thou, daughter mine,
Wishes three, or curses nine?
Wishes three to work thy will,
Or curses nine thy hate to fulfil?

Ryxa, spite of thy last strong charm,
Some pure spirit saves from harm
Her, who before me was loved too well,
Our holy hated Christabel;

Her, who stole my heart from *him*
One of the guardian cherubim
Hovers around, and cheers in dreams,
Thwarting from heaven my hell-bought schemes;

Now,—for another five hundred years,

O mother mine, will I be thine,
To writhe in pains, and shriek in fears,
And toil in chains, and waste in tears,
So thy might will scorch and smite

The beautiful face of Christabel,
And will drain by jealous pain

Love from the heart of Christabel,
And her own betrothed knight,
O glad sight! shall scorn and slight

The pale one he hath loved so well,
While in my arms, by stolen charms
And borrow'd mien, for Geraldine

He shall forget his Christabel!

It is done, it is done, thy cause is won!

Quoth Ryxa the Hag to Geraldine;
Thus have I prest my seal on thy breast,
Twelve circling scales from a dragon's crest,
And still thy bosom and half thy side
Must shrivel and shrink at eventide,
And still, as every Sabbath breaks,
Thy large dark eyes must blink as a snake's.
Now, for mine aid;—De Vaux will come
To lead his seeming daughter home,
Therefore I fit thee a shape and a face
Differing, yet of twin-born grace,
That all who see thee may fall down
Heart-worshippers before thy throne,
Forgetting in that vision sweet
Thy former tale of dull deceit,

And, tranced in deep oblivious joy,
Bask in bliss without alloy :
He too, thou lovest, in thine arms
Shall grace the triumph of thy charms,
While the thirst of rage thou satest
In the woes of her thou hatest.
Yet, daughter, hark ! my warning mark !
Hallow'd deed, or word, or thought,
Is with deadliest peril fraught ;
And if, where true lovers meet
Thou hearest hymning wild and sweet,
O stop thine ears, lest all be marr'd,—
Beware, beware of holy bard !
For that the power of hymn and harp
Thine innermost being shall wither and warp,
And the same hour they touch thine ears,
A serpent thou art for a thousand years.

Hush ! how heavily droops the night
In sultry silence, calm as death !
Gloomy and hot, and yet no light,
Save where the glowworm wandereth ;
For the moon hath stolen by,
Mantled in the stormy sky,
And there is a stillness strange,
An awful stillness, boding change,
As if live nature held her breath,
And all in agony listeneth
Some terror undefined to hear,
Coming, coming, coming near ;
Hush'd is the beetle's drowsy hum,
And the death-watch's roll on his warning drum,
Hush'd the raven, and screech owl,
And the famishing wolf on his midnight prowl,—
Silent as death.

—Hark, hark! he is here, he has come from afar,
The black-robed storm in his terrible car;
Vivid the forkèd lightning flashes,
Quick behind the thunder crashes,
Clattering hail, a shingly flood,
Rattles like grapeshot in the wood;
And the whole forest is bent one way,
Bowing as slaves to a tyrant's sway,
While the foot of the tempest hath trampled and broke
Many a stout old elm and oak!
And Geraldine?—O who could tell
That thou who by sweet Christabel
Softly liest in innocent sleep,
Like an infant's calm and deep,
Smiling faintly, as it seems
From thy bright and rosy dreams,
Who could augur thou art she
That, around the hollow tree,
With bad charm and hellish rite
Shook the heavens and scared the night?

Alas! for gentle Christabel,
Alas! for wasting Christabel:
From evil eye, and powers of hell,
And the strong magic of the spell,
Holy Mary, shield her well!



Conclusion to Part I.

THE murderer's knife is a fearful thing,
But what, were it edged with a scorpion's sting?
A dagger of glass hath death in its stroke,
But what, should venom gush out as it broke?

And hatred in a man's deep heart
Festereth there like the barb of a dart,
Maddening the fibres at every beat,
And filling its caverns with fever-heat;
But jealous rage in a woman's soul
Simmers and steams as a poison-bowl;
A drop were death, but the rival maid
Must drain all dry, e'er the passion be stay'd;
It floodeth the bosom with bitterest gall,
It drowneth the young virtues all,
And the sweet milk of the heart's own fountain,
Choked and crush'd by a heavy mountain,
All curdled, and harden'd and blacken'd, doth shrink
Into the fossil sepia's ink:
The eye of suspicion deep sunk in the head
Shrinks and blinks with malice and dread,
And the cheek without and the heart within
Are blister'd and blighted with searing sin,
Till charity's self no more can trace
Aught that is lovely in feature or face;
But the rose-bud is canker'd, and shall not bloom,
Corruption hath scented the rich perfume,
The angel of light is a demon of gloom,
And the bruise on his brow is the seal of his doom!

Ah! poor unconscious rival maid,
How drearily must thou sicken and fade
In the foul air of that Upas-shade!

Her heart must be tried, and trampled, and torn
With fear, and care, and slander, and scorn;
Her love must look upon love estranged,
Her eye must meet his eye, how changed,
Her hand must take his hand unpressing,
Her hope must die, without confessing;

And still she'll strive her love to smother,
While in the triumphs of another
The shadow of her joys departed
Shall scare and haunt her broken-hearted;
And he, who once loved her, his purest, his first,
Must hate her and hold her defiled and accurst,
Till, wasted and desolate, calumny's breath
Must taint with all guilt her innocent death.

Part II.

BEING THE FOURTH OF CHRISTABEL.

How fresh and fair is morn!
The dewbeads dropping bright
Each humble flower adorn,
With coronets of light,
And jewel the rough thorn
With sparks of chrysolite,—
How beautiful is morn!
Her scatter'd gems how bright!

There is a quiet gladness
In the waking earth,
Like the face of sadness
Lit with chasten'd mirth;
There is a mine of treasure
In those hours of health,
Filling up the measure
Of creation's wealth.

The eye of day hath open'd grey,
And the gallant sun
Hath trick'd his beams by Rydal's streams,
And waveless Coniston;

From Langdale Pikes his glory strikes,
From heath and giant hill,
From many a tairn, and stone-built-cairn,
And many a mountain rill:
Helvellyn bares his forehead black,
And Eagle-crag and Saddleback,
And Skiddaw hails the dawning day
And rolls his robe of clouds away.

Ho, warder, ho! in chivalrous state,
A stranger-knight to the castle gate,
With trumpet, and banner, and mailèd men,
Comes this way winding up the glen:
His visor is down, and he will not proclaim
To the challenge within his lineage or name,
Yet by his herald, and esquires eight,
And five-score spearmen, tall and straight,
And blazon rich with bearings rare,
And highbred ease, and noble air,
And golden spurs, and sword, can he be
Nought but a knight of high degree!

Alas! they had loved too soon, too well,
Young Amador and Christabel;
Life's dawn beheld them, blythe and bland,
Little playmates, hand in hand,
Over fell and field and heather
Wandering innocent together,
Alone in childhood's rosy hours
Straying far to find wild flowers;
Life's sun above its eastern hill
Saw them inseparable still
In the bower, or by the brook,
Or spelling out the monkish book,

Or as with songs they wont to wake
The echoes on the hill-bound lake,
Or as with tales to while away
The winter's night, or summer's day;
Life's noon was blazing bright and fair,
To smile upon the same fond pair,
The handsome youth, the beauteous maid,
Together still in sun or shade;
Warmer, good sooth, than wont with friends,
While he supports, and she depends,
As to some dangerous craggy height
They climb with terror and delight,
Nor guess that the strange joy they feel,
The rapture making their hearts reel,
Springs from aught else than — sweet Grasmere,
Or hill and valley far and near,
Or Derwent's banks and glassy tide,
Lowdore, or hawthorn'd Ambleside:
Nor reckon they what dear danger lies
In gazing on each other's eyes;
On her bright cheek, fresh and fair,
Blooming in the mountain air,
On his strong and agile limbs,
As from rock to rock he climbs,
Her unstudied natural grace,
 Loosen'd vest and tresses flowing,
Or his fine and manly face
 With delighted ardour glowing.

Thus they grew up in each other;
 Till to ripen'd youth
They had grown up for each other;
 Yet, to say but sooth,
She had not loved him, as other
 Than a sister doth,
And he to her was but a brother,
 With a brother's troth:

But selfish craft, that slept so long,
And, if wrong were, had done the wrong,
Now, just awake, with dull surprise
 Read the strange truth,
And from their own accusing eyes
 Condemn'd them both,—
That they, who only for each other
 Gladly drew their daily breath,
Now must curb, and check, and smother,
 Through all life, love strong as death;
While the dear hope they just have learnt to prize,
 And fondly cherish,
The hope that in their hearts deep-rooted lies,
 Must pine and perish!
For the slow prudence of the worldly wise
In cruel coldness still denies
The foundling youth to woo and win
The heiress daughter of Leoline.

And yet how little had he err'd,
That on his ear the bitter word
 Of harsh reproach should fall,—
“Is it then thus, ungrateful boy,
Thou wouldst his dearest hope destroy
 Who lent thee life and all?
Why did I save thee, years ago,
Beneath the tottering Bowther-stone,
 Misfortune's outcast son?
Why did I warm thee on my hearth,
Nor crush the viper in its birth,
 O thou presumptuous one?”

They met once more in sweet sad fear
At the old oak-tree in the forest drear,
And, as enamour'd of bitterness, they
Wept the sad hour of parting away:

The bursting tear, the stifled sob,
The tortured bosom's first-felt throb,
The fervent vow, the broken gold,
Their hapless hopes too truly told;
For, alas! till now they never had known
How deep and how strong their loves had grown,
But just as they sip the full cup of the heart,
It is dash'd from the lip,—and they must part!
Alas, they had loved, yet never before
The wealth of love had counted o'er,
And just as they find the treasure so great,
It is lost, it is sunk in the billows of fate.

Yea, it must be with a fearful shock
That the pine can be torn from its root-clasp'd rock,
Or the broad oak-stump as it stands on the farm
Be rent asunder by strength of arm;
So, when the cords of love are twined
Among the fibres of the mind,
And kindred souls by secret ties
Mingle thoughts and sympathies,
O what a wrench to tear in twain
Those that are loved and love again,—
To drag the magnet from its pole,
To chain the freedom of the soul,
To freeze in ice desires that boil, .
To root the mandrake from the soil,
With groans, and blood, and tears, and toil!

He is gone to the land of the holy war,
The sad, the brave young Amador,
Not to return,—by Leoline's oath,
When all in wrath he bound them both,
Not to return,—by that last kiss,
Till name, and fame, and fortune are his.

Ay, he is gone :—and with him went,
As into chosen banishment,
The bloom of her cheek, and the light of her eye,
And the hope of her heart, so near to die :
He is gone, o'er Paynim lands to roam,
But leaves his heart, his all, at home ;
And years have glided, day by day,
To watch him warring far away,
Where, upon Gideon's hallowed banks
His prowess hath scatter'd the Saracen ranks,
And the Lion-king with his own right hand
Hath dubb'd him knight of Holy-Land :
The crescent waned wherever he came,
And Christendom rung with his deeds of fame,
And Saladin trembled at the name
Of Amador de-Ramothaim.

He hath won him in battle a goodly shield,
Three wild boars Or on an azure field,
While scallop-shells three on an argent fess
Proclaim him a pilgrim and knight no less ;
Enchased in gold on his helmet of steel
A deer-hound stands on the high-plumed keel,
Hafiz his hound, who hath rescued his life
From the wily Assassin's secret knife,
Hafiz his friend, whom he loveth so well
As the last gift of Christabel :
And over his vizor, and round his arm,
And graved on his sword as a favourite charm,
And on his banner emblazon'd at length,
Love's motto, "HOPE IS ALL MY STRENGTH."

O then, with how much pride and joy,
And hope, which fear could scarce alloy,
With heart how leaping, eye how bright,
And fair cheek flush'd with deep delight,

Heard Christabel the wafted story
Of her far-off lover's glory;
For her inmost soul knew well
That he hoped and spake and thought
Only of his Christabel,
That he lived and loved and fought
Only for his Christabel:
So, she felt his honour hers,
His welfare hers, his being hers,
And did reward with rich largesse
The stray astonish'd messengers
Who brought her so much happiness!

—Behold! it is past,—that many a year;
The harvest of her hope is near;
Behold! it is come,—behold *him* here!
Yes, in pomp and power and pride,
And joy and love how true, how tried,
He comes to claim his long-loved bride;
Her own true knight, O bliss to tell,
Her Amador she loves so well
Returns for his sweet Christabel!

He leapt the moat, the portal past,
He flung him from his horse in haste,
And in the hall
He met her! but how pale and wan!—
He started back, as she upon
His neck would fall;
He started back,—for by her side
(O blessed vision!) he espied
A thing divine,—
Poor Christabel was lean and white,
But oh, how soft, and fair, and bright,
Was Geraldine!

Fairer and brighter, as he gazes
All celestial beauty blazes
 From those glorious eyes,
And Amador no more can brook
The jealous air and peevish look
 That in the other lies!

Alas, for wasting Christabel,
Alas, for stricken Christabel,—
How had she long'd to see this day,
And now her all is dash'd away!
How many slow sad years, poor maid,
Had she for this day wept and pray'd,
And now the bitterest tears destroy
That honied hope of cherish'd joy,
For he hath ceased,—O withering thought,
With burning anguish fully fraught,—
 To love his Christabel!
Her full heart bursts, and she doth fall
Unheeded in her father's hall,
And, oh, the heaviest stroke of all,
 By him she loves so well.

O save her, Mary Mother, save!
Let not the damnèd sorceress have
 Her evil will;
O save thine own sweet Christabel,
Thy saint, thine innocent Christabel,
 And guard her still!

Conclusion to Part II.

For it doth mark a godlike mind,
Prudence, and power, and truth combined,
A rare self-steering moral strength,
To over-love the dreary length
Of ten successive anxious years,
Unwarp'd by hopes, untired by fears;
Still, as every teeming hour
Glides away in sun or shower,
Though the pilgrim foot may range,
The heart at home to feel no change,
But to live and linger on,
Fond and warm and true—to one!
O love like this, in life's young spring,
Is a rare and precious thing;
A pledge that man hath claims above,
A sister-twin to martyrs' love,
A shooting-star of blessed light
Glancing on the world's midnight,
A drop of sweet, where all beside
Is bitterest gall in life's dull tide,
One faithful found, where all was lost,
An Abdiel in Satan's host!

To love, unshrinking and unshaken,
Albeit by all but hope forsaken,
To love, through slander, craft, and fear,
And fairer faces smiling near,
Through absence, stirring scenes among,
And harrowing silence, suffering long,
Still to love on,—and pray and weep
For that dear one, while others sleep,

To dwell upon each precious word
Which the charm'd ear in whispers heard,
To treasure up a lock of hair,
To watch the heart with jealous care,
To live on a remember'd smile,
And still the wearisome days beguile
With rosy sweet imaginings
And all the soft and sunny things
Look'd and spoken, ere they parted,
Full of hope, though broken-hearted,—
O there is very virtue here,
Retiring, holy, deep, sincere,
A self-poised virtue, working still
To compass good, and combat ill,
Which none but worldlings count earth-born,
And they who know it not, can scorn.

Ah yes, let common sinners jeer,
And Mammon's slaves suspect and sneer,
While each idolator of pelf
Judging from his gross-hearted self
Counts Love no purer and no higher
Than the low plot of base desire;—
Let worldly cunning nurse its dreams
Of happiness, from selfish schemes
By heartless hungry parents plann'd,
Of wedded fortune, rank, and land,—
There is more wisdom, and more wealth,
More rank in being, more soul's health,
In wedded love for one short hour,
Than lifelong wedded pelf and power!
Yes, there is virtue in these things;
A balm to heal the scorpion-stings
That others' sins and sorrows make
In hearts that still can weep and ache;

There is a heavenly influence,
 A secret spiritual fence,
 Circling the soul with present power
 In temptation's darkest hour,
 Walling it round from outward sin,
 While all is soft and pure within.

Part III.

BEING THE FIFTH AND LAST OF CHRISTABEL.

HAST thou not seen, world-weary man,
 Life's poor pilgrim white and wan,—
 A gentle beauty for the cheek
 Which nothing gives but sorrow,
 A sweet expression, soft and weak,
 Joy can never borrow?
 Where lingering on the pale wet face
 The rival tears run their slow race
 Each in its wonted furrow;
 And patience, eloquently meek,
 From the threaten'd stroke unshrinking,
 In mild boldness can but speak
 The burden of its sadden'd thinking,—
 "Dreary as to-day has been,
 And sad and cheerless yestereen,
 'Twill dawn as dark to-morrow!"

Desolate hearted Christabel,
 Hapless, hopeless Christabel,—
 24 *

Nightly tears have dimm'd the lustre
Of thy blue eyes, once so bright,
And, as when dank willows cluster
Weeping over marble rocks,
O'er thy forehead white
Droop thy flaxen locks:
Yet art thou beautiful, dear girl,
As angels in distress,
Yea, comforting the soul, fair pearl,
With thy loveliness;
For thy beauty's light subdued
Hath a soothing charm
In sympathy with all things good
That weep for hate and harm;
And none can ever see unmoved
Thy poor wet face, with sorrow white,
O none have seen, who have not loved,
The sadly sweet religious light
That doth with pearly radiance shine
From those sainted eyes of thine.

A trampling of hoofs at the cullice-port,—
A hundred horse in the castle-court!
From border-wastes, a weary way,
Through Halegarth wood and Knorren moor,
A mingled numerous array
On panting palfreys black and grey
With foam and mud bespatter'd o'er
Hastily cross the flooded Irt,
And rich Waswater's beauty skirt,
And Sparkling-Tairn, and rough Scathwaite,
And now that day is dropping late,
Have passed the drawbridge and the gate.

By thy white flowing beard, and reverend mien,
And gilded harp, and chaplet of green,

And milk-white mare in the castle-yard,
Welcome, glad welcome to Bracy the bard!
And, by thy struggle still to hide
This generous conquest of thy pride,
More than by yon princely train,

And blazon'd banner standing near,
And snorting steed with slacken'd rein,—

Hail, O too long a stranger here,
Hail, to Langdale's friendly hall,
Thou noble spirit, most of all,
Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!

Like aspens tall beside the brook
The stalwart warriors stood and shook
And each advancing fear'd to look

Into the other's eye;

'Tis fifty years ago to-day
Since in disdain and passion they
Had flung each other's love away

With words of insult high:

How had they long'd and pray'd to meet!
But memories cling; and pride is sweet;
And—which could be the first to greet

The haply scornful other?

What if De Vaux were haughty still,—
Or Leoline's unbridled will
Consented not his rankling ill

In charity to smother?

Their knees give way, their faces are pale,
And loudly beneath the corslets of mail
Their aged hearts in generous heat
Almost to bursting boil and beat;
The white lips quiver, the pulses throb,
They stifle and swallow the rising sob,—

And there they stand, faint and unmann'd,
 As each holds forth his bare right hand!
 Yes, the mail-clad warriors tremble,
 All unable to dissemble
 Penitence and love confest,
 As within each aching breast
 The flood of affection grows deeper and stronger
 Till they can refrain no longer,
 But with,—“Oh, my long-lost brother,”—
 To their hearts they clasp each other,
 Vowing in the face of heaven
 All forgotten and forgiven!
 Then, the full luxury of grief
 That brings the smother'd soul relief,
 Within them both so fiercely rush'd
 That from their vanquish'd eyes out-gush'd
 A tide of tears, as pure and deep
 As children, yea as cherubs weep!

Quoth Roland de Vaux to Sir Leoline;
 “No lady lost can be daughter of mine,
 For yestereen at this same hour
 My Geraldine sat in her latticed bower,
 And merrily marvell'd much to hear
 She had been found in the forest drear:
 Nathless, of thee, old friend, to crave
 Once more the love I long to have
 Ere yet I drop into the grave,

Behold me here!

I hail'd the rich offer, and hither I sped,
 Glad to reclaim our friendship fled,
 And see that face,—ere yet it be dead,—

I feel so dear;

And my old heart danced with the joy of a child
 When out of school he leaps half-wild
 To think we could be reconciled.”

"Thy tale is strange," quoth Leoline,
"As thy return is sweet;
Yet might it please thee, brother mine,
In knightly sort to greet
This wondrous new-found Geraldine;
Certes, she is a thing divine,—
So bright in her doth beauty shine
From head to feet,
A wondrous creature, most divine,
For angels meet."

O glorious in thy loveliness!
Victorious in thy loveliness!
From what strong magnetic zone
Circling some strange world unknown,
Hast thou stol'n sweet influence
To lull in bliss each ravish'd sense?
That thine eyes rain light and love
Kindlier than the heavens above,—
That the sunshine of thy face
Shows richly ripe each winning grace,—
That thine innocent laughing dimple,
And thy tresses curling simple,
Thy soft cheek, and rounded arm,
And foot unsandall'd, white and warm,
And every sweet luxurious charm
Fair, and full, and flush'd, and bright,
Fascinate the dazzled sight
As with a halo of delight?

Her beauty hath conquer'd: a sunny smile
Laughs into goodness her seeming guile.
Ay, was she not in mercy sent
To heal the friendships pride had rent?
Is she not here a blessed saint
To work all good by subtle feint?

Yea, art thou not, mysterious dame,
Our Lady of Furness?—the same, the same!
O holy one, we know thee now,
O gracious one, before thee bow,
Help us, Mary, hallow'd one,
Bless us, for thy wondrous Son —

The name was half-spoken,—the spell was half-broken,—
And suddenly, from his bent knee

Upleapt each knight in fear!
All warily they look'd around,
Sure, they had heard a hissing sound
And one quick moment on the ground

Had seen a dragon here!
But now before their wilder'd eyes
Bright Geraldine, all sweet surprise,
With her fair hands, in courteous guise
Hath touch'd them both, and bade them rise;
“Alas, kind sirs,” she calmly said,
“I am but a poor hunted maid,
Hunted, ah me! and sore afraid,
That all too far from home have stray'd,
For love of one who flies and hates me,
For hate of one who loves and waits me.”

Wonder-stricken were they then,
And full of love, those ancient men,
Full-fired with guilty love, as when

In times of old

To young Susannah's fairness knelt
Those elders twain, and fiercely felt
The lava-streams of passion melt

Their bosoms cold:

They loved,—they started from the floor,—
But hist! within the chamber-door
Softly stole Sir Amador; —

Nor look'd, nor wonder'd as they past,
(Speeding by in shame and haste,
Meekly thinking of each other
As a weak and guilty brother,)
For all to him in that dark room,
All the light to pierce its gloom,
All he thought of, cared for, there,
Was that loved one, smiling fair,
Wondrous in her charms serene,
Glad and glorious Geraldine.

The eye of a hawk is fierce and bright
As a facet-cut diamond scattering light,
Soft and ray'd with invincible love
As a pure pearl is the eye of a dove;
And so in flashes quick and keen
Look'd Amador on Geraldine,
And so, in sweet subduing rays,
On Amador did fondly gaze
In gentle power of beauty's blaze
Imperial Geraldine.

His head is cushion'd on her breast,
Her dark eyes shed love on his,
And his changing cheek is prest
By her hot and thrilling kiss,
While again from her moist lips
The honeydew of joy he sips,
And views, with rising transport warm,
Her half unveil'd bewitching form —

A step on the threshold! — the chamber is dim,
And gliding ghost-like up to him,
While entranced in conscious fear
He feels an injured angel near,

Sad Christabel with wringing hands
Beside her faithless lover stands,
Sad Christabel with streaming eyes
In silent anguish stands and sighs.

Ave, Maria! send her aid,
Bless, oh bless the wretched maid!

It is done,—he is won!—stung with remorse
He hath dropt at her feet as a clay-cold corse,
And Christabel with trembling dread
Hath raised on her knee his pale dear head,
And bathed his brow with many a tear,
And listen'd for his breath in fear,
And when she thought that none was near
But guardian saints, and GOD above,
Set on his lips the seal of her love!

But Geraldine had watch'd that kiss,
And with involuntary hiss
And malice in her snake-like stare
She gnash'd her teeth on the loving pair
And glared on them both with a deadly glare.

Softly through the sounding hall
In rich melodious notes,
With many a gentle swell and fall,
Holy music floats,
Like gossamer in a sultry sky
Dropping low, or sailing high:
Bard Bracy, bard Bracy, that touch was thine
On Cambria's harp with triple strings,
Wild and sweet is the hymn divine,
Fanning the air like unseen wings,—

What aileth thee, O Geraldine?
 What horror is hunting thee, Geraldine?—
 Thy body convulsed groweth lank and lean,
 Thy smooth white neck is shrivell'd and green,
 Thine eyes are blear'd and sunk and keen,—
 Away!—for the love, and the wild sweet harp,
 Thine innermost being do wither and warp,
 Away! to the pains, and the chains, and the fears,
 Away! to the torments, the toils, and the tears,
 Away! for a thousand years.

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### Conclusion to Part III.

SWEET Christabel, my Christabel,  
 I have riven thy heart that loved so well:  
 O weak, O wicked, to rend in its home  
 The love that I cherish wherever I roam!  
 As when with his glory the morning sun  
       Floods on a sudden the tropical sky,  
 And startled twilight, dim and dun,  
       Flies from the fear of his conquering eye,  
 So flash'd across the lightened breast  
       Of Christabel, no more to moan,  
 A dawn of love, the happiest  
       Her maiden heart had ever known;  
 For yea, it was only through powers of hell,  
 And evil eye, and potent spell,  
 That Amador to Christabel  
           Could faithless prove,—  
 And when she saw him kneeling near,  
 Contrite, yet more in hope than fear,  
 Oh then she felt him doubly dear,  
           Her rescued love.

Ave, Maria! unto thee  
 All the thanks and glory be,  
 For thy gracious arm and aid  
 Saved the youth, and blest the maid.  
 So falls it out, that vanquish'd ill  
 Breeds only good to good men still,  
 And while its poison seethes and works  
     It yields a healing antidote,  
     Which, whether mortals use or not,  
 Like a friend in ambush, lurks  
     Deepest in the deadliest plot.

Not swift, though soon, next day at noon,—  
     Just at the wedding-hour  
 As hand-in-hand betroth'd they stand  
     Beneath the chapel tower,  
 A holy light,—a vision bright,—  
     'Twas twelve o'clock at noon,  
 A spirit good before them stood,  
 Her garments fair and flowing hair  
     Shone brighter than the moon.  
 And thus in musical voice most sweet,—  
 "Daughter, this hour to grace and greet  
 To bless this day, as is most meet,  
     Thy mother stoops from heaven:  
 And, ancient men, who all so late  
 Have stopp'd at Death's half-open'd gate,  
 In tears of love to drown your hate  
     Forgiving and forgiven,  
 Hear, noble spirits reconciled,  
 Hear, gracious souls, now meek and mild  
 Albeit with guilt so long defiled,  
     Love's lingering boon receive;

Roland de Vaux,—thy long-lost child,  
Whom border-troopers, fierce and wild,  
An infant from his home beguiled,  
          Thy soul to gall and grieve,  
In Amador—behold!”

The spirit said, and all in light  
Melted away that vision bright:  
    My tale is told.

## SOME EARLY POEMS.

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Imagination.

THOU fair enchantress of my willing heart,  
Who charimest it to deep and dreamy slumber,  
Gilding mine evening clouds of reverie,—  
Thou Siren, who, with lovelit eyes, and voice  
Most softly musical, dost lure me on  
O'er the wide sea of indistinct idea  
Or quaking sands of untried theory  
Or ridgy shoals of fixt experiment  
That wind a dubious pathway through the deep,—  
Imagination, I am thine own child:  
Have I not often sat with thee retired,  
Alone yet not alone, though grave most glad,  
All silent outwardly, but loud within,  
As from the distant hum of many waters,  
Weaving the tissue of some delicate thought,  
And hushing every breath that might have rent  
Our web of gossamer, so finely spun?  
Have I not often listed thy sweet song,  
(While in vague echoes and Æolian notes  
The chambers of my heart have answer'd it,)  
With eye as bright in joy, and fluttering pulse,  
As the coy village maiden's, when her lover  
Whispers his hope to her delighted ear?  
And taught by thee, angelic visitant,



Have I not learnt to love the tuneful lyre,  
Draining from every chord its musical soul?  
Have I not learnt to find in all that is,  
Somewhat to touch the heart, or raise the mind,  
Somewhat of grand and beautiful to praise  
Alike in small and great things? and this power,  
This clearing of the eye, this path made straight  
Even to the heart's own heart, its innermost core,  
This keenness to perceive and seek and find  
And love and prize all-present harmony,  
This, more than choosing words to clothe the thought,  
Makes the true poet; this thy glorious gift,  
Imagination, rescues me thy son  
(Thy son, albeit least worthy,) from the lust  
Of mammon, and the cares of animal life,  
And the dull thralldom of this work-day world.

Indulgent lover, I am all thine own;  
What art thou not to me? —ah, little know  
The worshippers of cold reality,  
The grosser minds, who most sincerely think  
That sense is the broad avenue to bliss,  
Little know they the thrilling ecstasy  
The delicate refinement in delight  
That cheers the thoughtful spirit, as it soars  
Far above all these petty things of life;  
And strengthen'd by the flight and cordial joys  
Can then come down to earth and common men  
Better in motive, stronger in resolve,  
Apter to use all means that compass good,  
And of more charitable mind to all.  
Imagination, art thou not my friend  
In crowds and solitude, my comrade dear,  
Brother, and sister, mine own other self,  
The Hector to my soul's Andromache?

Triumphant beauty, bright intelligence !  
The chasten'd fire of ecstasy suppress'd  
Beams from thine eye ; because thy secret heart,  
Like that strange sight burning yet unconsumed,  
Is all on flame a censer fill'd with odours ;  
And to my mind, who feel thy fearful power,  
Suggesting passive terrors and delights,  
A slumbering volcano : thy dark cheek,  
Warm and transparent, by its half-form'd dimple  
Reveals an under-world of wondrous things  
Ripe in their richness,—as among the bays  
Of blest Bermuda, through the sapphire deep  
Ruddy and white fantastically branch  
The coral groves ; thy broad and sunny brow,  
Made fertile by the genial smile of heaven,  
Shoots up an hundred-fold the glorious crop  
Of arabesque ideas ; forth from thy curls  
Half hidden in their black luxuriance  
The twining sister-graces lightly spring,  
The muses, and the passions, and young love,  
Tritons and Naiads, Pegasus, and Sphinx,  
Atlas, Briareus, Phaeton, and Cyclops,  
Centaur, and shapes uncouth and wild conceits ;  
And in the midst blazes the star of mind,  
Illumining the classic portico  
That leads to the high dome where Learning sits :  
On either side of that broad sunny brow  
Flame-colour'd pinions, streak'd with gold and blue,  
Burst from the teeming brain ; while under them  
The forked lightning, and the cloud-robed thunder,  
And fearful shadows, and unhallow'd eyes,  
And strange foreboding forms of terrible things  
Lurk in the midnight of thy raven locks !

And thou hast been the sunshine to my landscape,  
Imagination ; thou hast wreathed me smiles,

And hung them on a statue's marble lips;  
Hast made earth's dullest pebbles bright like gems;  
Hast lent me thine own silken clue, to rove  
The ideal labyrinths of a thousand spheres;  
Hast lengthen'd out my nights with life-long dreams,  
And with glad seeming gilt my darkest day;  
Help'd me to scale in thought the walls of heaven,  
While journeying wearily this busy world;  
Sent me to pierce the palpable clouds with eagles,  
And with leviathan the silent deep;  
Hast taught my youthful spirit to expand  
Beyond himself, and live in other scenes,  
And other times, and among other men;  
Hast bid me cherish, silent and alone,  
First feelings, and young hopes, and better aims,  
And sensibilities of delicate sort,  
Like timorous mimosas, which the breath  
The cold and cautious breath of daily life  
Hath not as yet had power to blight and kill  
From my heart's garden; for they stand retired,  
Screen'd from the north by groves of rooted thought.

Without thine aid, how cheerless were all time,  
But chief the short sweet hours of earliest love;  
When the young mind, athirst for happiness,  
And all-exulting in that new-found treasure,  
The wealth of being loved, as well as loving,  
Sees not, and hears not, knows not, thinks not, speaks not,  
Except it be of her, his one desire;  
And thy rose-colour'd glass on every scene  
With more than earthly promise cheats the eye,  
While the charm'd ear drinks thy melodious words,  
And the heart reels, drunk with ideal beauty.  
So too the memory of departed joy,  
Walking in black with sprinkled tears of pearl,  
Passes before the mind with look less stern

And foot more lighten'd, when thine inward power,  
Most gentle friend, upon that clouded face  
Sheds the fair light of better joy to come,  
And throws round Grief the azure scarf of Hope.

As the wild chamois bounds from rock to rock,  
Oft on the granite steeples nicely poised,  
Unconscious that the cliff from which he hangs  
Was once a fiery sea of molten stone  
Shot up ten thousand feet and crystallized  
When earth was labouring with her kraken brood;  
So have I sped with thee, my bright-eyed love,  
Imagination, over pathless wilds,  
Bounding from thought to thought, unmindful of  
The fever of my soul that shot them up  
And made a ready footing for my speed,  
As in a whirlwind I have flown along  
Wing'd with ecstatic mind, and carried away  
Like Ganymede of old, o'er cloudeapt Ida,  
Or Alps, or Andes, or the ice-bound shores  
Of Arctic or Antarctic,—stolen from earth  
Her sister planets and the twinkling eyes  
That watch her from afar, to the pure seat  
Of rarest Matter's last created world,  
And brilliant halls of self-existing Light!

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### The Song of an Alpine Elf.

HA! ha! ha!—My coy Jungfra  
Is tall and robed in snow,—  
Yet at a leap to the topmost steep  
I bound from the glen below;

On her dizziest peak I sit and shriek  
To the winds that around me blow,  
And heard from afar is my ha! ha! ha!  
The wild laugh echoes so.  
In the forests dun round Lauterbrunn.  
That line each dark ravine,  
I hide me away from the garish day  
Till the howling winter's e'en;  
Then I jump on high through the coal-black sky,  
And light on some cliff of snow  
That nods to its fall like a tottering wall,  
And I rock it to and fro!  
My summer home is the cataract's foam  
As it floats in a frothing heap,  
My winter's rest is the weasel's nest,  
Or deep with the mole I sleep;  
Or I ride for a freak on the lightning-streak,  
Or climb till I reach in the clouds  
The terrible form of the Thunder-storm,  
Wrapp'd in his sable shrouds!  
Often I launch the huge avalanche,  
And make it my milk-white sledge,  
When unappall'd to the Grindewald  
I slide from the Shrikehorn's edge;  
Silent and soft to the ibex oft  
I have stolen, and hurried him o'er  
The precipice to the bristling ice  
That smokes with his scarlet gore:  
But my greatest joy is to lure and decoy  
To the snow-drift's slippery brink  
The hunter bold, when he's weary and cold,  
And there let him suddenly sink,—  
A thousand feet—dead! he dropp'd like lead,  
Ha, he couldn't leap like me;  
With broken back, as a felon on rack,  
He hangs in a split pine-tree!

And there mid his bones, that echoed with groans,  
I make me a nest of his hair;  
The ribs dry and white rattle loud as in spite  
When I rock in my cradle there:  
Hurrah, hurrah, and ha, ha, ha!  
I'm in a madman's mood,  
For I'm all alone in my palace of bone  
That's tapestried fair with the old man's hair  
And dabbled with clots of blood;  
And when I look out all around and about,  
The storm shouts high to the coalblack sky,  
And the icicle sleet falls thick and fleet,  
And all that I hear on the mountains drear,  
And all I behold on the valleys cold,  
Is Death in Solitude!

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### Dreams.

A DREAM — mysterious word, a dream!  
What joys and sorrows are enshrined  
In those dark hours we fondly deem  
A plaything for the truant mind:

It is a happy thing to dream,  
When rosy thoughts and visions bright  
Pour on the soul a golden stream  
Of rich luxurious delight;

It is a weary thing to dream,  
When from the hot and aching brain  
As from a boiling cauldron steam  
The myriad forms in fancy's train;

It is a curious thing to dream,  
When shapes grotesque of all quaint things  
Like laughing water-witches seem  
To sport in reason's turbid springs;

It is a glorious thing to dream,  
When full of wings and full of eyes  
Borne on the whirlwind or sun-beam  
We race along the startled skies;

It is a wondrous thing to dream  
Of tumbling with a fearful shock  
From some tall cliff where eagles scream,  
To light upon a feather rock;

It is a terrible thing to dream  
Of strangled throats and heart-blood spilt,  
And ghosts that in the darkness gleam,  
And horrid eyes of midnight guilt:—

Who shall tell me what I dream?  
Ages lingering in a night,—  
Thronging thoughts of things that teem  
With wonder, terror, and delight!

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### Infant Christ, with Flowers.

YES,—I can fancy, in the spring  
Of Childhood's sunny hours,  
That Nature's infant Priest and King  
Loved to gaze on flowers;



For lightly, 'mid the wreck of all,  
When torn from Eden's bowers,  
Above the billows of the fall  
Floated gentle flowers:

Unfallen, sinless, undefiled,  
Fresh bathed in summer showers,  
What wonder that the holy Child  
Loved to play with flowers?

In these he saw his Father's face,  
All Godhead's varied powers,  
And joy'd each attribute to trace  
In sweet unconscious flowers:

In these he found where Wisdom hides  
And modest Beauty cowers,  
And where Omnipotence resides,  
And Tenderness,—in flowers!

Innocent Child, a little while,  
Ere yet the tempest lours,  
Bask thy young heart in Nature's smile,  
Her lovely smile of flowers;

Thy young heart,—is it not array'd  
In feelings such as ours? —  
Yes, being now of thorns afraid,  
I see thee crown'd with flowers.

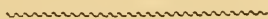
### Past, Present, and Future.

A SAD sweet gladness, full of tears,  
And thoughts that never cloy  
Of careless childhood's happier years,  
Is Memory's tranquil joy;

A rapturous and delusive dream  
Of pleasures ne'er to be,  
That o'er life's troubled waters gleam,  
Is Hope's sweet reverie:

Yet, before Memory can look back,  
When Hope is lost in sight,  
Ah! where is Memory's fairy track,  
Ah! where is Hope's delight?

The present is a weary scene,  
And always wish'd away;  
We live on "*to be*" and "*has been*,"  
But never on "*to-day*."



### A Short Gospel.

WISDOM framed the wondrous plan  
Love had hoped for fallen man;  
Justice bade the blood be spilt;  
Mercy bore imputed guilt;  
Truth rejoiced, and smiled to see  
Power had set the captive free.

## On a Bulbous Root,

WHICH BLOSSOMED, AFTER HAVING LAIN FOR AGES IN THE HAND OF AN  
EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

WHAT, wide awake, sweet stranger, wide awake?  
And laughing coyly at an English sun,  
And blessing him with smiles for having thaw'd  
Thine icy chain, for having woke thee gently  
From thy long slumber of three thousand years?  
Methinks I see the eye of wonder peering  
From thy tall pistil, looking strangely forth  
As from a watch-tow'r at thy fellow-flowers,  
Admiring much the rich variety  
Of many a gem in nature's jewel-case  
Unknown to thee,—the drooping hyacinth,  
The prim ranunculus, and gay geranium,  
And dahlias rare, and heartsease of all hues,  
Mealy auriculas, and spotted lilies,  
Gaudy carnations, and the modest face  
Of the moss-rose: methinks thy wondering leaves  
And curious petals at the long-lost sun  
Gaze with a lingering love, bedizen'd o'er  
With a small firmament of eyes to catch  
The luxury of his smile; as o'er the pool  
Hovering midway the gorgeous dragon-fly  
Watches his mates with thousand-facet vision;  
Or as when underneath the waterfall  
Floating in sunny wreaths the fretted foam  
Mirrors blue heaven its million orbs:  
Methinks I see thy fair and foreign face  
Blush with the glowing ardour of first love,  
(Mindful of ancient Nile, and those warm skies,  
And tender tales of insect coquetry,)

When some bright butterfly descends to sip  
The exotic fragrance of thy nectarous dew :  
Even so, Jubal's daughters in old time  
Welcomed the sons of God, who sprang from heaven  
To gaze with rapture on earth's fairest creatures,  
And fan them with their rainbow-colour'd wings.

Didst ever dream of such a day as this,  
A day of life and sunshine, when entranced  
In the cold tomb of yonder shrivell'd hand ?  
Didst ever try to shoot thy fibres forth  
Through thy close prison-bars, those parchment-fingers.  
And strive to blossom in a charnel-house ?  
Didst ever struggle to be free,—to leap  
From that forced wedlock with a clammy corpse,—  
To burst thy bonds asunder, and spring up  
A thing of light to commerce with the skies ?  
Or didst thou rather, with endurance strong,  
(That might have taught a Newton passive power,)  
Baffle corruption, and live on unharm'd  
Amid the pestilent steams that wrapp'd thee round,  
Like Mithridates, when he WOULD not die,  
But conquer'd poison by his strong resolve ?

O Life, thy name is mystery,—that couldst  
Thus energize inert, be, yet not be,  
Concentrating thy powers in one small point ;  
Couldst mail a germ, in seeming weakness strong,  
And arm it as thy champion against Death ;  
Couldst give a weed, dug from the common field,  
What Egypt hath not, Immortality ;  
Couldst lull it off to sleep ere Carthage was,  
And wake it up when Carthage is no more !  
It may be, suns and stars that walk'd the heavens  
While thou wert in thy slumber, gentle flower,

Have sprung from chaos, blazed their age, and burst:  
It may be, that thou seest the world worn out,  
And look'st on meadows of a paler green,  
Flow'rs of a duskier hue, and all creation  
Down to degenerate man more and more dead,  
Than in those golden hours, nearest to Eden,  
When mother earth and thou and all were young.

And he that held thee,—this bituminous shape,  
This fossil shell once tenanted by life,  
This chrysalis husk of the poor insect man,  
This leathern coat, this carcase of a soul,—  
What was thy story, O mine elder brother?  
I note thee now, swathed like a Milanese babe,  
But thine are tintured grave-clothes, fathoms long;  
On thy shrunk breast the mystic beetle lies  
Commending thee to Earth, and to the Sun  
Regenerating all; a curious scroll  
Full of strange written lore rests at thy side;  
While a quaint rosary of bestial gods,  
Ammon, Bubastes, Thoth, Osiris, Apis,  
And Horus with the curl, Typhon and Phthah,  
Amulets cipher'd with forgotten tongues,  
And charm'd religious beads circle thy throat.  
Greatly thy children honour'd thee in death,  
And for the light vouchsafed them they did well,—  
In that they hoped, and not unwisely hoped,  
Again in his own flesh to see their sire;  
And their affections spared not, so the form  
They loved in life might rest adorn'd in death.

But this dry hand,—was it once terrible  
When among warrior bands thou wentest forth  
With Ramses, or Sesostris, yet again

To crush the rebel Æthiop?—wast thou set  
A taskmaster to toiling Israël  
When Cheops and Cephrenes raised to heaven  
Their giant sepulchres?—or did this hand,  
That lately held a flow'r, with murderous grasp  
Tear from the Hebrew mother her poor babe  
To fling it to the crocodile?—Or rather  
Wert thou some garden-lover, and this bulb,  
Perchance most rare and fine, prized above gold,  
(As in the mad world's dotage yesterday  
A tulip root could fetch a prince's ransom,)—  
Was to be buried with thee, as thy praise,  
Thy Rosicrucian lamp, thine idol weed?—  
Perchance, O kinder thought and better hope,  
Some priest of Isis shrined this root with thee  
As nature's hieroglyphic, her half-guess  
Of glimmering faith, that soul will never die:  
What emblem liker, or more eloquent  
Of immortality,—whether the Sphinx,  
Scarab, or circled snake, or wide-wing'd orb,  
The azure-colour'd arch, the sleepless eye,  
The pyramid four-square, or flowing river,  
Or all whatever else were symbols apt  
In Egypt's alphabet,—than this dry root,  
So full of living promise?—Yes, I see  
Nature's "resurgam" sculptured there in words  
That all of every clime may run and read:  
I see the better hope of better times,  
Hope against hope, wrapp'd in the dusky coats  
Of a poor leek,—I note glad tidings there  
Of happier things; this undecaying corpse  
A little longer, yet a little longer  
Must slumber on, but shall awake at last;  
A little longer, yet a little longer,—

And at the trumpet's voice, shall this dry shape  
Start up, instinct with life, the same though changed,  
And put on incorruption's glorious garb :  
If aught of Israel's GOD he knew and loved,  
Brighter than seraphs, and beyond the sun !

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Cruelty.

WILL none befriend that poor dumb brute,
Will no man rescue him ?—
With weaker effort, gasping, mute,
He strains in every limb ;

Spare him, O spare :—he feels,—he feels,—
Big tears roll from his eyes ;
Another crushing blow !—he reels,
Staggers,—and falls,—and dies.

Poor jaded horse, my blood runs cold
Thy guiltless wrongs to see ;
To heav'n, O starved one, lame and old,
Thy dim eye pleads for thee.

Thou too, O dog, whose faithful zeal
Fawns on some ruffian grim,—
He stripes thy skin with many a weal,
And yet,—thou lovest him.

Shame ! that of all the living chain
That links creation's plan,
There is but one delights in pain,
The savage monarch,—man !

O cruelty,—who could rehearse
Thy million dismal deeds,
Or track the workings of the curse
By which all nature bleeds?

Thou meanest crime,—thou coward sin,—
Thou base flint-hearted vice,—
Scorpion!—to sting thy heart within
Thyself shalt all suffice;

The merciless is doubly curst,
As mercy is “twice blest;”
Vengeance, though slow, shall come,—but first
The vengeance of the breast!

Why add another woe to life,
Man,—are there not enough?
Why lay *thy* weapon to the strife?
Why make the road more rough?

Faint, hunger-sick, old, blind, and ill,
The poor, or man or beast,
Can battle on with life uphill,
And bear its griefs at least;

Truly, their cup of gall o'erflows!
But, when the spite of men
Adds poison to the draught of woes,
Who, who can drink it then?

Heard ye that shriek?—O wretch, forbear,
Fling down thy bloody knife:
In fear, if not in pity, spare
A woman, and a wife!

For thee she toils, unchiding, mild,
And for thy children wan,
Beaten, and starved,—with famine wild,
To feast thee, monster-man :

Husband, and father,—drunkard, fiend !
Thy wife's, thy children's moan
Has won for innocence a Friend,
Has reach'd thy Judge's throne ;

Their lives thou madest sad ; but worse
Thy deathless doom shall be,
"NO MERCY !" is the withering curse
Thy Judge hath pass'd on thee :

Heap on,—heap on, fresh torments add,—
New schemes of torture plan,
NO MERCY ! Mercy's self is glad
To damn the cruel man.

GOD ! GOD ! Thy whole creation groans,
Thy fair world writhes in pain ;
Shall the dread incense of its moans
Arise to thee in vain ?

The hollow eye of famine pleads,
The face with weeping pale,
The heart that all in secret bleeds,
The grief that tells no tale.

Oppression's victim, weak and mild,
Scarce shrinking from the blow,
And the poor wearied factory child,
Join in the dirge of woe.

O cruel world! O sickening fear
 Of goad, or knife, or thong;
 O load of evils ill to bear!
 How long, good God, how long?

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Monsieur d'Alveron.

*An Incident, founded on Fact.*

POOR Monsieur d'Alveron! I well remember  
 The day I visited his ruinous cot,  
 And heard the story of his fallen fortunes.  
 It was a fine May morning, and the flowers  
 Spread their fair faces to the laughing sun,  
 And look'd like small terrestrial stars, that beam'd  
 With life and joy; the merry lark was high  
 Careering in the heavens, and now and then  
 A throstle from the neighbouring thicket pour'd  
 His musical and hearty orisons.  
 The cot too truly told that poverty  
 Found it a home with misery and scorn:  
 No clambering jessamine, no well-train'd roses  
 There linger'd, like sweet charity, to hide  
 The rents unseemly of the plaster'd wall;  
 No tight trimm'd rows of box, or daisy prim,  
 Mark'd a clean pathway through the miry clay;  
 But all around was want and cold neglect.  
 With curious hand, (and heart that beat with warm  
 Benevolence,) — I knock'd, lifted the latch,  
 And in the language of his mother-land  
 Besought a welcome; quick with courteous phrase,  
 And joy unfeign'd to hear his native tongue,  
 He bade me enter.—'Twas a ruin'd hovel;  
 Disease and penury had done their worst

To hunt a wretched exile to despair,  
But still with spirit unbroken he lived on,  
And with a Frenchman's national levity  
Bounded elastic from his weight of woes.  
I listed long his fond garrulity,  
For sympathy and confidence are aye  
Each other's echoes, and I won his heart  
By pitying his sorrows; long he told  
Of friends, and wife, and darling little ones,  
Fortune, and title, and long-cherish'd hopes  
By frenzied Revolution marr'd and crush'd:  
But oft my patience flicker'd, and my eye  
Wander'd inquisitive round the murky room  
To see wherein I best might mitigate  
The misery my bosom bled to view.  
I sat upon his crazy couch, and there  
With many sordid rags, a roebuck's skin  
Show'd sleek and mottled; swift the clear grey eye  
Of the poor sufferer had mark'd my wonder,  
And as in simple guise this touching tale  
He told me, in the tongue his youth had loved,  
Many a tear stole down his wrinkled cheek.

"Yon glossy skin is all that now remains  
To tell me that the past is not a dream!  
Oft up my château's avenue of limes  
To be caress'd in mine ancestral hall  
Poor '*Louis*' bounded, (I had call'd him *Louis*,  
Because I loved my King;)—my little ones  
Have on his rounded antlers often hung  
Their garlands of spring flowers, and fed him with  
Sweet heads of clover from their darling hands.  
But on a sorrowful day a random-shot  
Of some bold thief, or well-skill'd forester,  
Struck him to death, and many a tear and sob

Were the unwritten epitaph upon him.  
 The children would not lose him utterly,  
 But pray'd to have his mottled beautiful skin  
 A rug to their new pony-chaise, that they  
 Might oftener think of their lost favourite:  
 Ay — there it is! — that precious treasury  
 Of fond remembrances, — that glossy skin!  
 O thou chief solace in the wintry nights  
 That warms my poor old heart, and thaws my breast  
 With tears of — Mais, Monsieur, asseyez-vous! —  
 But I had started up, and turn'd aside  
 To weep in solitude. —

~~~~~

Wisdom's Wish.

AH, might I but escape to some sweet spot,
 Oasis of my hopes, to fancy dear,
 Where rural virtues are not yet forgot,
 And good old customs crown the circling year;
 Where still contented peasants love their lot,
 And trade's vile din offends not nature's ear,
 But hospitable hearths, and welcomes warm
 To country quiet add their social charm;

Some smiling bay of Cambria's happy shore,
 A wooded dingle on a mountain-side,
 Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,
 And looking down on valley fair and wide,
 Nigh to the village church, to please me more
 Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,
 And blest with pious pastor, who has trod
 Himself the way, and leads his flock to God.

"There would I dwell, for I delight therein!"

Far from the evil ways of evil men,
Untainted by the soil of others' sin,
My own repented of, and clean again;
With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,
Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,
And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,
And dear domestic joys that never end.

There from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,
To cull the gems that bounteous Nature gave,
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,
Or seek the curious crystal in its cave;
And learning nature's Master to adore,
Know more of Him who came the lost to save;
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.

No envious wish my fellows to excel,
No sordid money-getting cares be mine;
No low ambition in high state to dwell,
Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine:
But, sweet Benevolence, regale me well
With those cheap pleasures and light cares of thine,
And meek-eyed Piety be always near,
With calm Content, and Gratitude sincere.

Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,
And walking well with GOD in nature's eye,
Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,
Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,
Oh thus to wear away my useful life,
And when I'm call'd, in rapturous hope to die,
Thus to rob heaven of all the good I can,
And challenge earth to show a happier man!

The Mother's Lament.

MY own little darling — dead !
The dove of my happiness fled !
 Just Heaven, forgive,
 But let me not live
Now my poor babe is dead :

No more to my yearning breast
Shall that sweet mouth be prest,
 No more on my arm
 Nestled up warm
Shall my fair darling rest :

Alas, for that dear glazed eye,
Why did it dim or die ?
 Those lips so soft
 I have kiss'd so oft
Why are they ice, oh why ?

Alas, little frocks and toys,
Shadows of bygone joys,—
 Have I not treasure
 Of bitterest pleasure
In these little frocks and toys ?

O harrowing sight to behold
That marble-like face all cold,
 That small cherish'd form
 Flung to the worm,
Deep in the charnel-mould !

Where is each heart-winning way,
Thy prattle, and innocent play ?
 Alas, they are gone,
 And left me alone
To weep for them night and day :

Yet why should I linger behind?
 Kill me too,—death most kind;
 Where can I go
 To meet thy blow
 And my sweet babe to find?

I know it, I rave half-wild!
 But who can be calm and mild
 When the deep heart
 Is riven apart
 Over a dear dead child?

I know it, I should not speak
 So boldly, I ought to be meek,
 But love, it is strong;
 And my spirit is wrong,—
 Help me, my God! I am weak!



Trust.

“My times are in thy hand.”

YET will I trust, in all my fears,
 Thy mercy, gracious Lord, appears,
 To guide me through this vale of tears,
 And be my strength;
 Thy mercy guides the ebb and flow
 Of health and joy, or pain and woe,
 To wean my heart from all below
 To Thee at length.

Yes,—welcome pain,—which Thou hast sent,—
 Yes,—farewell blessings,—Thou hast lent,
 With Thee alone I rest content,
 For Thou art Heav’n,—

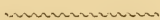
My trust reposes, safe and still,
 On the wise goodness of Thy will,
 Grateful for earthly good—or ill,
 Which Thou hast giv'n.

O blessed friend! O blissful thought!
 With happiest consolation fraught,—
 Trust Thee I may, I will, I ought,—
 To doubt were sin;

Then let whatever storms arise,
 Their Ruler sits above the skies,
 And lifting unto Him mine eyes,
 'Tis calm within.

Danger may threaten, foes molest,
 Poverty brood, disease infest,
 Yea, torn affections wound the breast

 For one sad hour,
 But Faith looks to her home on high,
 Hope casts around a cheerful eye,
 And love puts all the terrors by
 With gladdening power.



The Stammerer's Complaint.

AH, think it not a light calamity
 To be denied free converse with my kind,
 To be debarr'd from man's true attribute,
 The proper glorious privilege of Speech.
 Hast thou beheld an eagle chain'd to earth?
 A restless panther in his cage immured?
 A swift trout by the wily fisher check'd?
 A wild bird hopeless strain its broken wing?
 Or ever felt, at the dark dead of night,

Some undefined and horrid incubus
Press down the very soul,—and paralyse
The limbs in their imaginary flight
From shadowy terrors in unhallow'd sleep?
Or ever known the sudden icy chill
Of dreary disappointment, as it dashes
The sweet cup of anticipated bliss
From the parch'd lips of long-enduring hope?

Then thou canst picture,—ay, in sober truth,
In honest unexaggerated truth,—
The constant, galling, festering chain that binds
Captive my mute interpreter of thought;
The seal of lead enstamp'd upon my lips,
The load of iron on my labouring chest,
The mocking demon that at every step
Haunts me,—and spurs me on—to burst with silence!
Oh! 't is a sore affliction, to restrain,
From mere necessity, the glowing thought;
To feel the fluent cataract of speech
Check'd by some wintry spell, and frozen up,
Just as it leapeth from the precipice!
To be the butt of wordy captious fools,
And see the sneering self-complacent smile
Of victory on their lips, when I might prove,
(But for some little word I dare not utter,)
That innate truth is not a specious lie;
To hear foul slander blast an honour'd name,
Yet breathe no fact to drive the fiend away;
To mark neglected virtue in the dust,
Yet have no word to pity or console;
To feel just indignation swell my breast,
Yet know the fountain of my wrath is seal'd;
To see my fellow-mortals hurrying on
Down the steep cliff of crime, down to perdition,
Yet have no voice to warn,—no voice to win!

'Tis to be mortified in every point,
Baffled at every turn of life, for want
Of that most common privilege of man,
The merest drug of gorged society,
Words,—windy words. And is it not in truth
A poison'd sting in every social joy,
A thorn that rankles in the writhing flesh,
A drop of gall in each domestic sweet,
An irritating petty misery,
That I can never look on one I love
And speak the fulness of my burning thoughts?
That I can never with unmingled joy
Meet a long-loved and long-expected friend,
Because I feel, but cannot vent my feelings,—
Because I know I ought,—but must not speak,
Because I mark his quick impatient eye
Striving in kindness to anticipate
The word of welcome, strangled in its birth!
Is it not sorrow, while I truly love
Sweet social converse, to be forced to shun
The happy circle, from a nervous sense,
An agonizing poignant consciousness
That I must stand aloof, nor mingle with
The wise and good, in rational argument,
The young in brilliant quickness of reply,
Friendship's ingenuous interchange of mind,
Affection's open-hearted sympathies,
But feel myself an isolated being,
A very wilderness of widow'd thought!

Ay, this is very bitter,—not less bitter
Because it is not reckoned in the ills,
“The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to;”
Yet the full ocean is but countless drops,
And misery is an aggregate of tears,

And life replete with small annoyances
Is but one long protracted scene of sorrow.

I scarce would wonder, if a godless man,
(I name not him whose hope is heavenward,)
A man, whom lying vanities have seathed
And harden'd from all fear,—if such an one
By this tyrannical Argus goaded on,
Were to be wearied of his very life,
And daily, hourly foil'd in social converse,
By the slow simmering of disappointment
Become a sour'd and apathetic being,
Were to be glad to fling away his life,
And long for death to free him from his chain.



Benevolence.

THERE is indeed one crowning joy,
A pleasure that can never cloy,
 The bliss of doing good;
And to it a reward is given
Most precious in the sight of heaven,
 The tear of gratitude.

To raise the fallen from the dust,
To right the poor by judgment just,
 The broken heart to heal,
Pour on the soul a stream as bright
Of satisfying deep delight
 As happy spirits feel:

Yes, high archangels wing their way
Far from the golden founts of day
 To scenes of earthly sadness,
That they may comfort the distress'd,—
And feel in blessing, deeply blest,
 In gladd'ning, full of gladness.

The choicest happiness there is,
The glorious GODHEAD'S perfect bliss,
 Is born of doing good;
HE looks around, and sees the eye
Of all creation spangled by
 The tear of gratitude!

All hail, my country's noble sons,
Ye Heaven-Sent unselfish ones,
 Who every realm have trod
Smit with the love of doing good,—
O that my portion with you stood!
 For ye are like your God!

And lives there one, who never felt
His heart with zeal or kindness melt,
 Nor ever dropt a tear
Of sympathy for other's woe?
If such a man exist below
 A fiend in flesh is here.

Brethren, unsatisfied with earth,
Who feel how heartless is its mirth
 How transient is its joy,
Ye may,—there only wants the will,—
Your dearest hope of bliss fulfil,
 Of bliss without alloy:

Most glad a thing it is and sweet,
To sit and learn at Wisdom's feet,
 And hear her blessed voice ;
First in her comforts to be glad,
And then, to comfort other sad,
 And teach them to rejoice.

How sweet it is to link again
Estranged affection's broken chain,
 And soothe the sorrowing breast ;
To be the favour'd one that may
Recall to love hearts torn away,
 And thus by both be blest.

Rich men and proud, who fain would find
Some new indulgence for the mind,
 Some scheme to gladden self,
If ye will feed the famish'd poor,
Happiness shall ye buy, far more
 Than with a mint of pelf :

Ye cannot see the tearful eye,
Ye cannot hear the grateful sigh,
 Nor feel yourselves beloved
By the pale children of distress
Whom ye have been the gods to bless,—
 With hearts unthrill'd, unmoved.

And you, who love your fellow-men,
And feel a sacred transport, when
 Ye can that love fulfil,—
Go, rescue yonder tortured brute,
Its gratitude indeed is mute,
 But, oh ! it loves you still.

Children of science, who delight
To track out wisdom's beauty bright
 In earth, or sea, or sky,—
While nature's lovely face you scan,
Go, seek and save some erring man,
 And set his hope on high!

But still reflect that all the good
Ye do, demands your gratitude,
 For 'tis a heav'nly boon,
That should for its own sake be sought,
Though to itself is kindly brought
 A blessing sweet and soon:

It is reward to imitate,
In comforting the desolate,
 That gracious one who stood
A ransom for a ruin'd world,
And still, Himself to ruin hurl'd,
 Found evil for His good:

And what an argument for pray'r
Hath yearning Mercy written there,
 For if indeed "to give
Is blessed rather than the gift"—
Go ye, to heaven the voice uplift,
 And then ye must receive.

A Cabinet of Fossils.

COME, and behold with curious eye
These records of a world gone by,
These tell-tales of the youth of time,—
When changes, sudden, vast, sublime,
(From Chaos, and fair Order's birth,
To the last flood that drown'd the earth,—)
Shatter'd the crust of this young world,
Into the seas its mountains hurl'd,
And upon boisterous surges strong
Bore the broad ruins far along
To pave old ocean's shingly bed,
While bursting upwards in their stead
The lowest granites towering rose
To pierce the clouds with crested snows,
Where future Apennine or Alp
Bared to high heav'n its icy scalp.

Look on these coins of kingdoms old,
These medals of a broken mould :
These corals in the green hill-side,
These fruits and flowers beneath the tide,
These struggling flies in amber found,
These huge pine-forests underground,
These flint sea-eggs, with curious bosses,
These fibred ferns, and fruited mosses
Lying as in water spread,
And stone-struck by some Gorgon's head !
The chambers of this graceful shell,
So delicately form'd,—so well,
None can declare what years have past
Since life hath tenanted it last,

What countless centuries have flown
Since age hath made the shell a stone :
Gaze with me on those jointed stems,
A living plant of starry gems,
And on that sea-flower, light and fair,
Which shoots its leaves in agate there :
Behold these giant ribs in stone
Of mighty monsters, long unknown,
That in some antemundane flood
Wallow'd on continents of mud,
A lizard race, but well for man,
Dead long before his day began,
Monsters, through Providence extinct,
That crocodiles to fishes link'd ;
And shreds of other forms beside
That sported in the yeasty tide,
Or, flapping far with dragon-wing,
On the slow tortoise wont to spring,
Or, ambush'd in the rushes rank,
Watch'd the dull mammoth on the bank,
Or loved the green and silent deep,
Or on the coral-reef to sleep,
Where many a rood, in passive strength,
The scaly reptiles lay at length.

For there are wonders, wondrous strange,
To those who will through nature range,
And use the mind, and clear the eye,
And let instruction not pass by :
There are deep thoughts of tranquil joy
For those who thus their hearts employ,
And trace the wise design that lurks
In holy nature's meanest works,
And by the torch of truth discern
The happy lessons good men learn :

O there are pleasures, sweet and new,
 To those who thus creation view,
 And, as on this wide world they look,
 Regard it as one mighty book,
 Inscribed within, before, behind,
 With workings of the Master-mind;
 Ray'd with that Wisdom, which excels
 In framing worlds,—or fretting shells,—
 Fill'd with that Mercy, which delights
 In blessing mammoths, men, or mites,—
 With silent deep Benevolence,
 With hidden mild Omnipotence,
 With order's everlasting laws,
 With seen effect, and secret cause,
 Justice and truth in all things rife,
 Filling the world with love and life,
 And teaching from creation round
 How good the GOD of all is found,
 His handiwork how vast, how kind,
 How prearranged by clearest mind,
 How glorious in His own estate,
 And in His smallest works how GREAT.

Five Psalms.

I.—PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who walketh not
 In sinners' evil ways;
 Nor with the wicked joins his lot,
 Nor gives the scorner praise:

But all his solace and delight
Is in his Father's word,—
His meditation day and night,
The doctrine of the LORD.

As some green tree near flowing streams
That yields its timely fruit,
Unblighted still his foliage seems,—
He prospers, branch and root.

Not so the ungodly; they are all
Like chaff before the blast;
In the dread judgment they shall fall,
And perish at the last:

For the LORD loveth, and doth keep
The good man day by day;
But as for sinners, He shall sweep
And scatter them away!

II. — PSALM XIX.

HEAVEN declares its Maker's glory,
And the firmament His might;
Day to day the wondrous story
Echoes on, and night to night;
All is silence, yet Creation
Knows and hears that voiceless speech
Which to every tribe and nation
Doth their Maker's glory teach.

From his chamber bright in heaven
Lo, the bridegroom of the earth
Gladness by his smile hath given,
And awakes the morn to mirth:

Not less full of life and pleasure
 Is GOD's truth nor less complete;
 'Tis more precious than all treasure,
 Than the honeycomb more sweet.

It rejoices, heals, and teaches,
 Ever holy, just, and good;
 To the inmost feeling reaches,
 And leads up the heart to GOD:
 Warn'd by that, thy servant turneth
 To the path that tends to bliss;
 Yet, who all his faults discerneth?
 Cleanse me, if I err in this.

Let not pride be ruler in me,
 But deliver, guide, forgive:
 Thus, corruption quench'd within me,
 I shall be upright and live.
 Let my words and meditation,
 Ever pleasing in Thy sight,
 Meet with gracious acceptation,
 My Redeemer and my Might!

III.—PSALM XX.

GOD in time of trouble hear thee,
 And the name of Jacob's Lord
 From His sanctuary near thee,
 Out of Zion help afford;
 Crown thy sacrifice with fire,
 All thy gifts remember still,
 Grant thee all thy heart's desire,
 And thy choicest wish fulfil!

We will joy in Thy salvation,
 And will set our banners high
 In our GOD!—Thy supplication
 Be accomplish'd at thy cry. '
 Now I know the LORD from heaven
 Saveth still His CHRIST from harm;
 Now to Him will strength be given
 By the might of His right arm.

Some in chariots, some in horses,—
 We in GOD JEHOVAH trust;
 And while He our sure Resource is,
 They are fallen in the dust:
 Save, JEHOVAH, save and hear us,
 King of glory, King of might!
 When we call be ever near us,—
 Ever for Thy servants fight!

IV.—PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, Thou hast shower'd on Thy land
 Thy favourable grace;
 Thou hast brought home again the band
 Of Jacob's captive race:
 Thou hast forgiven Thy people's crimes
 And wash'd away their sin,
 From Thy fierce anger turn'd betimes,
 And rein'd Thy vengeance in!

Turn us, O GOD that saveth us,—
 And bid Thine anger cease:
 Wilt Thou in wrath be ever thus,
 Nor smile on us in peace?
 O wilt Thou not Thy work revive,
 That we may joy in Thee?
 Yea, LORD, Thy constant mercy give,
 And Thy salvation free!

V.—PSALM CXLIV.

BLESSED be the LORD my might,
Who hath taught my soul to fight,
Castle, Saviour, hope, and friend,
Whom I trust all help to send.

LORD, what is man, or what his son,
That thou regardest such an one?
A thing of nought: his little day
Passeth shadow-like away.

Bow Thy heavens, LORD! return,
Touch the mountains that they burn,
Forth Thy scathing lightnings cast,
With Thy shafts consume them fast!

Send Thy power from on high,
Rescue me, for ever nigh,
Save me from the drowning wave,
From these wicked children save!

GOD, to Thee new songs I sing,
On my lute new praise I bring,—
To kings Thou givest victory, LORD,
And savest David from the sword.

Help, and save me from the hand
Of children, strangers in the land;
For their mouths are lies within,
And their right hands red with sin.

That our sons may grow in good
Like young saplings of the wood,
And our daughters may be seen
As Thy temple pure and clean:

That our garner's more and more
May be full with various store,
That our teeming sheep may yield
Thousand-fold in street and field:

That our oxen's sturdy toil
Drain the treasures of the soil;
None in bonds be led away,
No complaining, no decay.

Happy people! prosper'd so,
Blest beyond all bliss below;
Blest who have, all gods above,
For their GOD the LORD of love!

The Mourner comforted. 1833.

BROTHER, dear brother, weep no more for me!
My lot is blessedness,—an heritage
Of Praise, and Peace, and Immortality,
And Joy unspeakable! above me smiles
The Eye of tenderest love, and underneath
Sustain me safe the Everlasting Arms!
I am not dead,—my spirit is not dead,
But rests in JESUS, the dear hiding-place
Of ransom'd happy souls,—for I am His;—
My GOD hath wiped all sorrow from mine eye,
All sin from my fair soul; Eternal Love
For pain hath given me Peace,—for fear, fixt hope,
For Life's deceitful cup of bitterness;
Rivers of pleasantness and seas of joy.
Ah, who can speak it, who can think it, there,—

Where the frail prison of Mortality
Holds pent the slumbering soul? Earth hath no words,
And earthborn no ideas of infinite,
Unutterable, overwhelming bliss.
O blest exchange! O gain beyond compare!
O Glory, brighter for the foil of Time,
O deepest happiness, more exquisite
For a short Life's remember'd tale of sorrow!
Weep not, dear brother,—weep no more for me

Yes,—from the dream of Time I woke in peace:
And one fierce struggle over, all was calm.
Awhile I lay entranced,—in that sweet rest
The Sabbath of the Soul, e'er yet it speeds
To choirs of perfect praise, and bliss intense.
And soon two infant cherubs on bright wings
—My sainted little brothers,—flew to me,
Kiss'd me, and wept for joy, as angels weep.
“For it is ours,” they said, “our great reward,
By His dear will preferr'd before all others,
On either hand to lead thee to our God.”
Wing'd with ecstatic hope upsprung my Soul,—
And through the glorious hosts of happy ones,
From bliss to bliss, from heav'n to heav'n, upsprung,
Catching swift echoes of melodious praise,
Till at the rapturous height of highest joy
I stood before the Throne! and there was HE,
HE, whom a brother's counsel bade me seek,
HE, whom at midnight's hour a mother's ear
With tears and prayers had often heard me seek,—
O there was HE! my Saviour and my Friend,—
My Sacrifice, my Heav'n, my All, my God!
—Brother, in earthly words and earthly thoughts
I cannot tell thee more: but would speak peace,
Peace to thy troubled soul,—where peace there is.
O climax to my joys,—strength to your hopes,

In the bright book of Life are written fair
The names of those I loved! Blest family,
Children of hope, and Heaven, and GOD! His love
With tears of chasten'd grief hath gemm'd your crowns,
That, by a Father's wisdom mingling well
Life's cup with sorrows, ye may deeper drink
Of grace on earth, of glory with our GOD.
Yes, there are crowns and mansions for you all,
Ye loved, and happy ones! a crown for thee,
Dear mother, who so tenderly hast led
Our infant steps to paths of pleasantness;—
Crowns for you both, my sisters;—and for thee,
Whom the dark storm of unbelieving fears
Hath sorely tost,—my brother,—even for thee
From deeper trouble rises higher bliss!
Peace to you all, for JESUS is your peace,
Your peace and mine: be comforted with me,
For we are one, as ever, one in Him.

Though now ye see me not, I can see you;
Though ye hear not my praise, your groans I hear.
I watch'd, unwatch'd, and long'd to wipe away
The bitter tears that fell to weep my gain:
I watch'd, when on my prison-house of lead,
That held the alter'd form ye lately loved,
A mother's fondness wildly prest a kiss;
I watch'd the friend approved, on whom she leant;
And to their mournful homes in cot or hall
I watch'd the dark procession silent creep.
Then was I with you, and am with you still,
A free, unshackled spirit,—loving you,
And ministering grace to you from GOD!
Think not of what I was, but what I am,—
Gaze not on those "dear lineaments defaced,"
Nor brood on foul corruption's gloomy pit:

Rather look up;—I live!—O speed, blest hour,
 When to the spirit made perfect the bright body,
 Bursting the bars of Death, shall reunite,
 And meet the King of Glory in the skies!



The Souls of Brutes. 1832.

Incertus erro per loca devia.—HOR.

ARE these then made in vain? is man alone
 Of all the marvels of creative love
 Blest with a scintillation of His essence,
 The heavenly spark of reasonable soul?
 And hath not yon sagacious dog, that finds
 A meaning in the shepherd's idiot face,
 Or the huge elephant that lends his strength
 To drag the stranded galley to the shore,
 And strives with emulative pride to excel
 The mindless crowd of slaves that toil beside him,
 Or the young generous war-horse, when he sniffs
 The distant field of blood, and quick and shrill
 Neighing for joy, instils a desperate courage
 Into the veteran trooper's quailing heart,—
 Have they not all an evidence of soul
 (Of soul, the proper attribute of man,)
 The same in kind, though meaner in degree?
 Why should not that which hath been,—be for ever?
 And death,—O can it be annihilation?
 No,—though the stolid atheist fondly clings
 To that last hope, how kindred to despair!
 No,—'tis the struggling spirit's hour of joy,
 The glad emancipation of the soul,

The moment when the cumbrous fetters drop,
And the bright spirit wings its way to heaven!
To say that GOD annihilated aught
Were to declare that in an unwise hour
He plann'd and made somewhat superfluous:
Why should not the mysterious life, that dwells
In reptiles as in men, and shows itself
In memory, gratitude, love, hate, and pride,
Still energize, and be, though death may crush
Yon frugal ant, or thoughtless butterfly,
Or with the simoon's pestilential gale
Strike down the patient camel in the desert?

There is one chain of intellectual soul,
In many links and various grades, throughout
The scale of nature; from the climax bright
The first great Cause of all, Spirit supreme,
Incomprehensible and unconfined,
To high archangels blazing near the throne,
Seraphim, cherubim, virtues, aids, and powers,
All capable of perfection in their kind;—
To man, as holy from his Maker's hand
He stood, in possible excellence complete,
(Man, who is destined now to brighter glories,
As nearer to the present GOD, in One
His Lord and substitute,— than angels reach :)
Then man as fall'n, with every varied shade
Of character and capability,
From him who reads his title to the skies,
Or grasps with giant mind all nature's wonders,
Down to the monster shaped in human form,
Maniac, slaving fool, or blood-stain'd savage:
Then to the prudent elephant, the dog
Half-humanized, the docile Arab horse,
The social beaver, and contriving fox,

The parrot, quick in pertinent reply,
The kind-affection'd seal, and patriot bee,
The merchant-storing ant, and wintering swallow,
With all those other palpable emanations
And energies of one eternal Mind
Pervading and instructing all that live,
Down to the sentient grass, and shrinking clay.
In truth, I see not why the breath of life,
Thus omnipresent and upholding all,
Should not return to Him, and be immortal,
(I dare not say the same) in some glad state
Originally destined for creation,
As well from brutish bodies, as from man.
The uncertain glimmer of analogy
Suggests the thought, and reason's shrewder guess;
Yet revelation whispers nought but this,
"Our Father careth when a sparrow dies,"
And that "the spirit of a brute descends"
As to some secret and preserving Hadès.

But for some better life, in what strange sort
Were justice, mix'd with mercy, dealt to these?—
Innocent slaves of sordid guilty man,
Poor unthank'd drudges, toiling at his will,
Pamper'd in youth, and haply starved in age,
Obedient, faithful, gentle,—though the spur
Wantonly cruel, or unsparing thong
Weal your gall'd hides, or your strain'd sinews crack
Beneath the crushing load,—what recompense
Can He, who gave you being, render you
If in the rank full harvest of your griefs
Ye sink annihilated, to the shame
Of government unequal?—In that day
When crime is sentenced, shall the cruel heart
Boast uncondemn'd, because no tortured brute

Stands there accusing? shall the embodied deeds
Of man not follow him, nor the rescued fly
Bear its kind witness to the saving hand?
Shall the mild Brahmin stand in equal sin
Regarding nature's menials, with the wretch
Who flays the moaning Abyssinian ox,
Or roasts the living bird, or flogs to death
The famishing pointer?—and must these again,
These poor unguilty uncomplaining victims
Have no reward for life with its sharp pains?—
They have my suffrage: Nineveh was spared,
Though Jonah prophesied its doom, for sake
Of six-score thousand infants, and “much cattle;”
And space is wide enough, for every grain
Of the broad sands that curb our swelling seas
Each separate in its sphere to stand apart
As far as sun from sun: there lacks not room,
Nor time, nor care, where all is infinite:
And still I doubt: it is a Gordian knot,
A dark deep riddle, rich with curious thoughts;
Yet let me tell a trivial incident,
And draw thine own conclusion from my tale.

Paris kept holiday; a merrier sight
The crowded Champs Elysées never saw:
Loud pealing laughter, songs, and flageolets,
And giddy dances round the shadowing elms,
Green vistas thronged with thoughtless multitudes,
Traitorous processions, frivolous pursuits,
And pleasures full of sin,—the loud “hurra!”
And fierce enthusiastic “Vive la nation!”—
Were these thy ways and works, O godlike man,
Monopolist of mind, great patentee
Of truth, and sense, and reasonable soul?—
My heart was sick with gaiety; nor less,

When (sad, sad contrast to the sensual scene)
I mark'd a single hearse through the dense crowd
Move on its noiseless melancholy way:
The blazing sun half quench'd it with his beams,
And show'd it but more sorrowful: I gazed
And gazed with wonder that no feeling heart,
No solitary Man follow'd to note
The spot where poor mortality must sleep:
Alas! it was a friendless child of sorrow,
That stole unheeded to the house of Death!
My heart beat strong with sympathy, and loathed
The noisy follies that were buzzing round me,
And I resolved to watch him to his grave,
And give a man his fellow-sinner's tear:
I left the laughing crowd, and quickly gain'd
That dreary hearse, and found,—he was not friendless!
Yes, there was one, one only, faithful found
To that forgotten wanderer,—*his dog!*
And there, with measured step, and drooping head,
And tearful eye, paced on the stricken mourner.
Yes, I remember how my bosom ached
To see its sensible face look up to mine
As in confiding sympathy,—and howl:
Yes, I can never forget what grief unfeign'd,
What true love, and unselfish gratitude,
That poor, bereaved, and *soulless* dog betray'd.

Ah, give me, give me such a friend, I cried;
Yon myriad fools and knaves in human guise
Compared with thee, poor cur, are vain and worthless,
While man, who claims a soul exclusively,
Is shamed by yonder "mere machine,"—a dog!

—"Equidem credo quia sit Divinitus illis ingenium."—VIRG.

The Chamois Hunter. 1829.

A LESSON OF LIFE.

THE scene was bathed in beauty rare,
For Alpine grandeur toppled there,
 With emerald spots between;
A summer-evening's blush of rose
All faintly warm'd the crested snows
 And tinged the valleys green;

Night gloom'd apace, and dark on high
The thousand banners of the sky
 Their awful width unfurl'd,
Veiling Mont Blanc's majestic brow,
That seem'd among its cloud-wrapt snow,
 The ghost of some dead world:

When Pierre the hunter cheerly went
To scale the Catton's battlement
 Before the peep of day;
He took his rifle, pole, and rope,
His heart and eyes alight with hope,
 He hasted on his way.

He cross'd the vale, he hurried on,
He forded the cold Arveron,
 The first rough terrace gain'd,
Threaded the fir-wood's gloomy belt,
And trod the snows that never melt,
 And to the summit strain'd.

Over the top, as he knew well,
Beyond the glacier in the dell
 A herd of chamois slept,
So down the other dreary side,
With cautious tread, or careless slide,
 He bounded, or he crept.

And now he nears the chasmed ice;
He stoops to leap,—and in a trice,
 His foot hath slipp'd,—O heaven!
He hath leapt in, and down he falls
Between those blue tremendous walls,
 Standing asunder riven!

But quick his clutching nervous grasp
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,
 And thus he hangs in air;—
O moment of exulting bliss!
Yet hope so nearly hopeless is
 Twin-brother to despair.

He look'd beneath,—a horrible doom!
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom,
 Where he must drop to die!
He look'd above, and many a rood
Upright the frozen ramparts stood
 Around a speck of sky.

Seven long dreadful hours he hung,
And often by strong breezes swung
 His fainting body twists;
Scarcely can he cling one moment more,
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore
 His burning bursting wrists;

His head grows dizzy,—he must drop,
He half resolves,—but stop, O stop,
 Hold on to the last spasm,
Never in life give up your hope,—
Behold, behold a friendly rope
 Is dropping down the chasm!

They call thee, Pierre,—see, see them here,
Thy gather'd neighbours far and near,
 Courage! man, hold on fast:—
And so from out that terrible place,
With death's pale paint upon his face,
 They drew him up at last.

And he came home an alter'd man,
For many harrowing terrors ran
 Through his poor heart that day;
He thought how all through life, though young,
Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,
 Over a gulf midway:

He thought what fear it were to fall
Into the pit that swallows all,
 Unwing'd with hope and love;
And when the succour came at last,
O then he learnt how firm and fast
 Was his best Friend above.

Reproof.

BE ashamed for your reserve,
 Be ashamed;—
 It is not what I deserve,
 Be ashamed;—
 By my heart, and by mind
 Willing, warm, and well-inclined,
 Let your greeting be more kind,—
 Be ashamed.

Be assured it's little wise,
 Be assured,—
 So to chill your hand and eyes,
 Be assured,—
 My humility can wait,
 But your love may come too late,
 Pride will soon be out of date,—
 Be assured.



The African Desert.

A NEWDIGATE IN 1830.

Go, child of pity, watch the sullen glare
 That lights the haggard features of despair
 As upon dying guilt's distracted sight
 Rise the black clouds of everlasting night;
 Drink in the fever'd eyeball's dismal ray,
 And gaze again,—and turn not yet away,

Drink in its anguish, till thy heart and eye
Reel with the draught of that sad lethargy:
Till Gloom with chilling fears thy soul congeal,
And on thy bosom stamp his leaden seal,
Till Melancholy flap her heavy wings
Above thy fancy's light imaginings,
And Sorrow wrap thee in her sable shroud,
And Terror in a gathering thunder-cloud!

Go, call up Darkness from his dread abode,
Bid Desolation fling her curse abroad,
—Then gaze around on nature!—ah, how drear,
How widow-like she sits in sadness here:
Lost are the glowing tints, the softening shades,
Her sunny meadows, and her greenwood glades;
No grateful flower has gemm'd its mother-earth,
Rejoicing in the blessedness of birth;
No blitheseme lark has waked the drowsy day,
No sorrowing dews have wept themselves away:
Faded,—the smiles that dimpled in her vales;
Scatter'd, the fragrance of the spicy gales
That dew'd her locks with odours, as they swept
The waving groves, or in the rose-bud slept.

Is this the desert? this the blighted plain
Where Silence holds her melancholy reign,—
Where foot of daring mortal scarce hath trod,
But all around is solitude—and God,—
And where the sandy billows overwhelm
All but young Fancy's visionary realm,
In which, beneath the red moon's sickly glance
Fantastic forms prolong the midnight dance,
And pigmy warriors, marshall'd on the plains,
Shout high defiance to the invading cranes?

Regions of sorrow,—darkly have ye frown'd
Amidst a sunny world of smiles around :
Luxurious Persia, bower'd in rosy bloom,
Breathes the sweet air of Araby's perfume,
And where Italian suns in glory shine
To the green olive clings the tendrill'd vine ;
In yon soft bosom of Iberia's vales
The orange-blossom scents the lingering gales,
That waft its sweets to where Madeira's plain
With emerald beauty gems the western main :
The winds that o'er the rough Ægæan sweep,
Tamed into zephyrs, on its islands sleep ;
And where rich Delta drinks the swelling Nile,
Auspicious Ceres spreads her golden smile.
But on Sahara death has set his throne,
And reigns in sullen majesty alone :
Unfurl'd on high above the desert-king
The red simoom spreads forth its fiery wing ;
The spirits of the storm his bidding wait,
Gigantic shadows swell his awful state,
And circling furies hover round his head,
To crown with flames the Tyrant of the Dead !
The desert shrank beneath him, as he pass'd,
Borne on the burning pinions of the blast ;
He breathed,—and solitude sat pining there ;
He spake,—and silence hush'd the listening air ;
He frown'd,—and blighted Nature scarce could fly
The lightning glances of her monarch's eye,
But where he look'd in withering fury down,
A dying desert knit its giant frown !

Desolate wilds,—creation's barren grave,
Where dull as Lethe rolls the desert wave,
How sparingly with warm existence rife
Have ye rejoiced in love, or teem'd with life !

Can it then be in solitudes so drear,
That utter Nothing has its dwelling here?—
Hence,—thought of darkness!—o'er the sandy flood
Broods the great Spirit of a present GOD:
HE is, where other being may not be;
Space cannot bind Him,—nor infinity!
Deeper than thought has ever dared to stray,
Higher than fancy wing'd her wondering way,
Beyond the beaming of the furthest star,
Beyond the pilgrim-comet's distant car,
Beyond all worlds, and glorious suns unseen,
He is, and will be, and has ever been!
Nor less,—where the huge iceberg lifts its head,
Dim as a dream, from ocean's polar bed;
Or where in softer climes creation glows,
And Paphos blushes from its banks of rose,
Or where fierce suns the panting desert sear,—
He is, and was, and ever will be, HERE!

But would thy daring spirit, child of man,
The secret chambers of the desert scan,
Curtain'd with flames, and tenanted by death,
Fanned by the tempest of Sirocco's breath?
With crested Azrael shall a mortal strive,
Or breathe the gales of pestilence, and live?
O then, let avarice his hand refrain,
Nor tempt the billows of that fiery main,
Let patience, toil, and courage nobly dare
Far other deeds than fruitless labours there,
Let dauntless enterprise, with generous zeal,
Toil, not unlaurell'd, for her fellows' weal,
But be the howling wilderness untrod,
And trackless still, Sahara's barren flood!

Lo, from the streaming east a blaze of light
Has swept to distant shores astonish'd night,

Darkness has snatch'd his spangled robe away,
And in full glory shines the new-born day;
Rejoice, ye flowery vales,—ye verdant isles
With the glad sunbeams weave your rosy smiles,
The bridegroom of the earth looks down in love,
And blooms in freshen'd beauty from above;
Ye waiting dews, leap to that warm embrace,
With fragrant incense bathe his blushing face,
Thou earth, be robed in joy!—But one sad plain
Exults not, smiles not, to the morn again:
Soon as the sun is all in glory drest
The conscious desert heaves its troubled breast,
Like one, aroused to ceaseless misery,
That, ever dying, strives once more—to die.
And can Sahara weep? with sudden blaze
Deep in her bosom pierce the cruel rays,
But never thence one tributary stream
Shall soar aloft to quench the maddening beam:
Tearless in agony, fixt in grief, alone,
Pines the sad daughter of the torrid zone,
A rocky monument of anguish deep,
The Niobe of Nature cannot weep!
Yet from her bosom steams the sandy cloud,
And heavily waves above;—a lurid shroud,
Dense as the wing of sorrow, flapping o'er
The wither'd heart, that may not blossom more.

Faint o'er that burning desert, faint and slow,
Failing of limb, and pale with looks of woe,
Parch'd by the hot Sirée, and fiery ray,
The wearied kafflè winds its toilsome way.
'Tis long, long since the panther bounded by,
And howl'd, and gazed upon them wistfully;
Long since the monarch lion from his lair
Arose, and thunder'd to the stagnant air:

No wandering ostrich with extended wing
Flaps o'er the sands, to seek the distant spring;
Bounding from rock to rock, with curious scan
No wild gazelle surveys the stranger, man;
Nor does the famish'd tiger's lengthening roar
Speak to the winds and wake the echoes more.

But o'er these realms of sorrow, drear and vast,
In hollow dirges moans the desert blast,
Or breathing o'er the plain in smother'd wrath
Howls to the skulls, that whiten on the path.
And as with heavy tramp they toil along,
Is heard no more the cheering Arab song,—
No more the wild Bedouin's joyous shriek
With startling homage greets his wandering shriek,
Only the mutter'd curse, or whisper'd pray'r,
Or deep death-rattle wakes the sluggish air.

Behold one here, who till to-day has been
A father, and with bursting bosom seen
His last, his cherish'd one, whose waning eye
Smiled only resignation, droop and die!
Parch'd by the heat, those lips are curl'd and pale,
As rose-leaves wither'd in the northern gale;
Her eye no more its silent love shall speak,
No flush of life shall mantle on her cheek;—
Yet with a frenzied fondness to his child
The father clung, and thought his darling smiled;
Ah, yes! 'tis death that o'er her beauty throws
That marble smile of deep and dread repose.

What thrilling shouts are these that rend the sky,
Whence is the joy that lights the sunken eye?
On, on, they speed their burning thirst to slake
In the blue waters of yon rippled lake,—

Or must they still those maddening pangs assuage
In the sand-billows of the false mirage?
Lo, the fair phantom, melting to the wind,
Leaves but the sting of baffled bliss behind.

Hope smiles again, as with instinctive haste
The panting camels rush along the waste,
And snuff the grateful breeze, that sweeping by
Wafts its cool fragrance through the cloudless sky.
Swift as the steed that feels the slacken'd rein
And flies impetuous o'er the sounding plain,
Eager as bursting from an Alpine source
The winter torrent in its headlong course,
Still hasting on, the wearied band behold
—The green oasis, an emerald couch'd in gold!
And now the curving rivulet they desery,
That bow of hope upon a stormy sky,
Now ranging its luxuriant banks of green
In silent rapture gaze upon the scene:
His graceful arms the palm was waving there
Caught in the tall acacia's tangled hair,
While in festoons across his branches slung
The gay kossóm its scarlet tassels hung;
The flowering colocynth had studded round
Jewels of promise o'er the joyful ground,
And where the smile of day burst on the stream,
The trembling waters glitter'd in the beam.

It comes, the blast of death! that sudden glare
Tinges with purple hues the stagnant air;
Fearful in silence, o'er the heaving strand
Sweeps the wild gale, and licks the curling sand,
While o'er the vast Sahara from afar
Rushes the tempest in his wingèd car:
Swift from their bed the flame-like billows rise,
Whirling and surging to the copper skies,

As when Briareus lifts his hundred arms,
Grasps at high heaven, and fills it with alarms;
In eddying chaos madly mixt on high
Gigantic pillars dance along the sky,
Or stalk in awful slowness through the gloom,
Or track the coursers of the dread simoom,
Or clashing in mid air, to ruin hurl'd,
Fall as the fragments of a shatter'd world!

Hush'd is the tempest,—desolate the plain,
Still'd are the billows of that troublous main;
As if the voice of death had check'd the storm,
Each sandy wave retains its sculptured form:
And all is silence,—save the distant blast
That howl'd, and mock'd the desert as it pass'd;
And all is solitude,—for where are they,
That o'er Sahara wound their toilsome way?
Ask of the heav'ns above, that smile serene,
Ask that burnt spot, no more of lovely green,
Ask of the whirlwind in its purple cloud,
The desert is their grave, the sand their shroud.

The Sutters.

A NEWDIGATE IN 1831.

O GOLDEN shores, primeval home of man,
How glorious is thy dwelling, Hindostan!
Thine are these smiling valleys, bright with bloom,
Wild woods, and sandal-groves, that breathe perfume,
Thine, these fair skies,—where morn's returning ray
Has swept the starry robe of night away,
And gilt each dome, and minaret, and tower,
Gemm'd every stream, and tinted every flower.

But dark the spirit within thee;—from old time
Still o'er thee rolls the whelming flood of crime,
Still o'er thee broods the curse of guiltless blood,
That shouts for vengeance from thy reeking sod:
Deep-flowing Ganges in his rushy bed
Moans a sad requiem for his children dead,
And, wafted frequent on the passing gale,
Rises the orphan's sigh,—the widow's wail.

Hark, 'tis the rolling of the funeral drum,
The white-robed Brahmins see, they come, they come,
Bringing, with frantic shouts, and torch, and trump,
And mingled signs of melancholy pomp,
That livid corpse, borne solemnly on high—
And yon faint trembling victim, doom'd to die!

Still, as with measured step they move along,
With fiercer joy they weave the mystic song:
Eswara, crown'd with forests, thee they praise,
Birmah, to thee the full-toned chorus raise;
To Ocean,—where the loose sail mariners furl,
And seek in coral caves the virgin pearl;
And to the source of Ganga's sacred streams,
Bright with the gold of Surya's morning beams,
Where on her lotus-throne Varuna sings,
And weeping Peris lave their azure wings:
They shout to Kali, of the red right hand,
Bid Aglys toss on high the kindled brand,
And far from Himalaya's frozen steep,
In whirlwind-car bid dark Paváneh sweep:
They chant of one whom Azrael waits to guide
O'er the black gulf of death's unfathom'd tide;
Of her, whose spotless life to Seeva giv'n,
Bursts for her lord the golden gates of heav'n,
Of her,—who thus in dreadful triumph led,
Dares the unhallow'd bridal of the dead!

And there in silent fear she stands alone,
The desolate, unpitied, widow'd one :
Too deeply taught in life's sad tale of grief,
In the calm house of death she hopes relief,
For few the pleasures India's daughter knows,
A child of sorrow, nursed in want and woes.
Cursed from the womb, how oft a mother's fear
In silence o'er thee dropt the bitter tear,
Lest a stern sire to Ganga's holy wave
Should madly consecrate the life he gave :
Cradled on superstition's sable wing
In joyless gloom pass'd childhood's early spring,
And still, as budded fair thy youthful mind,
None bade thee seek, none taught thee, truth to find :
Poor child ! that never raised the suppliant pray'r,
Nor look'd to heaven, and saw a Father there,
Untutor'd by religion's gentle sway
To love, believe, be happy, and obey.
Betroth'd in artless infancy to one
Thy warm affections never beam'd upon,
How shouldst thou smile, when ripe in beauty's pride
The haughty Rajah claim'd his destined bride ?
A trembling slave, and not the loving wife,
Pass'd the short summer of thy hapless life ;
And now to deck that bier, that pile to crown,
His fiery sepulchre becomes — thine own.

And must it be, that in a spot so fair
Shall rise the madden'd shriek of wild despair ?
This lovely spot, where glows in every part
The smile of nature on the pomp of art ;
The banian spreads its hospitable shade,
The bright bird warbles in the leafy glade,
The matted palm, and wild anana's bloom,
The light pagoda, the majestic dome,

With emerald plains, and ocean's distant blue,
Cast their rich tints and shadows o'er the view.
But murder here must wash his bloody hand,
And superstition shake the flaming brand,
And terror cast around an eager eye
To look for one to save,—where none is nigh!
Far other incense than the breath of day
From that dark corpse must waft the soul away,
Far other moans than of the muffled drum
Herald the lingering spirit to its home:
Yes,—thou must perish; and that gentle frame
Must struggle frantic with the circling flame,
Constant in weal or woe, for death, for life,
The victim widow, as the victim wife.

Hoping, despairing,—friendless, and forlorn,
The death she may not fly, she strives to scorn:
List to the tale that bright-wing'd Peris wait
To waft her to Kalaisa's crystal gate,—
Thinks how her car of fire shall speed along,
Hail'd by high praises, and Kinnura's song,—
And upward gazing in a speechless trance,
Darts earnestly the keen ecstatic glance,
Till wrapt imagination cleaves the sky,
And hope delusive points the way,—to die.
Who hath not felt, in some celestial hour,
When fear's dark thunder-clouds have ceased to lour,
When angels beckon on the fluttering soul
To realms of bliss beyond her mortal goal,
When heavenly glories bursting on the sight,
The raptured spirit bathes in seas of light,
And soars aloft upon the seraph's wing,—
How boldly she can brave death's tyrant sting?
Thus the poor girl's enthusiastic mind
Revels in hope of blessings undefined,

Roams o'er the flowers of earth, the joys of sense,
And frames her paradise of glory thence :
For oft as memory's retrospective eye
Glanced at the blighted joys of days gone by,
How sadly sweet appear'd those smiling hours
When hope had strew'd life's thorny path with flow'rs,
How dark, and shadow'd o'er with fearful gloom,
The unimagined horrors of the tomb !
When she remember'd all her joy and pain,
And in a moment lived her life again,
Each sorrow seem'd to smile, that frown'd before,—
Her cup of blessing *then* was running o'er,—
Days past in grief, beam'd now in hues of bliss,
Fancy gilt them,—but terror clouded this !
Yet swift her spirit, resolutely proud,
Scorn'd every hope, by mercy disallow'd :
The priests have long invoked their idol god,
The murd'rous pile, his altar, thirsts for blood,—
A horrid silence summons to the grave,
All wait for her,—and none stands forth to save,
O shall she tremble now, nor die the same ; —
Shall she not fearless rush into the flame ?
From her dark eye she strikes the rising tear,
And firmly mounts the pile—a widow's bier.

Instant, with furious zeal and willing hands,
Attendant Brahmins ply the ready brands ;
And as the flames are raging fierce and high,
And mount in rushing columns to the sky,
Lest those wild shrieks, or pity's soft appeal,
Should rouse one hand to save, one heart to feel,
Madly exulting in their victim's doom
They heap with fiendish haste her fiery tomb,—
Clash the loud cymbals, wake the trumpet's note,
Roll the deep drum, and raise the deafening shout,

Till in dread discord through the startled air
Rise the mixt yells of triumph and despair!

Britain, whose pitying hand is stretch'd to save
From despot's iron chain the writhing slave;
Where freedom's sons, at wild oppression's shriek
Feel the hot tear bedew the manly cheek,—
Where the kind sympathies of social life
Sweeten the cup to one no more a wife,
Where misery never pray'd nor sigh'd in vain,—
Shall India's widow'd daughters bleed again?
Let wreaths more glorious deck Britannia's head
Than theirs, who fiercely fought, or nobly bled,
Wreaths such as happy spirits wear above,
Gemm'd with the tears of gratitude and love,
Where palm and olive, twined with almond bloom,
Tell of triumphant peace and mercy's rich perfume.
And ye, whose young and kindling hearts can feel
The pray'r of pity fan the flame of zeal,
Trace the blest path illustrious Heber trod,
And lead the poor idolator to GOD!
Thus, in that happy land, where nature's voice
Sings at her toil, and bids the world rejoice,
No guiltless blood her paradise shall stain,
No demon rites her holy courts profane,
No howl of superstition rend the air,
No widow's cry, no orphan's tear, be there,—
India shall cast her idol gods away,
And bless the promise of undying day.

CONTRASTED SONNETS.

Cheerfulness.

AN INVOCATION.

COME to my heart of hearts, thou radiant face!
 So shall I gaze for ever on thy fairness;
 Thine eyes are smiling stars, and holy grace
 Blossoms thy cheek with its exotic rareness,
 Trellissing it with jasmin-woven lace:
 Come, laughing maid,—yet in thy laughter calm,
 Be this thy home,
 Fair cherub, come,
 Solace my days with thy luxurious balm,
 And hover o'er my nightly couch, sweet dove,
 So shall I live in joy, by living in thy love!

Malice.

A DEPRECATION.

WHITE Devil! turn from me thy louring eye,
 Let thy lean lip unlearn its bitter smile,
 Down thine own throat I force its still-born lie,
 And teach thee to digest it in thy bile,—
 But I will merrily mock at thee the while:

Such venom cannot harm me; for I sit
 On a fair hill of name, and power, and purse,
 Too high for any shaft of thine to hit,
 Beyond the petty reaching of thy curse,
 Strong in good purpose, praise, and pregnant wit:
 Husband thy hate for toads of thine own level,
 I breathe an atmosphere too rare for thee:
 Back to thy trencher at the witches' revel,
 Too long they wait thy goodly company:
 Yet know thou this,—I'll crush thee, sorry devil,
 If ever again thou wag thy tongue at me.

Nature.

I STRAY'D at evening to a sylvan scene
 Dimpling with nature's smile the stern old mountain,
 A shady dingle, quiet, cool, and green,
 Where the moss'd rock pour'd forth its natural fountain;
 And hazels cluster'd there, with fern between,
 And feathery meadow-sweet shed perfume round,
 And the pink crocus pierc'd the jewell'd ground;
 Then was I calm and happy: for the voice
 Of nightingales unseen in tremulous lays
 Taught me with innocent gladness to rejoice,
 And tuned my spirit to unformal praise:
 So, among silver'd moths, and closing flowers,
 Gambolling hares, and rooks returning home,
 And strong-wing'd chafers setting out to roam,
 In careless peace I pass'd the soothing hours.

Art.

THE massy fane of architecture olden,
Or fretted minarets of marble white,
Or Moorish arabesque, begemm'd and golden,
Or porcelain pagoda, tipp'd with light,
Or high-spanned arches,—were a noble sight :
Nor less yon gallant ship, that treads the waves
In a triumphant silence of delight,
Like some huge swan, with her fair wings unfurl'd,
Whose curvèd sides the laughing water laves,
Bearing it buoyant o'er the liquid world :
Nor less yon silken monster of the sky
Around whose wicker car the clouds are curl'd,
Helping undaunted man to scale on high
Nearer the sun than eagles dare to fly ;—
Thy trophies these,—still but a modest part
Of thy grand conquests, wonder-working Art !

The Happy Name.

O NAME for comfort, refuge, hope, and peace,
O spot by gratitude and memory blest !
Where, as in brighter worlds, “the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest,”
And unfledged loves and graces have their nest ;

How brightly here the various virtues shine,
 And nothing said or done is seen amiss;
 While sweet affections every heart entwine,
 And differing tastes and talents all unite,
 Like hues prismatic blending into white,
 In charity to man, and love divine:
 Thou little kingdom of serene delight,
 Heaven's nursery and foretaste! O what bliss
 Where earth to wearied men can give a home like this!

The Wretched Home.

SCENE of disunion, bickering, and strife,
 What curse has made thy native blessings die?
 Why do these broils embitter daily life,
 And cold self-interest form the strongest tie?
 Hate, ill conceal'd, is flashing from the eye,
 And mutter'd vengeance curls the pallid lip;
 What should be harmony is all at jar;—
 Doubt and reserve love's timid blossoms nip,
 And weaken nature's bends to ropes of sand;
 While dull indifference takes the icy hand
 (Oh chilling touch!)—of constrain'd fellowship:
 What secret demon has such discord fann'd?
 What ill committed stirs this penal war,—
 Or what omitted good?—Alas! that such things are.

Theory.

How fair and facile seems that upland road!

Surely the mountain air is fresh and sweet,
And briskly shall I bear this mortal load

With well-braced sinews, and unwearied feet;
How dear my fellow-pilgrims oft to meet
O'ertaken, as to reach yon blest abode

We strive together, in glad hope to greet,
With angel friends and our approving God,

All that in life we once have loved so well,
So what we loved be worthy: her bright wings
My willing spirit plumes, and upward springs

Rejoicing, over crag, and fen, and fell,
And down, or up, the cliffs precipitous face,
To run or fly her buoyant happy race!

Practice.

THIS body,—O the body of this death!

Strive as thou wilt, do all that mortal can,
This is the sum, a man is but a man,
And weak in error strangely wandereth
Down flowery lanes, with pain and peril fraught,
Conscious of what he doth, and what he ought.
Alas,—but wherefore?—scarce my plaintive breath

Wafts its faint question to the listening sky,
When thus in answer some kind spirit saith:

“Man, thou art mean, although thy aim be high;
All matter hath one law, centering strong
To some attractive point,—and thy world's core
Is the foul seat of hell, and pain, and wrong:

Yet courage, man! the strife shall soon be o'er,
And that poor leprous husk, sore travailing long,

Shall yet cast off its death in second birth,
And flame anew a heavenly centred earth!”

Riches.

HEAPS upon heaps,—hillocks of yellow gold,
 Jewels, and hanging silks, and piled-up plate,
 And marble groups in beauty's choicest mould,
 And viands rare, and odours delicate,
 And art and nature, in divinest works,
 Swell the full pomp of my triumphant state
 With all that makes a mortal glad and great;
 —Ah, no, not glad: within my secret heart
 The dreadful knowledge, like a death-worm lurks,
 That all this dream of life must soon depart;
 And the hot curse of talents misapplied
 Blisters my conscience with its burning smart,
 So that I long to fling my wealth aside:
 For my poor soul, when its rich mate hath died,
 Must lie with Dives, spoil'd of all its pride.



Poverty.

THE sun is bright and glad, but not for me,
 My heart is dead to all but pain and sorrow,
 Nor care nor hope have I in all I see,
 Save from the fear that I may starve to-morrow;
 And eagerly I seek uncertain toil,
 Leaving my sinews in the thankless furrow,
 To drain a scanty pittance from the soil,
 While my life's lamp burns dim for lack of oil.
 Alas, for you, poor famishing patient wife,
 And pale-faced little ones! your feeble cries
 Torture my soul: worse than a blank is life
 Beggar'd of all that makes that life a prize:
 Yet one thing cheers me,—is not life the door
 To that rich world where no one can be poor?

Light.

A GLORIOUS vision: as I walk'd at noon

The children of the sun came thronging round me,
In shining robes and diamond-studded shoon;
And they did wing me up with them, and soon,

In a bright dome of wondrous width I found me,
Set all with beautiful eyes, whose wizard rays,

Shed on my soul, in strong enchantment bound me;
And so I look'd and look'd with dazzled gaze,

Until my spirit drank in so much light
That I grew like the sons of that glad place,

Transparent, lovely, pure, serene, and bright;
Then did they call me brother: and there grew

Swift from my sides broad pinions gold and white,
And with that happy flock a brilliant thing I flew!

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Darkness.

A TERRIBLE dream: I lay at dead of night

Tortur'd by some vague fear; it seem'd at first  
Like a small ink-spot on the ceiling white,  
To a black bubble swelling in my sight,

And then it grew to a balloon and burst;  
Then I was drown'd, as with an ebon stream,

And those dark waves quench'd all mine inward light,  
That in my saturated mind no gleam

Remain'd of beauty, peace, or love, or right:  
I was a spirit of darkness!—yet I knew

I could not thus be left; it was but a dream;  
Still felt I full of horror; for a crew

Of shadowy ITS hemm'd in my harried mind,  
And all my dread was waking mad and blind.

## Poetry.

To touch the heart, and make its pulses thrill,  
 To raise and purify the grovelling soul,  
 To warm with generous heat the selfish will,  
 To conquer passion with a mild control,  
 And the whole man with nobler thoughts to fill,  
 These are thine aims, O pure unearthly power,  
 These are thine influences : and therefore those  
 Whose wings are clogg'd with evil, are thy foes ;  
 And therefore these, who have thee for their dower,  
 The widow'd spirits with no portion here,  
 Eat angels' food, the manna thou dost shower :  
 For thine are pleasures, deep, and tried, and true,  
 Whether to read, or write, or think, or hear,  
 By the gross million spurn'd, and fed on by the few.



## Prose.

THAT the fine edge of intellect is dull'd  
 And mortal ken with cloudy films obscure,  
 And the numb'd heart so deep in stupor lull'd  
 That virtue's self is weak its love to lure,  
 But pride and lust keep all the gates secure,  
 This is thy fall, O man ; and therefore those  
 Whose aims are earthly, like pedestrian prose,—  
 The selfish, useful, money-making plan,  
 Cold language of the desk, or quibbling bar,  
 Where in hard matter sinks ideal man :  
 Still, worldly teacher, be it from me far  
 Thy darkness to confound with yon bright band  
 Poetic all, though not so named by men,  
 Who have sway'd royally the mighty pen,  
 And now as kings in prose on fame's clear summit stand.

*Friendship, constrained.*

GENTLE, but generous, modest, pure and learnèd,  
 Ready to hear the fool, or teach the wise,  
 With gracious heart that all within him burnèd  
 To wipe the tears from virtue's blessed eyes  
 And help again the struggling right to rise,  
 Such an one, like a god, have I discernèd  
 Walking in goodness this polluted earth,  
 And cannot choose but love him: to my soul  
 Sway'd irresistibly with sweet control,  
 So rare and noble seems thy precious worth,  
 That the young fibres of my happier heart,  
 Like tendrils to the sun, are stretching forth  
 To twine around thy fragrant excellence,  
 O child of love:—so dear to me thou art,  
 So coveted by me thy good influence!

~~~~~  
Enmity, compelled.

COARSE, vain, and vulgar, ignorant and mean,
 Sensual and sordid in each hope and aim,
 Selfish in appetite, and basely keen
 In tracking out gross pleasure's guilty game
 With eager eye, and bad heart all on flame,
 Such an one, like an Afreet, have I seen
 Shedding o'er this fair world his balefire light,
 And can I love him?—far be from my thought
 To show not such the charities I ought,—
 But from his converse should I reap delight?
 Nor bid the tender sproutings of my mind
 Shrink from his evil, as from bane and blight,
 Nor back upon themselves my feelings roll?
 O moral monster, loveless and unkind,
 31 Thou art as wormwood to my secret soul!

Philanthropic.

COME near me, friends and brothers; hem me round
 With the dear faces of my fellow-men:
 The music of your tongues with magic sound
 Shall cheer my heart and make me happiest then;
 My soul yearns over you: the sitting hen
 Cowers not more fondly o'er her callow brood
 Than, in most kind excuse of all your ill,
 My heart is warm and patient for your good;
 O that my power were measured by my will!
 Then would I bless you as I love you still,
 Forgiving, as I trust to be forgiven:
 Here, vilest of my kind, take hand and heart,
 I also am a man,—'t is all thou art,
 An erring needy pensioner of heaven.

Misanthropic.

How long am I to smell this tainted air,
 And in a pest-house draw my daily breath,—
 Where nothing but the sordid fear of death
 Restrains from grander guilt than cowards dare?
 O loathsome, despicable, petty race,
 Low counterfeits of devils, villanous men,
 Sooner than learn to love a human face,
 I'll make my home in the hyæna's den,
 Or live with newts and bull-frogs on the fen:
 These at the least are honest;—but for man,
 The best will cheat and use you if he can;
 The best is only varnish'd o'er with good;
 Subtle for self, for damning mammon keen,
 Cruel, luxurious, treacherous, proud and mean,—
 Great Justice, haste to crush the viper's brood:
 And I too am—a man!—O wretched fate
 To be the thing I scorn—more than I hate.

Country.

Most tranquil, innocent, and happy life,

Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,
 Redeem'd from care, and sin, and the hot strife
 That rings around the smoked unwholesome dome

Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre wields,—
 Here let me rest in humble cottage home,

Here let me labour in the enamell'd fields:
 How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam
 With kind-eyed friend, or kindly-teaching book;

Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,
 Or at fair eventide with feather'd hook
 To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,

Or in the bower to twine the jasmine wreath,
 Or at the earliest blush of summer morn

To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,
 Or pick the perfumed hop, or reap the golden corn!
 So should my peaceful life all smoothly glide away.



TOWN.

ENOUGH of lanes, and trees, and valleys green,
 Enough of briary wood, and hot chalk-down,
 I hate the startling quiet of the scene,

And long to hear the gay glad hum of town:

My garden be the garden of the Graces,
 Flowers full of smiles, with fashion for their queen,

My pleasant fields be crowds of joyous faces,
 The brilliant rout, the concert, and the ball,—
 These be my joys in endless carnival!

For I do loathe that sickening solitude,
 That childish hunting-up of flies and weeds,

Or worse, the company of rustics rude,
 Whose only hopes are bound in clods and seeds:

Out on it! let me live in town delight,
 And for your tedious country-mornings bright
 Give me gay London with its noon and night.

Worldly and Wealthy.

IDOLATOR of gold, I love thee not,
 The orbits of our hearts are sphered afar,
 In lieu of tuneful sympathies, I wot,
 My thoughts and thine are all at utter jar,
 Because thou judgest by what men have got,
 Heeding but lightly what they do, or are :
 Alas, for thee ! this lust of gold shall mar,
 Like leprous stains, the tissue of thy lot,
 And drain the natural moisture from thy heart ;
 Alas ! thou heedest not how poor thou art,
 Weigh'd in the balances of truth, how vain :
 O wrecking mariner, fling out thy freight,
 Or founder with the heavily sinking weight ;
 No longer dote upon thy treasured gain,
 Or quick, and sure to come, the hour shall be,
 When MENE TEKEL shall be sentenced thee.

Wise and Worthy.

RATHER be thou my counsellor and friend,
 Good man though poor, whose treasure with thy heart
 Is stored and set upon that better part,
 Choice of thy wisdom, without waste or end,
 And full of profits that to pleasures tend :
 How cheerful is thy face, how glad thou art !
 Using the world with all its bounteous store
 Of richest blessings, comforts, loves, and joys,
 Which thine all-healthy hunger prizeth more
 Than the gorged fool, whom sinful surfeit cloy ;
 Still, not forgetful of thy nobler self,
 The breath divine within thee,—but with care
 Cherishing the faint spark that glimmereth there,
 Nor by Brazilian slavery to pelf
 Plunging thy taper into poison'd air.

Liberality.

GIVE while thou canst, it is a godlike thing,
 Give what thou canst, thou shalt not find it loss,
 Yea, sell and give, much gain such barteries bring,
 Yea, all thou hast, and get fine gold for dross:
 Still, see thou scatter wisely; for to fling
 Good seed on rocks, or sands, or thorny ground,
 Were not to copy Him, whose generous cross
 Hath this poor world with rich salvation crown'd.
 And, when thou look'st on woes and want around,
 Knowing that GOD hath lent thee all thy wealth,
 That better it is to give than to receive,
 That riches cannot buy thee joy nor health,—
 Why hinder thine own welfare? thousands grieve,
 Whom if thy pitying hand will but relieve,
 It shall for thine own wear the robe of gladness weave.

Meanness.

WHERE vice is virtue, thou art still despised,
 O petty loathsome love of hoarded pelf,
 Even in the pit where all things vile are prized,
 Still is there found in Lucifer himself
 Spirit enough to hate thee, sordid thing:
 Thank Heaven! I own in thee nor lot nor part;
 And though to many a sin and folly cling
 The worse weak fibres of my weedy heart,
 Yet to thy wither'd lips and snake-like eye
 My warmest welcome is, Depart, depart,—
 For to my sense so foul and base thou art
 I would not stoop to thee to reach the sky:
 Aroint thee, filching hand, and heart of stone!
 Be this thy doom, with conscience left alone
 Learn how like Death thou art, unsated sefilsh one.

Ancient.

My sympathies are all with times of old,
 I cannot live with things of yesterday,
 Upstart, and flippant, foolish, weak, and gay,
 But spirits cast in a severer mould,
 Of solid worth, like elemental gold;
 I love to wander o'er the shadowy past,
 Dreaming of dynasties long swept away,
 And seem to find myself almost the last
 Of a time-honour'd race, decaying fast:
 For I can dote upon the rare antique,
 Conjuring up what story it might tell,
 The bronze, or bead, or coin, or quaint relique;
 And in a desert could delight to dwell
 Among vast ruins,—Tadmor's stately halls,
 Old Egypt's giant fanes, or Babel's mouldering walls.



Modern.

BEHOLD, I stand upon a speck of earth
 To work the works allotted me,—and die;
 Glad among toils to snatch a little mirth,
 And, when I must, un murmuring down to lie
 In the same soil that gave me food and birth:
 For all that went before me, what care I?
 The past, the future,—these are but a dream;
 I want the tangible good of present worth,
 And heed not wisps of light that dance and gleam
 Over the marshes of the foolish past:
 We are a race the best, because the last,
 Improving all, and happier day by day
 To think our chosen lot hath not been east
 In those old puerile times, discreetly swept away.

Spirit.

THROW me from this tall cliff,—my wings are strong,
 The hurricane is raging fierce and high,
 My spirit pants, and all in heat I long
 To struggle upward to a purer sky,
 And tread the clouds above me rolling by:
 Lo, thus into the buoyant air I leap
 Confident, and exulting, at a bound,
 Swifter than whirlwinds, happily to sweep
 On fiery wing the reeling world around:
 Off with my fetters!—who shall hold me back?
 My path lies there,—the lightning's sudden track,
 O'er the blue concave of the fathomless deep,—
 Oh,—thus to spurn matter, and space, and time,
 And soar above the universe sublime!

Matter.

IN the deep clay of yonder sluggish flood
 The huge behemoth makes his ancient lair,
 And with slow caution heavily wallows there,
 Moving above the stream, a mound of mud:
 And near him stretching to the river's edge
 In dense dark grandeur, stands the silent wood,
 Whose unpierced jungles, choked with rotting sedge,
 Prison the damp air from the freshening breeze:
 Lo! the rhinoceros comes down this way
 Thundering furiously on,—and snorting sees
 The harmless monster at his awkward play,
 And rushes on him from the crashing trees,—
 A dreadful shock: as when the Titans hurl'd
 Against high Jove the Himalayan world!

Life.

O LIFE, O glorious! sister-twin of light,
 Essence of Godhead, energizing love,
 Hail, gentle conqueror of dead cold night,
 Hail, on the water's kindly-brooding dove?
 I feel thee near me, in me: thy strange might
 Flies through my bones like fire,—my heart beats high
 With thy glad presence; pain and fear and care
 Hide from the lightning laughter of mine eye;
 No dark unseasonable terrors dare
 Disturb me, revelling in the luxury,
 The new-found luxury of life and health,
 This blithesome elasticity of limb,
 This pleasure, in which all my senses swim,
 This deep outpouring of a creature's wealth!

Death.

GHASTLY and weak, O dreadful monarch Death,
 With failing feet I near thy silent realm,
 Upon my brain strikes chill thine icy breath,
 My fluttering heart thy terrors overwhelm.
 Thou sullen pilot of life's crazy bark,
 How treacherously thou puttest down the helm
 Just where smooth eddies hide the sunken rock;
 While close behind follows the hungry shark
 Snuffing his meal from far, swift with black fin
 The foam dividing,—ha! that sudden shock
 Splits my frail skiff; upon the billows dark
 A drowning wretch awhile struggling I float,
 Till, just as I had hoped the wreck to win,
 I feel thy bony fingers clutch my throat.

Ellen Gray.

THE EXCUSE OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

A STARLESS night, and bitter cold;
The low dun clouds all wildly roll'd,
 Scudding before the blast,
And cheerlessly the frozen sleet
Adown the melancholy street
 Swept onward thick and fast;

When, crouched at an unfriendly door,
Faint, sick, and miserably poor,
 A silent woman sate,
She might be young, and had been fair,
But from her eye look'd out despair,
 All dim and desolate.

Was I to pass her coldly by,
Leaving her there to pine and die,
 The live-long freezing night?
The secret answer of my heart
Told me I had not done my part
 In flinging her a mite;

She look'd her thanks,—then droop'd her head;
"Have you no friend, no home?" I said:
 "Get up, poor creature, come,—
You seem unhappy, faint, and weak,
How can I serve or save you,—speak,
 Or whither help you home?"

“Alas, kind sir, poor Ellen Gray
Has had no friend this many a day,
And, but that you seem kind,—
She has not found the face of late
That look’d on her in aught but hate,
And still despairs to find :

And for a home,—would I had none!
The home I have, a wicked one,
They will not let me in,
Till I can fee my jailor’s hands
With the vile tribute she demands,
The wages of my sin :

I see your goodness on me frown;
Yet hear the veriest wretch on town,
While yet in life she may,
Tell the sad story of her grief,—
Though heaven alone can bring relief
To guilty Ellen Gray.

My mother died when I was born:
And I was flung, a babe forlorn,
Upon the workhouse floor;
My father,—would I knew him not!
A squalid thief, a reckless sot,
—I dare not tell you more.

And I was bound an infant-slave,
With no one near to love or save
From cruel sordid men,
A friendless, famish’d, factory child,
Morn, noon, and night I toil’d and toil’d,—
Yet was I happy then.

My heart was pure, my face was fair;
Ah, would to GOD a cancer there
 Had eaten out its way!
For soon my tasker, dreaded man,
With treacherous wiles and arts began
 To mark me for his prey.

And month by month he vainly strove
To light the flame of lawless love
 In my most loathing breast;
Oh, how I fear'd and hated him,
So basely kind, so smoothly grim,
 My terror, and my pest!

Till one day, at that prison-mill,—

Thenceforward droop'd my stricken head;
I lived,—I died, a life of dread,
 Lest they should guess my shame;
But weeks and months would pass away,
And all too soon the bitter day
 Of wrath and ruin came;

I could not hide my alter'd form:
Then on my head the fearful storm
 Of jibe and insult burst:
Men only mock'd me for my fate,
But women's scorn and women's hate
 Me, their poor sister, curst.

O woman, had thy kindless face
But gentler look'd on my disgrace,
 And heal'd the wounds it gave!—
I was a drowning sinking wretch,
Whom no one loved enough to stretch
 A finger out to save.

They tore my baby from my heart,
And lock'd it in some hole apart
Where I could hear its cry,
Such was the horrid poor-house law; —
Its little throes I never saw,
Although I heard it die!

Still the stone hearts that ruled the place
Let me not kiss my darling's face,
My little darling dead;
Oh! I was mad with rage and hate,
And yet all sullenly I sate,
And not a word I said.

I would not stay, I could not bear
To breathe the same infected air
That kill'd my precious child;
I watch'd my time, and fled away
The livelong night, the livelong day,
With fear and anguish wild:

Till down upon a river's bank,
Twenty leagues off, fainting, I sank,
And only long'd to die;
I had no hope, no home, no friend,
No GOD! — I sought but for an end
To life and misery.

Ah, lightly heed the righteous few,
How little to themselves is due,
But all things given to them;
Yet the unwise, because untaught,
The wandering sheep, because unsought,
They heartlessly condemn:

And little can the untempted dream
While gliding smoothly down life's stream

They keep the letter-laws,
What they would be, if, tost like me
Hopeless upon life's barren sea,
They knew how hunger gnaws.

I was half-starved, I tried in vain
To get me work my bread to gain;
Before me flew my shame;
Cold Charity put up her purse,
And none look'd on me but to curse
The daughter of ill-fame.

Alas, why need I count by links
The heavy lengthening chain that sinks
My heart, my soul, my all?
I still was fair, though hope was dead,
And so I sold myself for bread,
And lived upon my fall:

Now I was reckless, bold and bad,
My love was hate,—I grew half-mad
With thinking on my wrongs;
Disease, and pain, and giant-sin
Rent body and soul, and raged within!
Such meed to guilt belongs.

And what I was,—such still am I;
Afraid to live, unfit to die,—
And yet I hoped I might
Meet my best friend and lover—Death
In the fierce frowns and frozen breath
Of this December night.

My tale is told : my heart grows cold ;
 I cannot stir,—yet,—kind good sir,
 I know that you will stay,—
 And GOD is kinder e'en than you,—
 Can He not look with pity too
 On wretched Ellen Gray ?”

Her eye was fix'd ; she said no more,
 But propp'd against the cold street-door
 She lean'd her fainting head ;
 One moment she look'd up and smiled
 Full of new hope, as Mercy's child,
 —And Ellen Gray was dead.

Charity.

FAIR Charity, thou rarest, best, and brightest !
 Who would not gladly hide thee in his heart,
 With all thine angel-guests ? for thou delightest
 To bring such with thee,—guests that ne'er depart ;
 Cherub, with what enticement thou invitest,
 Perfect in winning beauty as thou art,
 World-wearied man to plant thee in his bosom
 And graft upon his cares thy balmy blossom.

Fain would he be frank-hearted, generous, cheerful,
 Forgiving, aiding, loving, trusting ALL,—
 But knowledge of his kind has made him fearful
 All are not friends, whom friends he longs to call ;
 For prudence makes men cold, and misery tearful,
 And interest bids them rise upon his fall,
 And while they seek their selfish own to cherish,
 They leave the wounded stag alone to perish.

Man may rejoice that thy sweet influence hallows

His intercourse with all he loves—in heaven :

But canst thou make him love his sordid fellows,

And mix with them untainted by their leaven ?

How can he not grow cautious, cold, and callous,

When he forgives to seventy-times seven,

And still-repeated wrongs, unwept for, harden

The heart that's never sued nor sought to pardon ?

Reserve's cold breath has chill'd each warmer feeling,

Ingratitude has frozen up his blood,

Unjust neglect has pierced him, past all healing,

And scarr'd a heart that panted to do good ;

Slowly, but surely, has distrust been steeling

His mind, much wronged, and little understood :

Would charity unseal affection's fountain ?

Alas ! 'tis crush'd beneath a marble mountain.

Yet the belief that he was loved by other

Could root and hurl that mountain in the sea,

Oblivion's depth the height of ill would smother

And all forgiven, all forgotten be ;

Man then could love his once injurious brother

With such a love as none can give but he ;

The sun of love, and that alone has power

To bring to bright perfection love's sweet flower.

Soft rains, and zephyrs, and warm noons can vanquish

The stubborn tyranny of winter's frost ;

Once more the smiling valleys cease to languish,

Drest out in fresher beauties than they lost :

So springs with gladness from its bed of anguish

The heart that loved not, when reviled and crost,

But, once beloved,—oh then not once but often

Love's sunny smile the rockiest heart will soften.

To my Book, "Proverbial Philosophy,"

BEFORE PUBLICATION. 1837.

MY soul's own son, dear image of my mind,
 I would not without blessing send thee forth
 Into the bleak wide world, whose voice unkind
 Perchance will mock at thee as nothing worth;
 For the cold critic's jealous eye may find
 In all thy purposed good little but ill,
 May taunt thy simple garb as quaintly wrought,
 And praise thee for no more than the small skill
 Of masking as thine own another's thought:
 What then? — count envious sneers as less than nought:
 Fair is thine aim, and, having done thy best,
 Lo, thus I bless thee; yea, thou shalt be blest!

To the same,

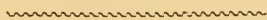
AFTER PUBLICATION.

THAT they have praised thee well, and cheer'd thee on
 With kinder tones that critics deign to few,
 Child of my thoughts, my fancy's favourite son,
 Our courteous thanks, our heartfelt thanks are due.
 Despise not thou thine equal's honest praise;
 Yet feast not of such dainties; thou shalt rue
 Their sweetness else; let rather generous pride
 Those golden apples straightly spurn aside,
 And gird thee all unshackled to the race:
 On to the goal of honour, fair beginner,
 A thousand ducats thou shalt yet be winner!

To the same,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE SECOND EDITION.

YET once again, not after many days
 Since first I dared this voyage in the dark,
 Borne on the prosperous gale of good men's praise
 To the wide waters I commit mine ark,
 And bid GOD speed thy venture, gallant bark!
 For I have launch'd thee on a thousand prayers,
 Freight'd thee well with all my mind and heart,—
 And if some contraband error unawares
 Like Achan's wedge, lie hid in any part,
 Stand it condemn'd, as it most justly ought:
 Yet be the thinker spared, if not his thought;
 For he that with an honest purpose errs
 Merits more kind excuse than the shrewd world confers.



Wedding Gifts.

(Set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm, in 1832.)

YOUNG bride,—a wreath for thee!
 Of sweet and gentle flowers;
 For wedded love was pure and free
 In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,—a song for thee!
 A song of joyous measure,
 For thy cup of hope shall be
 Fill'd with honied pleasure.

Young bride,—a tear for thee!
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmix'd with sadness.

Young bride,—a smile for thee!
To shine away thy sorrow,
For heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Young bride,—a prayer for thee!
That, all thy hopes possessing,
Thy soul may praise her God, and He
May crown thee with His blessing.



Children. 1833.

HARMLESS, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest pleasures
In this mean and guilty earth,

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs:

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within:

But yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with untutor'd smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles;

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him
No man can be poor indeed,
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

But for thee, whose hearth is lonely
And unwarm'd by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth:

All unkiss'd by innocent beauty,
All unloved by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,
Childless one, how poor thou art!

The Queen's Birthday.

ANOTHER year, O Queen of many realms,
Dawns in fair promise on my Sovereign's throne;
And, while the hurrying tempest overwhelms
All climes and crowns beside,—Thou, thou alone
Sittest in majesty, GOD's favour'd one:
Yea, blessed of the LORD,—how blest art thou!
Blest in the King of King's own secret love,
Blest in thy people never more than now,
Blest in the earth beneath and heaven above;
And, be thou blest for ever! this glad day
That gave to us the mercy of thy birth,
Be full of good to thee in GOD's own way,
As His chief child and servaut upon earth
For whom a thousand thousands hourly pray!

O, shielded by such panoply of saints
Forged in high heaven! thus, most gracious Queen,
If ever here thy royal spirit faints
Amid the perils of a changeful scene
These prayers shall pour upon thy brow serene,
Unruffled radiance; shedding holy balm,
Like moonlight silvering a lake at calm,
Over thy many cares and many fears
So lull'd to rest: and thus, on history's page,
Mercies to come for many happy years
Shall be thy birthright: though the nations rage,
And the uprooted mountains churn the sea,
The LORD shall bless thy line from age to age,
And Britain thank her GOD for lending thee!

A Greenhouse.

FRAGRANT and fresh, the tropical warm air
Lures into life my "bright consummate" flowers,
That, newly bathed in artificial showers,
Show to the sun their thousand beauties rare :
Here, in high pomp, the gorgeous Cactus flings
Its eastern tassel down the prickly stem,
And Fuchsias spread their tiny scarlet wings,
Like hovering humming-birds in emerald bowers :
There, the tall Amaryll's pink diadem
Above this lowlier Hyacinth queenly towers ;
While Orange-blossoms, mingling in the throng
With blushing Roses, and Geraniums bright,
Pour forth an eloquent flood of silent song,
And wrap the heart "in dances and delight."

A Glimpse of Paradise.

NOT many rays of heaven's unfallen sun
Reach the dull distance of this world of ours,
Nor oft dispel its shadows cold and dun,
Nor oft with glory tinge its faded flowers :
But, oh, if ever yet there wander'd *one*,
Like Peri from her amaranthine bowers,
Or ministering angel, sent to bless,
'Twas to thy hearth, domestic happiness,
Where in the sunshine of a peaceful home
Love's choicest roses bud, and burst, and bloom,
And bleeding hearts, lull'd in a holy calm,
Bathe their deep wounds in Gilead's healing balm.

To the Sovereign.

BOLD in my freedom, yet with homage meek,
 As duty prompts and loyalty commands,
 To thee, O Queen of empires, would I speak :
 Behold, the most high GOD hath giv'n to thee
 Kingdoms and glories, might and majesty,
 Setting thee ruler over many lands ;
 Him first to serve, O Monarch, wisely seek :
 And many people, nations, languages,
 Have laid their welfare in thy sovereign hands ;
 Them next to bless, to prosper, and to please,
 Nobly forget thyself, and thine own ease :
 Rebuke ill counsel ; rally round thy state
 The scatter'd good, and true, and wise, and great :
 So Heav'n upon thee shed sweet influences !

The Coronation.

QUEEN of the Isles, blue ocean's choicest pearl,
 We hail thy day of glory ! — unto thee
 Admiring thousands bend the dutcous knee,
 And bless thee for their brightening hopes, fair girl.
 Hark ! 'tis the thunder of a nation's voice,
 Uttering its awful love in loyal peals ;
 While, as thy car of triumph onward wheels,
 The trumpets and the cannon, and the chimes
 Bid every true-born Briton's heart rejoice,
 Glad in the sunny light of happier times :
 And, Maiden Monarch, if amid the whirl
 Of majesty and greatness,—as of old,
 A secret monitor, in duty bold,
 To tell thee “THOU ART MORTAL,” humbly dares,
 Forgive the noble Muse, and love her for her pray'rs.

*The Abbey.**June 28, 1838.*

NEVER again,—till earth casts out her dead,
And teeming ocean yields her rescued prey,—
A sight so full of hope, delight, and dread,
Thrilling and grand, as met thy view this day
Mayst thou behold: high reaching overhead
The light ærial galleries were throng'd
Sublime with multitudes, acclaiming loud;
While far beneath, that coronetted crowd
Sat like a thousand kings; in yonder aisle
A virgin troop, azure and silver, show'd
As spirits, who to a fairy world belong'd,
Or some soft nest of doves: deeply the while
Rolled in a deluge from the golden quire
The tide of musical praise,—hail mix'd with fire
While midway throned, the brightest central gem,
Fair Sun illumining that glorious scene,
In purple robe and glittering diadem,
Majestic sat Britannia's gentle Queen!

Union.

MONARCH of millions, yet a gentle maid,
O fair and young, yet dignified and sage,
Most glorious Queen, yet in thy glory staid,
Bright star of promise for our golden age,

All hail, the Lord's anointed! Thou art lent
 In mercy, like our other blessings all;
 A messenger of peace, divinely sent,
 That only good may rise, and evil fall;
 Heal, then, a realm by jarring factions rent;
 Take these contentious brothers by the hand,
 Smile down their quarrels, and unite their strength;
 Till, only jealous for their father-land,
 Men of all systems, reconciled at length
 To one just object, take their patriot stand
 Around our Zion's bulwarks, hers alone
 The archetypes of heaven,—the ALTAR and the THRONE!

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Days gone by. 1830.

THOUGH we charge to-day with fleetness,  
 Though we dread to-morrow's sky,  
 There's a melancholy sweetness  
 In the name of days gone by:

Yes, though Time has laid his finger  
 On them, still with streaming eye  
 There are spots where I can linger  
 Sacred to the days gone by.

Oft as memory's glance is ranging  
 Over scenes that cannot die,  
 Then I feel that all is changing,  
 Then I weep the days gone by:

Sorrowful should I be, and lonely,  
 Were not all the same as I,  
 'Tis for all, not my lot only,  
 To lament the days gone by.

Cease, fond heart,—to thee are given  
Hopes of better things on high,  
There is still a coming heaven  
Better than the days gone by;

Faith lifts off the sable curtain  
Hiding huge eternity,  
Hope accounts her prize as certain,  
And forgets the days gone by;

Love, in grateful adoration  
Bids distrust and sorrow fly,  
And with glad anticipation  
Calms regret for days gone by.

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*The Crisis.* 1829.

HUSH — O heaven! a moment more,  
A breath, a step, and all is o'er;  
Hark — beneath the waters wild,  
Save, O mercy, save my child.

Swiftly from her heaving breast  
The mother tore the snowy vest,—  
Her little truant saw and smiled,  
Turn'd,—and mercy saved the child.

Thus, the face of love can win  
Where fear is weak to scare from sin;  
Thus, when faith and conscience slept,  
Jesus look'd,—and Peter wept.

## Lament. 1837.

ALAS! poor Muse, thy songs are out of time;  
 Thy lot hath fallen on an iron age,  
 When unrelenting war the sordid wage  
 Against thee,—counting it no venial crime  
 To fling down in thy cause the champion's gage,  
 And utterly scorning him, who dares to rhyme:  
 O that thy thoughts had fill'd an earlier page,  
 And won the favouring ears of holier men!  
 Whose spirits might with thee have soar'd sublime  
 Far above selfish Mammon's crowded den:  
 Thou hadst been more at home, and happier then  
 Yet be thou of good courage; there are still  
 Those "left sev'n thousand," whose affections will  
 Yearn on thy little good, and pardon thy much ill.



## Down with Foreign Priestcraft. 1851.

CHRISTIAN England! where so long  
 Freedom's trumpet, clear and strong,  
 Still has stirr'd the patriot song—

Down with foreign priestcraft!  
 England! Truth's own island-nest,  
 Pure Religion's happy rest,  
 Ever shall thy sons protest

Down with foreign priestcraft!

What! shall these Italian knaves  
 Dream again to make us slaves  
 From our cradles to our graves  
 With their foreign priestcraft?

Out on every false pretence!  
Common right and common sense  
Shout against such insolence,  
Down with foreign priestcraft!

Aye,—insidious fawning foe,  
Little as you thought it so,  
England's wrath is all aglow,  
Scorning foreign priestcraft—  
Take our Jesuits, if you will,  
England's heart rejects their ill,  
And her mouth is thundering still,  
Down with foreign priestcraft

Hark! in ancient warmth and worth,  
East and west and south and north,  
Flies the loyal spirit forth,  
Loathing foreign priestcraft;  
Evermore with Rome to cope,  
We will bate nor heart nor hope,  
But our shout shall stun the Pope,  
Down with foreign priestcraft!

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### The Cathedral Mind.

TEMPLE of truths most eloquently spoken,  
Shrine of sweet thoughts veil'd-in with words of power,  
The "Author's mind" replete with hallow'd riches  
Stands a Cathedral: full of precious things,—  
Tastefully built in harmonies unbroken,  
Cloister, and aisle, dark crypt, and æry tower:  
Long-treasured relics in the fretted niches,

And secret stores, and heap'd-up offerings,  
 Art's noblest gems, with every fruit and flower,  
 Paintings and sculpture, choice imaginings,  
 Its plenitude of wealth and praise betoken:  
 An ever-burning lamp portrays the soul;  
 Deep music all around enchantment flings;  
 And God's great Presence consecrates the whole.

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### Politics in 1839.

CHILL'D is the patriot's hope, the poet's prayer:  
 Alas, for England and her tarnish'd crown,  
 Her sun of ancient glory going down,  
 Her foes triumphant in her friends' despair:  
 What wonder should the billows overwhelm  
 A bark so mann'd by Comus and his crew,  
 "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm?"  
 Yet, no!—we will not fear; the loathing realm  
 At length has burst its chains; a motley few,  
 The pseudo-saint, the boasting infidel,  
 The demagogue, and courtier, hand in hand  
 No more besiege our Zion's citadel:  
 But high in hope comes on this nobler band,  
 For God, the sovereign, and our father-land.

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### To a Premier.

HOLD thy rash hand!—for Briton is no slave,  
 Thus to be forced against her word and will;  
 Her voice is terrible, her heart is brave,  
 Her lion-nature free and fearless still:  
 Why make this reckless haste to compass ill?

Be, if thou canst, deliberate and grave:  
For, hark! I hear upon the burden'd wind  
From fell and field and town and dale and hill,  
That gathering tempest of the Nation's mind,  
No peace with Rome! no league with crafty Rome!  
Down with the traitor! who would smoothly bind  
Her chains around us,—and whose deed would mark  
With the foul beast our every hearth and home,  
Changing our glorious Light to utter Dark.

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### Protesting Truth.

PROTESTANT saints, is it the truth, indeed,  
That cold negations merely, or in chief,  
Make up the sorry texture of your creed —  
A torn and flimsy robe of non-belief?  
No! freely as your fathers would ye bleed,  
Positive witnesses for truth and good;  
Worshipping GOD, instead of stone and wood,  
Pleading all merit solely in His Son,  
Spurning each other fabulous help, and aid,  
And mediation—for there is but One!  
Moreover, this: none ever stoutly stood  
Against the False, but that his temper'd blade,  
Pruning that bitter shoot, strengthen'd the bud,  
The bud of Truth, whose bloom shall never fade.

### The unholy Alliance.

YES, we protest! In just and generous strife  
 We combat Rome, the idolatrous and proud:  
 How should the adulteress and the married wife  
 Together walk adown the vale of life,  
 In a false peace and union disallow'd?  
 True, there be some pure Abdiels in the crowd,  
 Faithful among the faithless; here and there  
 A Fenelon, a Pascal, whom to love  
 Were joy, and privilege to meet above:—  
 Accidents all, as angels scant and rare:  
 Far other, carved in rock, and dyed in black,  
 Stand in the sun Rome's evil qualities—  
 Fraud, force, extortion, pride, the stake, the rack,  
 Blaspheming guilt, and mad idolatries!

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### Expediency. 1839.

Do ill that good may come,—so Satan spoke:  
 Woe to the land deluded by that lie,  
 Woe to its rulers, for whose evil sake  
 The curse of GOD may now be hovering nigh:—  
 Up, England, and avert it! boldly break  
 The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away  
 The cords of bad expedience: is it wise,  
 Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,  
 To dare sure vengeance on to-morrow's skies?  
 Be wiser thou, dear land, my native home,  
 Do always good, do good that good may come;  
 The path of duty lies before thee plain,  
 Turn from the harlot speech of papal Rome,  
 For none who go that way return again.



## Good Shepherds.

YE seek not praise from man,—nor fear his face ;  
Then let my words be few. Before your Lord  
Commended, as establish'd by His grace,  
Faithful ye stand to reap a just reward :  
True shepherds of the flock, whom power and place  
Have not corrupted from that lowlier mind  
Which dwelt in HIM,—we love in you to trace  
The likeness of His zeal, in you to find  
Martyrs for truth amid these perilous times.  
Thunders, with fire and hail, are threatening round,  
And good men tremble at their rulers' crimes ;  
And Babylon must rise once more to fall :  
Yet is there hope ; whilst ye are faithful found,  
Zion is safe behind her sevenfold wall.

## American Ballads.

1849.



### To Brother Jonathan.

Ho! Brother, I'm a Britisher,  
A chip of heart of oak  
That wouldn't warp or swerve or stir  
From what I thought or spoke,—  
And you—a blunt and honest man,  
Straightforward, kind, and true,  
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an open heart,  
I read your mind and will,  
A greyhound ever on the start  
To run for honour still;  
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,  
And stout to see it done,  
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,  
That you and I are one!

There may be jealousies and strife,  
For men have selfish ends,  
But petty quarrels ginger life,  
And help to season friends;

And pundits who, with solemn scan,  
Judge humans most aright,  
Decide it, testy Jonathan,  
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest  
Will chirp about a worm,  
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,  
The children of the storm?  
No! while their rustled pinions fan  
The eyrie's dizzy side,  
Like you and me, my Jonathan,  
It's all for Love and Pride!

"God save the Queen" delights you still,  
And "British Grenadiers,"  
The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,  
And catch you by both ears;  
And we,—O hate us if you can,  
For we are proud of you,  
We like you, Brother Jonathan,  
And "Yankee Doodle" too!

There's nothing foreign in your face,  
Nor strange upon your tongue,  
You come not of another race  
From baser lineage sprung;  
No, brother! though away you ran,  
As truant boys will do,  
Still true it is, young Jonathan,  
My fathers father'd you.

Time was,—it wasn't long ago,  
Your grandsire went with mine  
To battle traitors, blow for blow,  
For England's royal line;

Or tripp'd to court to kiss Queen Anne,  
Or worship mighty Bess,  
And you and I, good Jonathan,  
Went with them then, I guess.

Together both,—'twas long ago,  
Among the Roses fought,  
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe  
Did all knight-errants ought:  
As Cavalier or Puritan  
Together pray'd or swore  
For John's own Brother Jonathan  
Was only John of yore!

There lived a man, a man of men,  
A King on fancy's throne,  
We ne'er shall see his like again,  
The globe is all his own;  
And, if we claim him of our clan,  
He half belongs to you,  
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,  
Is yours and Britain's too!

There was another glorious name,  
A poet for all time,  
Who gain'd the double-first of fame,  
The beautiful-sublime;  
And let us hide him as we can,  
More miserly than pelf,  
Our Yankee brother Jonathan  
Cries halves in Milton's self!

Well, well: and every praise of old,  
That makes us famous still,  
You would be just, and may be bold  
To share it if you will,—

Since England's glory first began,  
Till — just the other day,  
The half is yours! but, Jonathan,  
Why did you run away?

O Brother, could we both be one  
In nation and in name,  
How gladly would the very sun  
Lie basking in our fame?  
In either world to lead the van  
And go ahead for good,  
While earth to John and Jonathan  
Yields tribute gratitude!

Add but your stripes and golden stars  
To brave St. George's cross,  
And never dream of mutual wars  
Two dunces' mutual loss;  
Let us two bless where others ban,  
And love when others hate,  
And so, my cordial Jonathan,  
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings  
A loftier strain to win,  
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,  
Or heavenly kith or kin;  
As friend with friend, and man with man,  
O let our hearts be thus,  
As David's love to Jonathan,  
Be Jonathan's to us!

"Ye Thirty noble Nations."

YE Thirty noble Nations  
 Confederate in One!  
 That keep your starry stations  
 Around the Western Sun,—  
 I have a glorious mission,  
 And must obey the call,—  
 A claim! and a Petition!  
 To set before you All.

Away with party blindness,  
 Away with petty spite!  
 My Claim is one of Kindness,  
 My Prayer is one of Right;  
 And while in grace ye listen,—  
 For tenderness, I know  
 Your eyes shall dim and glisten,  
 Your hearts shall thrill and glow.

For, on those hearts is written  
 The spirit of my song,—  
 I claim your love for Britain,  
 In spite of every wrong!  
 I claim it for — your mother,  
 Your sister, and your spouse,  
 Your father, friend, and brother,  
 The "Hector" of your vows!

In spite of all the evils  
 That statesmen ever brew'd,  
 Or busy printers'-devils,  
 Or Celtic gratitude,—

In spite of politicians  
And diplomatic fuss,  
Your feelings and traditions  
Are cordially with us!

O yes! your recollections  
Look back with streaming eye  
To pour those old affections  
On scenes and days gone by;  
Your Eagle well remembers  
His dear old island-nest,  
And sorrow stirs the embers  
Of love within his breast!

Ah! need I tell of places  
You dream and dwell on still?  
Those old familiar faces  
Of English vale and hill,—  
The sites you think of, sobbing,  
And seek as pilgrims seek,  
With brows and bosoms throbbing  
And tears upon your cheek!

Or should I touch on glories  
That date in ages gone,  
Those dear historic stories  
When England's fame was won,—  
The tales your children thronging  
So gladly hear you tell,  
And note their fathers' longing  
And love that longing well!

For language, follies, fashions,  
Religion, honour, shame,  
And human loves and passions,  
Oh! we are just the same;



You, you are England, growing  
To Continental state,  
And we Columbia, glowing  
With all that makes you great!

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,  
I see your heart is right,—  
And we will warm each other  
With all our loves alight;  
In feeling and in reason  
My Claim is stow'd away,—  
And kissing is in season  
For ever and a day!—

And now in frank contrition,  
O brother mine, give heed,—  
And hear the just Petition  
My feeble tongue would plead;  
I plead across the waters,  
So deeply crimson-stain'd,  
For Afric's sons and daughters  
Whom freemen hold enchain'd!

I taunt you not unkindly  
With ills you didn't make,  
I would not wish you blindly  
In haste the bond to break;  
But tenderly and truly  
To file away the chain,  
And render justice duly  
To Man's Estate again!

O judge ye how degrading,—  
A Christian bought and sold!  
And human monsters trading  
In human flesh for gold!

When ruthlessly they plunder  
 Poor Afric's homes defiled,  
 And all to sell — asunder!  
 The mother and her child.

O free and fearless Nation,  
 Wipe out this damning spot,  
 Earth's worst abomination,  
 And nature's blackest blot;  
 Begin and speed the rather  
 To help with hand and eye  
 The children of your Father  
 Beneath His tropic sky.

HE — HE who form'd and frees us  
 And makes us white within,  
 Who knows how Holy JESUS  
 May love that tinted skin!  
 For none can tell how darkly  
 The sun of Jewry shed  
 Its burning shadows starkly  
 On JESU's homeless head!

And lo! One great salvation  
 Hath burst upon the World,—  
 And God's Illumination  
 Like noonday shines unfurl'd;  
 Shall bonds or colour pale it?  
 Candace's Eunuch — say! —  
 The first, though black, to hail it,  
 And love the Gospel Day!

Columbia, well I note it,  
 That half your sons are strong  
 Against this ill, and vote it  
 A folly and a wrong;

Yet, lurks there not a loathing,  
 Ay, with your best inclined,  
 Against that sable clothing  
 Of Man's own heart and mind?

I charge you by your power,  
 Your freedom and your fame,  
 To speed the blessed hour  
 That wipes away this Shame:  
 By all life's hopes and wishes  
 And fears beyond the grave,  
 Renounce these blood-bought riches,  
 And frankly free the slave!

So let whatever threaten,  
 While God is on our side,  
 Columbia and Britain  
 The world shall well divide,—  
 Divide?—No! in one tether  
 Of Anglo-Saxon might  
 We'll hold the world together  
 In peace and love and right!

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### John's Rejoinder.

HUZZAH for guessing — brother mine!  
 I guess'd we loved each other;  
 Huzzah! I scarce can drop a line  
 Without the tag of — brother;  
 Huzzah! for all the kind Replies  
 Wherewith you bless and love me,—  
 They thrill my heart and fill my eyes  
 With thanks to God above me!

From East to West, from North to South,  
Through all your boundless regions,  
The staves that tumble from my mouth  
Have stirr'd your thousand legions;  
Have made the hearts of women ache,  
The minds of men to flutter,  
Because you felt before I spake  
The words that I would utter!

You felt that Britain loved you still,  
Your foolish fond old mother,—  
And gave her,—not against your will,—  
The love you cannot smother!  
You felt that you, though new, are Old  
As England's ancient glories,—  
You throb'd to feel YOUR triumphs told  
In all her strains and stories!

O yes! dear brethren o'er the sea,  
Your verses, loves, and letters  
Have been a mix'd account with me  
Where both of us are debtors;  
I owe you gratitude and praise  
For gratitude and praises,  
And when in thanks your heart you raise  
His thanks my heart upraises!

Not that, good Jonathan, we try  
The game of mutual scratching,—  
You, Yankee true, and John Bull I  
Breed fowls of purer hatching;  
We tell the truth; not less nor more;  
So be it kindly spoken;  
For thus, no heart was e'er made sore,  
No head was ever broken.

When Pegasus I sit astride  
I fill my saddle squarely,—  
No fence so high, no ditch so wide,  
But I will take it fairly;  
I hate the nambypamby plan  
Of lounging upon pillions,—  
What I would say to one plain man  
I'll sing to fifty millions!

No truckling tricks will do for us,  
The this-and-that-way swerving;  
If John is pleased to praise you thus,  
It's that you're well deserving:  
But should he fawn your faults forsooth?  
Such meanness—I abhor it,—  
No,—since in love I speak the truth,  
Come, kiss your brother for it!

Now, lately, with a faithful hand  
I touch'd, in love and lightness,  
The one black spot upon your land,  
The shadow to your brightness;  
I know how hard it is to cure  
That sore,—and how you rue it,—  
But, Jonathan, of this I'm sure,  
You'll soon and somehow—do it!

More haste less speed; so speed apace,  
As prudent duty bids you;  
'Twill be indeed a year of grace  
That of this scandal rids you:  
The land of liberty and light,  
The Beacon on the Waters,  
Shall soon be quit of blame and blight  
For Afric's sons and daughters!

You best know how, and why, and when;  
For us, we cannot teach you;  
But simply,—by the rights of Men  
And Women,—we beseech you!  
Take copy, brother, only here,—  
By Britain's good intentions;  
For all beside a conscience clear  
We've got but bad inventions!

Our faults were haste, and wanton waste,  
Disinterested ruin!  
Don Quixote stood to tilt for good,  
And lo! his own undoing:  
But Jonathan, a shrewder man,  
A very early riser,—  
I credit you to find a plan  
To manage matters wiser!

The wise, my Jonathan, he knows  
That all things here need mending;  
And best of friends are always those  
Who never fear offending;  
O blind, and halt, and full of fault  
Are men of every nation,  
Then how should we, true friend, be free  
From that which dims Creation?

Never again shall we two part  
In hatred or rejection,—  
Nor ever meet, but either heart  
Shall beat with true affection;  
Our "brother banners" we will rear  
For Fatherland and Sonland,  
Because, Columbia near and dear,  
We twain are truly one-land!

Ay, Jonathan,—take John for this,  
 Your brother staunch and steady,  
 The very mind and man, I wis,  
 To like old “Rough and Ready!”  
 Then — cheers for TAYLOR,—great and wise  
 Because *un-glory-bitten*,—  
 And — yes, I see it in your eyes,  
 Nine more for VIC. and BRITAIN!

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### A Stave for the South.

I KNEW it, I guess'd it! you do what you can;  
 It's hardly your fault if you can't:  
 You wish better things; but a man is but Man,  
 And often must wait and must want:  
 For System, and matters and things as they are  
 Have order'd and settled it so,  
 That we who are judging your case from afar  
 Know little — how little we know!

Ay, glad would ye be, (let me credit you this,)  
 If on your American shore  
 Slavery never had been as it is,  
 And never should be any more!  
 But how to get rid of so ancient an ill,  
 And safely and sagely to heal  
 A canker so deep, is the mystery still,  
 And who shall its riddle reveal?

Moreover,—and, Conscience, I give thee this nudge,  
 A sinner, but yesterday shriven,  
 How dare he set up in the seat of the judge  
 The culprit so lately forgiven?



But yesterday, half Britain's colonies rung  
With slavery's echoing chain,—  
And ill it becomes us with Pharisee tongue  
To mock at a planter again!

Yet more: for that planter's own father—and our's,  
This sin as a legacy left,  
A fly in the ointment, a snake in the flowers,  
An Achan's inherited theft!  
O Britain, thy child, thy Columbian child  
Received at thy step-mother hand  
The gain—or the curse, that we hold him defiled  
If he leaves, as he found, in the land!

And well do I gather, O friends in the South,  
That zealots dishonestly rave  
With bitter intent and a slanderous mouth  
Of the woes that you deal to the slave;  
Not cruel, not careless of body or mind,  
Not heartless, nor heedless are ye,—  
But good and true masters, indulgent and kind,  
Ay, kinder than we to the free!

For sadly I note that on Liberty's coast  
The Briton may starve at his toil,  
Though loud be profession, and principle's boast  
That here are no serfs of the soil!  
Ah, tell me how freedom is freedom, if Life  
Depends upon servitude stern?  
And perishing children and famishing wife  
Live only so long as you earn?

No! words are not things: unfairly we speak  
As if freedom were freedom indeed;  
While pallid and hollow is poverty's check,  
And deeply her bosom doth bleed:

Let Britain and Erin and all the world o'er,  
Though boasting of liberty still,  
Be humble and dumb, when the weak and the poor  
Drain Slavery's bitterest ill!

And more: for of old a mysterious curse  
Dark Canaan mark'd for its prey;  
And Prophecy knew that their lot should be worse,  
"The servants of servants" are they!  
And if the glad Gospel has scatter'd that harm  
With a Catholic message of peace,  
It is not at once that it shatters the charm  
And calls on the sorrow to cease!

So then, loving brother! consider my speech;  
I judge not, I dare not condemn;  
But let the great nations of History teach  
How slavery's curse ruin'd them!  
Let Babylon, Persia, and Athens, and Tyre,  
And Egypt, and Carthage, and Rome,  
Declare the dark doom that they saw drawing nigher,  
As slavery swarm'd in the home!

With shame I confess that so late and so long  
We, Britons and Christians and all,  
Against our Father and brethren did wrong  
By holding those brethren in thrall:  
Yet now have we turn'd from the sin and the shame  
And tenderly pray and expect  
The child whom we love to do sagely the same  
Before he be ruin'd and wreck'd!

Move wisely and warily; haste is but waste  
Of mercy, and safety, and wealth:  
Remember that prudence was never misplaced,  
And good may be compass'd by stealth:

For Prudence is Providence all the world o'er,  
And wiser than we were, be ye;  
Teach, train, and instruct, ere you open the door  
To let the born bondman go free.

In wisdom and mercy, redeem when you can;  
Let good willing service be paid;  
Remember the rights and the wrongs of a Man,  
And that "of one blood we are made;"  
Hold sacred Affections, in black as in white;  
No babe from the mother divide;  
And welcome, as friendly, Religion's true Light;  
And lay the red lashes aside!

Then, in the full season, with caution and care  
Join England in freeing the slave;  
And all the degenerate world shall not dare  
Take from him the gift that WE gave!  
If glorious Columbia with Britain unite  
In killing this hydra of earth,  
Oh! MAN shall have gain'd more of Good and of Right,  
Than all California's worth!

---

"Yet once again."

YET once again, my Jonathan!  
Your loving brother greets you,  
To do you all the good he can,  
Yes, every time he meets you;  
To speak with true and tender tongue,  
Not like a scolding Stentor,  
But (though a year or so too young)  
A frank and faithful Mentor.

See! from my tassell'd wrist upsprings  
No falcon with its jesses,  
But a fair dove, whose silver wings  
Were made for soft caresses;  
Right glad the olive-branch to bear  
Across the sounding ocean,  
And find a welcome everywhere  
In every heart's emotion!

And here to-day my carrier dove  
Is burden'd with a packet,  
Which, well inscribed with peace and love,  
Has justice too to back it;  
For many sterner souls there be  
Who nurse their wrongs intently,  
And well it were, if all, like me,  
Could judge and chide you gently.

They say,—ay, many sorts of men,  
In bitterness they say it,—  
You borrow'd of the world, and then  
Resolve you won't repay it;  
That sundry of the thirty States  
Which heap your giant nation,  
Disgrace their honourable mates  
By rank "Repudiation."

They say,—and make believe YOU say,—  
"What fools they were to lend it;  
We calculate that every way  
They gave it us to spend it:  
And since it's sunk in road and rail,  
Canal, and dock, and clearing,—  
Our creditors are out of hail,  
And we'll be hard of hearing!"

I don't believe it, Jonathan;  
 You're wiser, truer, better:  
 I know you'll pay us when you can,  
 And blush to be a debtor:  
 Not Illinois, nor Michigan,  
 Florida, nor Arkansas,  
 Nor Mississippi, to a man,  
 Would give such shabby answers:

I don't believe it; never did;  
 I'd buy your stocks to-morrow;  
 I only wish my purse could bid  
 For all that you can borrow;  
 I'd lend in faith and patience too,  
 But cannot quite afford it,—  
 Because in lending cash to you  
 I know we do but hoard it.

For, men must wait at any rate  
 (It stands to rhyme and reason,)   
 Till Labour in a rising State  
 Produces in its season;  
 Till banks, canals, and roads, and rails  
 Are well in working order,  
 And better hap and prosperous gales  
 Are every one's rewarder.

Now then!—Behold that better hap!  
 A mighty store of treasure  
 Is pour'd into Columbia's lap  
 In Californian measure;  
 Commerce, and labour, land, and gold,  
 And spirited migration  
 Now bless your shores an hundred fold  
 And—shame Repudiation!

Up, worthies all! up, kindly stock!  
Up, all my honest hearties!  
And bring to shame's own whipping-block  
The few defaulting parties:  
Why should a tythe of all your States  
Throw scorn upon the others,  
And lay dishonour'd debts as rates  
Upon their better brothers?

No! ten long years is long enough  
Without a longer dating:  
And times are smooth that once were rough,  
And all the world's awaiting:  
And many sneers at Jonathan  
Will no more get a hearing,  
And spite have lived its little span  
In bygone pamphleteering:

And many a widow's heart for joy  
Will brighten into gladness,—  
And many an orphan girl and boy  
Forget their years of sadness,—  
And many an honest poor old man  
Shall have outlived his ruin,  
If you, my brother Jonathan,  
Be only up and doing!

Pull one, pull all! and break away  
From this reproachful halter,  
Let not one witting have to say,  
One Yankee's a defaulter:  
Kick out the rogues, if rogues there be;  
Why should they blot your brightness?  
And let all Europe shout to see  
Your honour and uprightness!

O children of a noble race,  
 Go on and prosper greatly!  
 I love your Anglo-Saxon face,  
 A British face so lately;  
 Let Spain alone be found in fraud,  
 And scorn be found upon her;  
 But stand with us, and blaze abroad  
 In Anglo-Saxon honour!



## Rocks ahead!

A WORD TO A GREAT NATION.

STEADY, steady, gallant vessel!  
 Hard aport,—obey the helm;  
 Lest the breakers round thee wrestle,  
 Lest the billows overwhelm:  
 Though so pleasant just at present  
 Be the voyage thou hast sped,  
 There is peril, stark and sterile,  
 Look you! in the Rocks ahead!

See, that license of opinion  
 Stifle not zeal's holy flame,  
 Till Religion's pure dominion  
 Dwindle feebly to a name;  
 Greed of gain, and sordid senses  
 Tempt the waywardness of youth,  
 And it needs the blest defences  
 Of the citadel of truth.



See, that no pernicious panic  
 Scare the good from duty's post,  
 Lest, by power grown tyrannie,  
 Liberty be but a boast;  
 Let the greatest, best, and wisest  
 Calmly guide thine eagle course,  
 Or no more to heaven thou risest,  
 Headlong flung with downward force!

Let the Press, with truth enlighten'd,  
 Nobly lead the People's mind,  
 That, while public wrongs are righten'd,  
 Private names go unmalign'd;  
 Let not evil spirits pander  
 To the passions of the mob,  
 Nor the pen be dipp'd in slander,  
 God and man of love to rob.

If, all clamour overriding,  
 Law supremely rules the land,—  
 If domestic love abiding  
 Guides at home with patriarch hand,—  
 If refinement chastens pleasure,—  
 If fair dealing hallows gain,—  
 If wise intervals of leisure  
 Soothe the heart, and clear the brain,—

If, both justly and discreetly  
 From reproach thy fame to save,  
 Not too rudely, not too fleetly,  
 Soon thou settest free the slave,—  
 If UNITED, *now and ever*,—  
 Thou shalt grow so great to be,  
 That the wondering World may never  
 Through all time thine Equal see!

Yes!—as now, let Patriots steer thee,  
 Undismay'd by men or things,  
 Let Religion's cherub cheer thee,  
 As aloft she sits and sings,—  
 So an Eden, not an Edom,  
 Shall thy happy name be read,  
 And the glorious ship of Freedom  
 Weather all the rocks ahead!

---

A STAVE.

(BY REQUEST,)

*On behalf of the Floating "Church of the Redeemer." Philadelphia, 1851.*

ARK of refuge, House of pray'r,  
 Floating Island of the blest,  
 Church of the Redeemer, where  
 Jesus gives the weary rest,—  
 Where the soul may get true gain,  
 Richer than the spoil of kings,  
 And, set free from Satan's chain,  
 Find its life in Heavenly things,

Modest little floating Church,  
 Wisely points thy spire on high,  
 Winning every heart to search  
 For the treasures of the sky;  
 For all purity and peace,  
 Grace below, and bliss above;  
 For the storms of Sin to cease,  
 Changing to the calm of Love!

In the midst of clustering ships,  
    Busy wharves and Mammon's leaven,  
Here Religion's heart and lips  
    Consecrate one spot to Heaven:  
Yet, alas! for zeal grown cold,—  
    Feebly burns her altar-fire,  
And the mist of lacking gold  
    Overclouds this humble spire!

Wealthy city, great and fair  
    Prosperous child of plain old Penn,  
Named by his paternal care  
    Full of Brother's-love of Men,—  
Use thy greatness and thy wealth  
    For thy Brethren's weal aright,  
That their hearts rejoice in health,  
    And their minds be glad with light!

Simple Children of the Sea,  
    Bred on board of ship or boat,  
These desire to bend the knee,  
    In a Sailors' Church — afloat;  
Give their natural wish success,  
    Seal to them this House of pray'r,  
And with Christian bounty bless  
    The Floating Church of Delaware!

## Niagara.

I LONG'D for Andes all around, and Alps,  
 Hoar kings and priests of Nature, robed in snow,  
 Throned as for judgment in a solemn row  
 With icy mitres on their granite scalps,  
 Dumb giants, frowning at the strife below,  
 I long'd for the Sublime!

Thou art too fair,  
 Too fair, Niagara, to *be* sublime:  
 In calm slow strength thy mighty floods o'erflow,  
 And stand a cliff of cataracts in the air,—  
 Yet, all too beauteous water-bride of Time,  
 Veil'd in soft mists, and cinctured by the bow,  
 Thy pastoral charms may fascinate the sight,  
 But have not force to set my soul aglow  
 Raptured by fear, and wonder, and delight.

---

## Our Day.

A SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

O, BUT how great a thing it is, how glad,  
 To live in this our day! when plain strong sense,  
 Free knowledge, and Religion's influence,  
 Build up a wall against the false and bad,  
 And give the good both temple and defence:  
 To live—when ancient enmities intense  
 Turn to new brotherhood till now unknown;  
 When science and invention bless the world,  
 Banishing half our pains and troubles hence;  
 When time seems lengthened, distance nearer grown;  
 When tyranny from every throne is hurled;  
 When Right is Might, and Reason holds her own:  
 O, happy day! for prophets, priests and kings  
 Have longed in vain to see such glorious things!

## The Missionary Jubilee Hymn:

FOR JUNE 16, 1851.

~~~~~  
BY REQUEST.
~~~~~

(*Tune, as Psalm 149,—O praise ye the Lord, &c.*)

O COME, let us sing,  
Give thanks, and rejoice,  
To GOD, the great King,  
With heart and with voice!  
All honours and praises  
To JESUS belong,  
To Him the Church raises  
Her Jubilee Song.

Again, in swift race  
The years have sped round,  
And still, in His grace  
Our blessings are found;  
By seven times seven  
He gives evermore  
For earth and for heaven  
A bountiful store!

O well may the world  
This year spread abroad  
The legend unfurl'd  
Of "Thanks to the LORD;"  
O well may each nation  
With brotherly voice  
For Gospel Salvation  
Together rejoice!

From England the Old  
    To England the New,  
From Labrador's cold  
    To tropic Peru,  
From Afric's Liberia  
    Till China be reach'd,  
From Scinde to Siberia  
    The Gospel is preach'd!

And thrice, in the sound  
    Of every tongue  
All the world round  
    The trumpet hath rung;  
Our Jubilee's warning  
    Proclaims from above  
The blaze of the morning  
    Of Freedom and Love!

Ye freemen of light,  
    Ye peace-lovers all,  
As brethren unite  
    On JESUS to call;  
One fold and one Pastor,—  
    O now let us raise  
To Thee, Blessed Master,  
    Our Jubilee praise!

## Gratitude.

I NUMBER you by thousands, unseen friends,  
And dearly precious is your love to me:  
Yea, what a goodly company ye be!  
Far as the noble brotherhood extends  
Of English hearts and' tongues o'er land and sea:  
How rich am I in love!—the sweet amends  
For all whatever little else of pain  
Some few unkindly cause;—most rich in love,  
From mine own home to earth's remotest ends:  
Let me then count my store, my glorious gain,  
This wealth, that my poor merit far transcends,  
Your loving kindness,—echoing from above  
The Highest Blessing on my works and ways,  
“*Eu doule agathe*,” my FATHER'S praise:

Yea, let me thank you; let my heart outpour  
In humbleness its earnest gratitude  
To all whose yearnings follow me with good,  
Loving my mind and all its simple store:  
O generous friends!—a cordial multitude  
Hived in the West, upon that busy shore  
Where fair Columbia, Britain's child, is throned  
Imperial, yet with empire all unown'd,—  
O generous friends!—another cordial band  
From far Australia to the Arctic Seas,  
And crowds around me in mine own dear land,  
What thanks to pay for mercies great as these?—  
Felt from the heart, and by the tongue confest,  
Be the deep love of one so nobly blest!



Ay: blest indeed above the mass of men  
 And rich in joys that reach the true sublime!  
 For that the frequent droppings of my pen  
 Have comforted the Good in every clime  
 And help'd the Right,—(O solace beyond time!)  
 Therefore my soul is glad: judge me, my friends,  
 Is there not happier treasure in such joys  
 Than all the world can win from all its toys?  
 And, as the poet's dynasty extends  
 To children's children, reigning in the mind,  
 Is he not crown'd a king among his kind?  
 Ah me! not so: this thought of pride destroys:  
 Give GOD the praise: His blessing sends this store  
 Of unseen friends by thousands evermore!

~~~~~

Thus Far.

THUS FAR: a few of my less faulty flowers
 Dropt on the highway for the passers-by;
 In grace and charity, good world of our's,
 Leave not the foundlings freezingly to die;
 They have bloom'd thus within my faney's bowers
 Willing as weeds, perchance as little worth;
 Yet have I hoped them not all things of earth;
 For fervently beneath my flashing pen
 As quicken'd sometimes by angelic powers
 Thoughts have shot out to hit the hearts of men,—
 Whilst on mine own the spirit of light and love
 So winningly hath shed his heavenly showers,
 That my glad songs have fill'd no toilsome hours,
 But happy moments lent me from above.

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